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THE NEW YORKER

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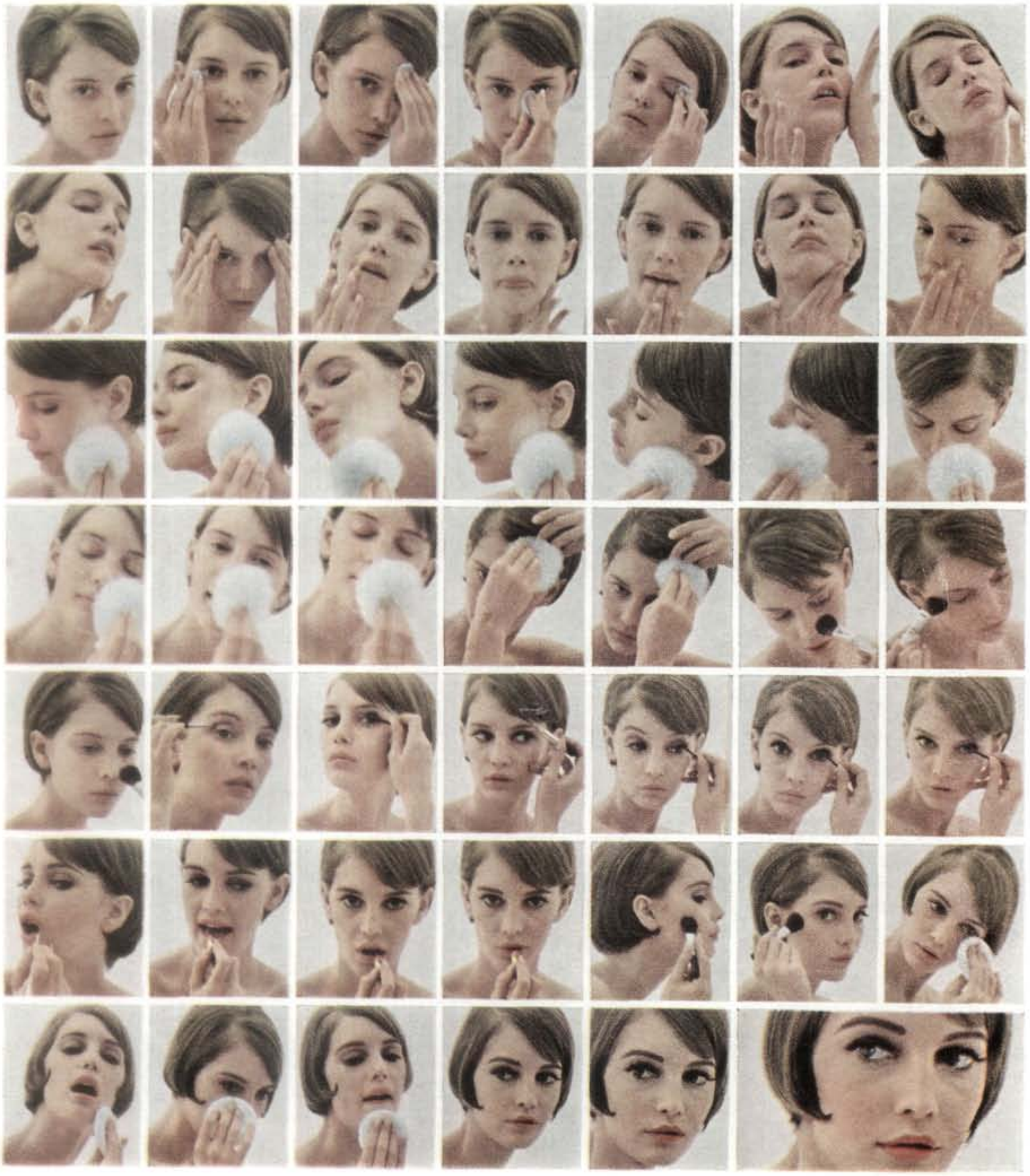


We know of nothing that gives makeup a smoother finish than loose powder. And who knows better than Charles of the Ritz?

Charles of the Ritz

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King functioning to no particular purpose in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television veterans, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson as a seedy and loquacious lawyer disintegrating under assorted pressures. A lengthy, windy, and depressing drama by John Osborne. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Marat/Sade—Very long, very loud, very tedious. Staged by Peter Brook and acted by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

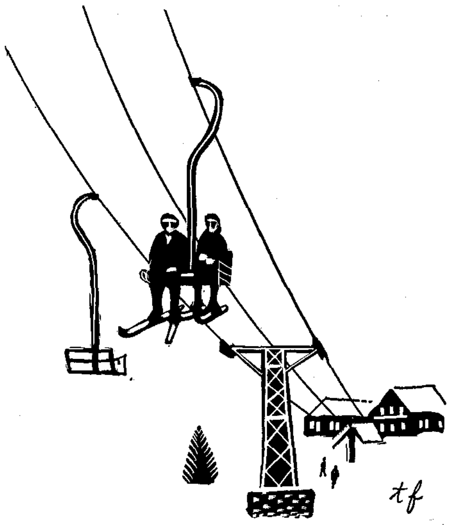
The Right Honourable Gentleman—A play that never raises its voice but holds attention nevertheless. It has to do with some concupiscent capers in governmental circles of Victorian London, and was written by Michael Dyne. Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel are in the competent cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 29.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and highly satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer is practically faultless as the Pizarro of the affair, and David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—The thirty-year-old farce by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a lively revival by the APA Repertory Company, and the players, directed by Ellis Rabb, are one and all amusing. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik and Louis Gossett are engaging, respectively, as a Jewish grandfather in South Africa who refuses to abide by the rules of apartheid, and a Zulu servant who has been assigned to keep an eye on him. But the play, by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is rather fragile. Harold Rome has provided incidental music and lyrics. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 5-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. The cast is headed by Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in this rather lumpy confection by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 30.)

Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine appealingly, but the music and lyrics are hardly memorable, and the book is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tommy Steele disporting himself in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Nellie Bly. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon in a musical based on Federico Fellini's film "Nights of Cabiria." Neil Simon wrote the book, Cy Coleman the music, and Dorothy Fields the lyrics. Staged by Bob Fosse. Previews through Friday, Jan. 28. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 29. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Great Indoors—A play by Irene Kamp, with Curt Jurgens, Geraldine Page, and Clarence Williams III. Directed by George Schaefer. Previews through Monday, Jan. 31. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 1. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—Frederick Knott's new suspense play, starring Lee Remick and Robert Duvall. The director is Arthur Penn. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**HUNGARIAN NATIONAL BALLET AND FOLK ENSEMBLE:** Final performances by a troupe

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 50, January 29, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
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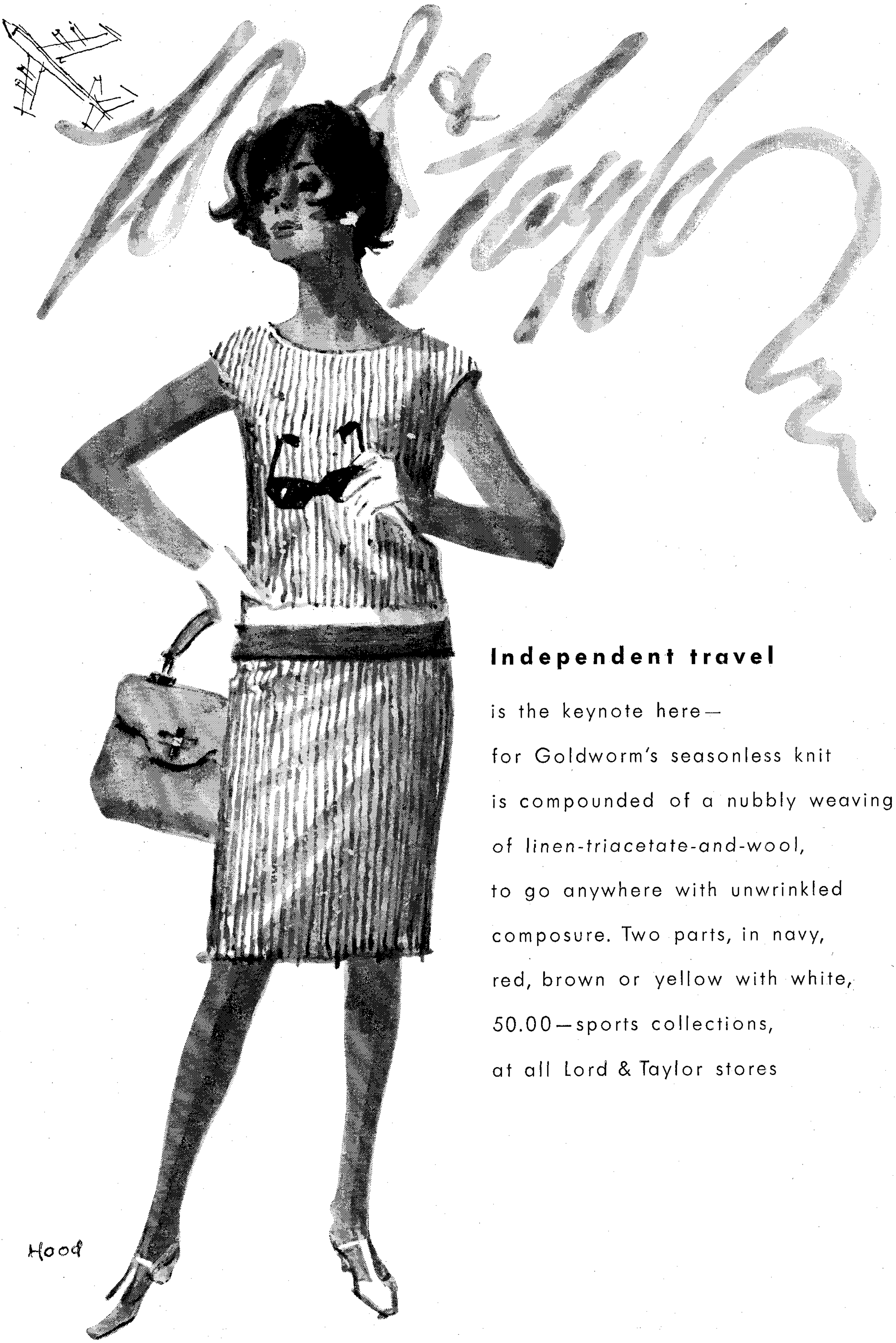

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New Philco visual display device for use by students from kindergarten to graduate school. "Read" permits student to "talk" with a computer, and learn by using information—words, numbers and graphs—stored in the computer's brain.

"Shillelagh"

A new anti-tank guided missile developed by Ford, now undergoing service tests by the U. S. Army. This highly accurate weapon system is the first guided missile capable of being fired from a gun that also fires conventional ammunition.

"Mariner IV"

Philco built the antenna for Mariner IV that sent back the first pictures from Mars — 150 million miles from earth.

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of a hundred and ten dancers and singers, plus an orchestra. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 27-28, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . **RUMANIAN FOLK BALLET:** A company of ninety (Rumania is farther away than Hungary) dancers, singers, and musicians, in a one-week engagement. Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 2-4, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 5-6, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

REPERTORY THEATER OF LINCOLN CENTER—The company's third offering will be Sartre's THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA, adapted by Justin O'Brien. Previews Friday through Sunday, Jan. 28-30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 1-2. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 3, at 6:30, and will run through Sunday, March 13. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presentations of LA BOHÈME. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2:30.)

BUGS and **VERONICA**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AN EVENING'S FROST—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING and **DAY OF ABSENCE**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A good play, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge, but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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MEDEA—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ROOMS—Shirley Knight, James Broderick, and Irene Dailey in a double bill ("Better Luck Next Time" and "A Walk in Dark Places") by Stanley Mann. Opens Thursday, Jan. 27. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WHITE DEVIL—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Thursday evening, Jan. 27: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Kontraste" (American première), "Ricercare," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 28: "Giselle" and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 29: "Peter and the Wolf" and "Giselle.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 29: "The Combat" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 30: "Interplay" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 30: "Theme and Variations," "Caprichos," "Esmeralda Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 1: "Theme and Variations," "Dark Elegies," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "The Wind in the Mountains.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 2: "The Combat," "The Four Marys," "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 3: "Balladen der Liebe" (première), "The Four Marys," "Pas de Deux," and "Fall River Legend.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 4: "Sargasso" and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 5: "Billy the Kid" and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 5: "Kontraste," "Ricercare," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 13.)

ALWIN NIKOLAIS—With his company, in a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, at 8:30.)

PAUL SANASARDO—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

YURIKO—With her modern-dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Woody Allen, the cream of the jesters, talks lucidly of the chimeras and jabberwockies that haunt his daydreams; the Bitter End Singers spend most of their time being either rock or roll. This happens at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, where the orchestra of Lee Evans puts good ideas into practice. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Marquis of Queensberry rules govern the dancing that takes place between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book—a lavishly illustrated one. A set of Latins and a set of North Americans perform in the grand-entrance hall for anyone who gets tired of extrovert literature; in the Champagne Room, a violin and piano do non-activist music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's briskest little posses is doing Yale-prom music night after night in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Dinah Shore is now the centerpiece in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, and most of what she has to say is in lyric form. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are her flanker backs. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into the leading café in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A place that always has its head in the clouds, which are now lined with silver—the output of the magic horn that can be blown only by Bobby Hackett, whose crew is Ross Tompkins on piano, Russell George on bass, and Oliver Jackson on timpani. They operate from eight-thirty to one-thirty every night but Sunday.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population journeyed by steamboat, not hydrofoil; in the middle of it glows the band of Lionel Hampton, the Ringling Brothers' sole rival. It checks out on Wednesday, Feb. 2, and another battalion moves in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

next evening. The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, whose new *mise en scène* turns it into the nation's most opulent bookstall, is still the stamping (and stomping) ground of worldlings who are too busy to read as they run to and from the dance floor. Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra are their guides. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, from five to eleven on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. A dance quartet is on the stand from nine until one every night but Sunday.

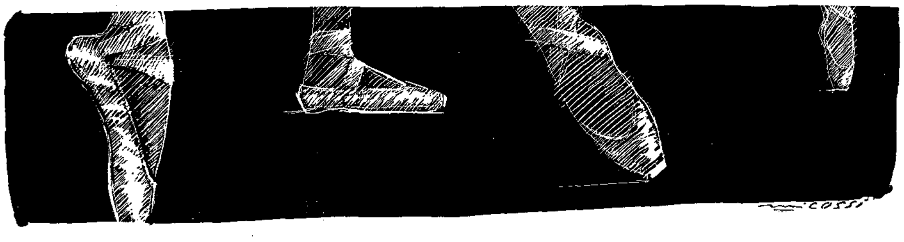
Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Youth springs eternal, and so do the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre. Older fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry are also allowed in. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **frey's**, 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): The population of the small bar-and-grill is scions of our times, whose sibling rivalry is concerned solely with who can bring along the neatest young lady. Ralph Strain, for years the court musician for this crew, abandons his piano on Saturday, Jan. 29, but Carl Norman, who also knows the national anthems of the group, takes over on Monday, Jan. 31. The hours run late; Sundays are the musicmakers' holidays. . . . **mike malkan's**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Another youth convocation—girls who are to the manor born (Briarcliff and such) and boys with equal accreditation, all chattering even when Mr. Malkan sits down to a very hearty piano, which he does every night from seven until milk-route time. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one, Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **bell's**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): One more neighborhood pub. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is piano by Jim Crowley, Jr., and the voice and trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful. No trio Sundays, no solo piano Mondays. . . . **charlie bates**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): And still another neighborhood pub, made to look and sound 1900. Bob Emma, prancing on a tin-pan upright, takes care of the 1900 sound; All the King's Men, folk singers, date a bit later. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced every night but Sunday by a tireless jazz trio. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small empire of Mabel Mercer, whose voice may have grown old in the service of the lovelorn but whose spirit still moves. Her *chansons d'amour* never occur before half-past ten. Sam Hamilton is her permanent pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **la chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mitteleuropa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **tower east**, 1240 Third Ave., at 72nd St. (UN 1-1400): The mood is ding-dong and daffy, but this rarely disturbs Charles De Forest, his stars-in-your-eyes ballads, his piano, or his threesome. Open the full week, which sometimes seems eight or nine days long here. . . . **asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Seldom, if ever, have so many Rodolfos and Scarpias assembled under cover of night disguised as plain, ordinary waiters. Closed Mondays.

Note—The discothèque, a phoenix much too frequent, can best be studied by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **shepheard's**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): If only the Sphinxes who decorate this Cairo caravansary could talk, what would they say of our Park Avenue folk dances? The music is issued by I.B.M., which runs from seven-thirty to three or four during the week and from seven-thirty until one on Sundays. Dinner and supper. . . . **arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **downtown**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers (especially when Linda Benter is one of them) are little masterpieces of wile and wit. A vestigial kitchen exists. Nine-thirty to



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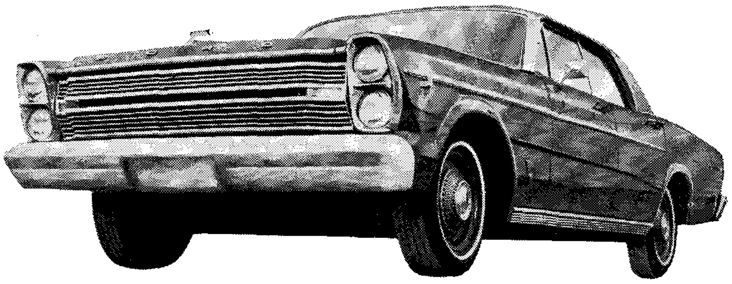

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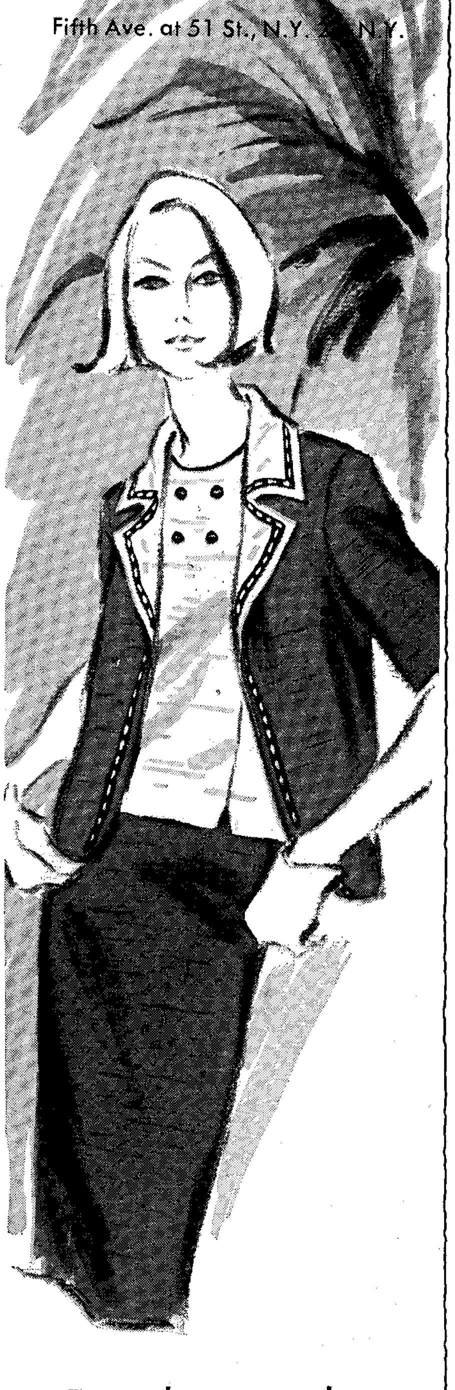

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three or four is par for this course; there are one-to-six Saturday and Sunday matinées. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Cy Walter, playing piano that is brisk and buoyant and never, never fancy-Dan. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—Steve Iles, who wraps his musings in all sorts of scenic effects—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the music that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. A guitar (Rogelio Reguera) dwells from eight until one upon the delights and the deliriums of Latin passion. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our best antique shops, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Harold Morris) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—in the bar. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is doing his Tinker Toy Piano from eight-thirty until around two in this opulent countinghouse parlor. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and pastoral bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This comforting old refectory affords George Rudolph, who intermingles the arias of the day with plenty of fugues—and not all of them for horseplayers, either. Six until midnight, except Sundays, is the house rule. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a bird's-eye view of Rome, serves—along with its seven-to-nine dinner—the strange and wonderful bandonion of Mario Peralta, an instrument facile enough to make all ordinary accordions seem diminished. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tony Bennett, one great big note of cheer, ambles through a whole bunch of arias, often giving them better treatment than they really deserve. In the background is a rally of Copa ballerinas, fresh out of school, and Ronnie Martin, a humorist who might as well be kept after school. On Thursday, Feb. 3, a new deal: Jack E. Leonard, officially opening the grouse season, and Frankie Randall, one of those singers. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb). The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. Among the bystanders is Jayne Mansfield, an economics major who has tentatively taken up singing as an avocation. Not far in the background is a more-than-life-size panther named Betty Jo Alvies. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Gene Baylos, to whom practically everything is a pet hate, does well enough with the comedy; Johnny Rivers, of the youth-will-be-served brigade, does the singing. Ram Ramirez is at the interlude piano. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Rex Robbins, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Because the season is holiday, Joaquin Robles bypasses the flamencan code and tramples only one or two willing partners into the dust raised by his incessant feet. The players give their all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The best of all possible ways of doing a Cole Porter retrospective—a lighthearted, light-footed revue splendidly decorated by the activities of Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan, their tongues all in mid-aria when they are not in mid-cheek. Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff are their owlish assistants, and Ben Bagley is the architect of the whole thing. William Roy, pianoforte, and Dick Sheridan, timpani, are the lithe orchestra. The schedule: Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and also at eleven Fridays and Saturdays; no show at all Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the incumbent portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but a number of good ideas, good words, and good tunes are present. R. G. Brown is the antic

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

principal boy, and he is lent useful support by Richard Blair, Fannie Flagg, and Kelly Wood. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the curriculum.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Friday, Saturday, Sunday is now the run of the play here—the quintet of Miles Davis, whose trumpet is as the mourning dove. Sundays are matinée days, as well. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. The restaurant, where Jaki Byard executes piano, is open except Mondays. The grotto operates like this: Fridays and Saturdays, the Modern Jazz Quartet, setting forth its own concept of creation and evolution, and Cannonball Adderley's fivesome, playing volleyball; Sundays, a special event (on Sunday, Jan. 30, at 3, the New York Camerata, in a chamber-music recital); Mondays, a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dill Jones. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The fivesome dominated by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, whose instrumental colloquies are neat rather than neurotic, departs on Sunday, Jan. 30, and another posse arrives on Tuesday, Feb. 1. Jimmy Rushing, whose barrel-chested tenor has been helping out Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, signs off the same night. The quintet run by Pepper Adams and Thad Jones, who have been helping out Fridays and Saturdays, call it quits the night before. The shop will be closed on Monday, Jan. 31, but next evening Art Farmer moves his quintet in. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The steadily varying personnel of the Jazz Workshop, the band now in residence, is in the charge of Charles Mingus, bassist emeritus, rebel in search of a cause. Toshiko Mariano is the between-times pianist. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Zutty Singleton, Red Allen, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, and Marshall Brown dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. (Mr. Allen will be checking out on Saturday, Jan. 29.) Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave., S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Feb. 12. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD ALTMAN—Etchings done in Paris; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BARNETT—Expressionistic figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

GIANFRANCO BARUCHELLO—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE BIDDLE—Landscapes, animals, flowers, and paintings having to do with death; through Feb. 19. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

BENNETT BRADBURY—Marine paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Paintings done in 1965; through Feb. 12. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE DAVIS—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings; through Feb. 12. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDVIK DURCHANEK—Life-size figures in sheet bronze, nickel silver, and copper; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL GEORGES—Self-portraits, nudes, and landscapes; through Monday, Jan. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY GORSKI—Figurative paintings and collages; through Feb. 12. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOUGLAS GORSLINE—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

AUGUSTE HERBIN—Gouache and pencil drawings; through Feb. 12. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JASPER JOHNS—Four large paintings; through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL KLEE—Paintings, drawings, and collages (1909-40); through Saturday, Jan. 29. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronze reliefs for the door of St. Peter's, together with sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

PAUL MATTHEWS—Figure paintings; through Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

CARLOS MÉRIDA—Paintings by this Mexican artist; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

WALTER MURCH—Still-life oils and drawings; through Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

EDUARDO PAOLOZZI—Sculptures in chrome-plated steel and polished aluminum by this British artist; through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HUGO ROBUS—A memorial exhibition of his figure sculptures; through Feb. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD ROSENTHAL—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

LEE SAVAGE—Drawings of figures in interiors; through Feb. 12. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JASON SCHOENER—Paintings of Greece; through Feb. 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES SCHREIBER—Watercolors; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LADISLAS SEGY—Boxes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

JOHN SLOAN—Paintings of places and people relating to his diaries of 1906 to 1913; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

TANIA—Abstract construction-paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Fifty-three new Op paintings;

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through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Ruth Vollmer—Geometric metal sculptures; through Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bryan Wilson—Flowers, birds, and beasts; through Feb. 12. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Three Hundred Years of New York City Families—A benefit exhibition of fifty-eight group portraits depicting leading New York City families, among them the Astors, Vanderbilts, and Rockefellers, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, John Singer Sargent, and George Bellows; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Audubon Artists—Their twenty-fourth annual, containing oils, prints, watercolors, and sculptures; through Feb. 6. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

League of Present Day Artists—Hilda Carmel, Murray Kupferman, and Nancy Dryfoos are among the forty-four painters and sculptors exhibiting works in the group's twenty-fifth annual; through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures—Pieces by Arp, Calder, César, and other American and European artists; through Feb. 15. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

African Art—Masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, bronze, and ivory), from Mali, Liberia, Nigeria, and so on; through Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Albert Bierstadt, Leonard Ochtman, and Theodore Robinson are three of the artists represented in a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes, figure subjects, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Prints by (for instance) Anuszkiewicz, Oldenburg, and Dine; through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Daily, 1 to 6; Friday and Saturday evenings, 9 to 11.) . . . **VALENTE**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and drawings by Henri, Luks, Shinn, Sloan, and Glackens; through Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Master drawings, Pissarro to Lichtenstein; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Archipenko, Raoul Dufy, and Miró; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of about forty paintings by Impressionist masters, including Cézanne, Monet, and Renoir, on loan from private New York City collections; through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Degas, Matisse, and Picasso are among the exhibitors in a showing of French drawings and watercolors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Afro, Max Beckmann, and Jan Cox; through Saturday, Jan. 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Early American Cities," a showing of aquatints of cities along the Eastern seaboard by early-nineteenth-century landscapists, from the collection of Harry W. Havemeyer; through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ "The Photographic Image," an exhibition of paintings by Richard Artschwager, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, and four other artists, whose work involves elements or themes suggested by photographs; through Feb. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, consisting of a painting apiece by a hundred and thirty-eight artists, among them Hans Hofmann, I. Rice Pereira, and Edward Hopper; through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Daily, except Monday, Jan. 31, from 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Greek Gold: Jewelry from the Age of Alexander," a loan exhibition of some two hundred items, the majority of them unearthed during the past fifteen years in Greece, Italy, Syria, and Turkey; through March 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Ancient Art from Afghanistan: Treasures of the Kabul Museum;" through March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty-one paintings and drawings by Abstract Expressionist Philip Guston; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Large paintings-constructions by Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, Larry Rivers, and others; through Feb. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ "The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through April 9. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Folk Artist in the City—Erastus Field in New York," an exhibit of portraits and subject pieces by this nineteenth-century artist; through March 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Graphic Art—"Five Centuries of Graphic Art," the initial showing of this new Museum, at present without a home of its own, is being held in temporary quarters at the Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. On view are woodcuts, etchings, engravings, and lithographs, ranging from Schongauer to Picasso. Through March 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas, from the Museum's collection; through March 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 27: "Fidelio," with Ludmila Dvorakova, James King, William Dooley, Ezio Flagello, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 28: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Nedda Casei, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 29: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rosalind Elias, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, Geraint Evans, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Sunday eve-

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ning, Jan. 30: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Mignon Dunn, Gladys Kriese, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call OX 5-4100.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 31: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, James King, William Dooley, Sherrill Milnes, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 1: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rosalind Elias, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 2: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, and Cyril Ritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 3: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and Tito Gobbi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 4: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rosalind Elias, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 5: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Mignon Dunn, Gladys Kriese, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 5: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and John Alexander. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 31, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute); and a Bach-Prokofieff program on Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 4, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 7, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin, and Harold Gomberg, oboe).

Boston Symphony—Jean Martinon conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30. . . . Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing an all-Mozart program, with Frank Glazer, piano; Elisabeth Mosher, soprano; Paul Solem, tenor; and Arthur Burrows, baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 5:30.)

Philharmonia of New York—Edward Gerber conducting, with Antonia Lavanne, soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Chira String Orchestra—Joseph Chira conducting, with Naru Hovhaness, piano; Julius Baker, flute; and Allan Dean, trumpet. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting this chamber orchestra in its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Late Late Concerts—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra, with Susan Bellink, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Susan Jolles, harp; and Theodore Weis, trumpet. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 11:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Donna Jeffrey, soprano; Jean Sanders, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Sopher, tenor; and William Warfield, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of choral music by Luca Marenzio. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Die Kammermusiker of Zurich—Chamber music. (Bowman Room, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:45. For information about tickets, call CO 5-8444. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, playing Book II of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

José Iturbi—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 3.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—A group made up of principals of the Boston Symphony in the first of two concerts, this one with Claude Frank, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, playing Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8:40. Latecomers seated at intermission only.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Ensemble Wolfgang Von Karajan—A program of music for three baroque pipe organs. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Boris Gutnikov—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

LaSalle String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 5:15.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Gene and Francesca—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Note—The Vienna Octet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 31, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Sarah Vaughan's trio and Arthur Prysock and his group. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 6:30: Boston vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 7.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 12. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 5.

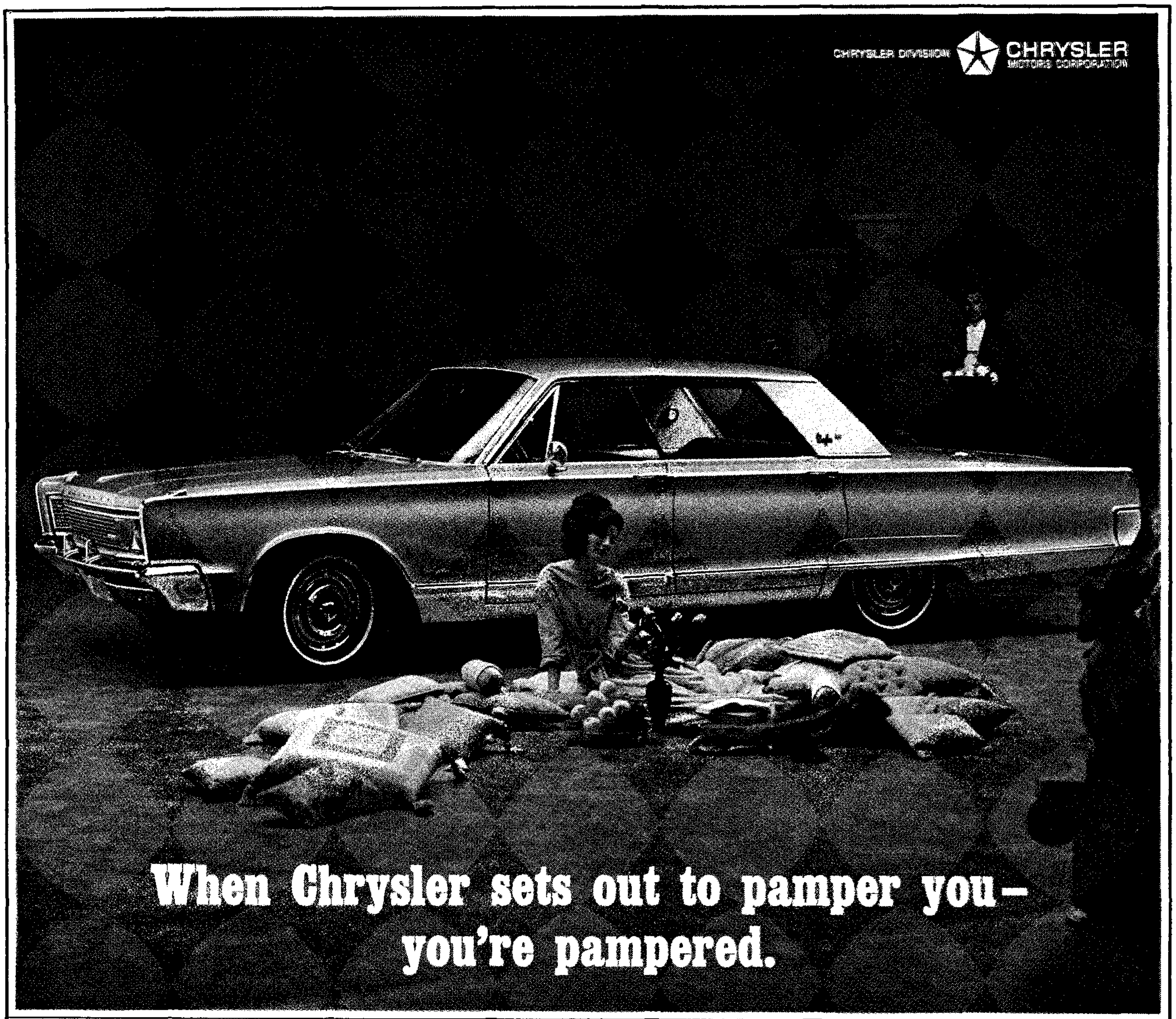
Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Millrose Athletic Association. (Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7.) . . . ¶ Knights of Columbus. (Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. Gay Puppets**: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **Gingerbread Players & Jack**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St.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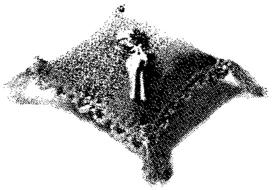

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Brightest Moon of All." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Sleeping Beauty," a German film, with English dialogue. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 29-30, at 12, 1:20, and 2:45.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—W. H. Auden reading his new poems. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... ¶ Edmund Wilson reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—American, European, and Oriental furniture and decorations, displayed by some eighty dealers, plus several complete room settings, including an American country sitting room; an eighteenth-century French drawing room; and an English drawing room, with furniture ranging from Queen Anne to George III. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 27, from 1 to 7.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 5, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 6, from noon to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7: Contemporary American paintings, drawings, and sculpture by such artists as Alexander Calder, Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, and Larry Rivers; from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, belonging to Mrs. Marshall Field and others.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 1:45: Maps and printed books, collected by W. F. Huber and others.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Bunny Lake Is Missing—Slick mystification in the London mews, with Laurence Olivier, Keir Dullea, Carol Lynley, and Noël Coward. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 1.)

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A funny and appealing Italian comedy, expertly directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots of pretty girls in pretty settings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 28-31.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a good-looking girl on the make. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 1.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully photographed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Help!—John, Paul, George, and Ringo, in glorious eruption. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Ipcress File—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 1, last showing that day at 4.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050. On Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 2-3, "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain, will be shown instead of the regular film.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 30.)

Life at the Top—A sequel to the famous "Room at the Top," and equally meritorious. Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Honor Blackman, and Donald Wolfit are among the chief figures in the lowering Yorkshire landscape. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013; through Jan. 31.)

The Loved One—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Robert Morse, and Rod Steiger. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 1.)

The Shop on Main Street—An exceptionally fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—Richard Burton is splendid as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also on hand are Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. Martin Ritt was the director. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The 10th Victim—According to this Italian comedy, world peace can be achieved by encouraging bellicose individuals to kill each other off under government auspices. Wittily written and starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Feb. 1.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Thunderball—The best, as well as the most opulent, of the James Bond daydreams. Sean Connery again, and the director is again Terence Young. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, 563-4350; Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Feb. 2.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Feb. 2.)

Day of Wrath (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. A Danish production, directed by Carl Dreyer. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Jan. 28.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 28-30.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 29-31.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 28-30.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 29-31.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Jan. 28.)

Macbeth (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 29-31.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Jan. 29.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 29.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 1.)

This Gun for Hire (1942)—Activity in the underworld, with Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 27.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 27.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 1.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 1.)

Yanco (1964)—A picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 30.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Feb. 2, tentative.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Feb. 2: "Animation—Films from Many Nations." (Continuous showings weekdays from noon, Sundays from 2; last showings at 5:30, Thursdays at 8.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Through Jan. 28: "I Live for Love" (1935), with Dolores Del Rio. . . . ¶ Jan. 29-30: "Bright Lights" (1935), with Joe E. Brown. . . . ¶ Feb. 1-2: "The Go-Getter" (1937), with George Brent. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through the afternoon of Jan. 31: "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.
From Jan. 31, at 8:30: "The Flight of the Phoenix," James Stewart, Richard Attenborough.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Our Man Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
THUNDERBALL.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING; and "Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Feb. 2: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THUNDERBALL.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian). On Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 2-3, instead of the regular film, "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain, will be shown at 2:15 and 8:15.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Sandra" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Our Man Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THUNDERBALL.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE LOVED ONE.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Feb. 1: **THE KNACK**; and another feature, to be announced.
From Feb. 2: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Where the Spies Are," David Niven, Françoise Dorleac.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 1: **THE IPCRESS FILE**; and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.
From Feb. 2 (tentative): **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
(Saturdays and Sundays, features are shown only after 4:10.)
Through Feb. 1 (last showing on that day at 4): **THE IPCRESS FILE.**
Feb. 1 at 8 and 10: "The Lottery Bride," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Joe E. Brown.
From Feb. 2: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 1: "Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis; and "Apache Uprising," Rory Calhoun.
Feb. 2-3 at 2:15 and 8:15: "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 1: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.**
From Feb. 2: "That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 28: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **DAY OF WRATH** (in Danish), revival.
Jan. 29-31: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival.
From Feb. 1: **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Jan. 29: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.
Jan. 30-Feb. 1: **HAMLET**, revival; and **MACBETH**, revival.
From Feb. 2: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 29: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.
From Jan. 30: **THE KNACK**; and **YANCO**, revival, a Mexican film.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 1: **DARLING**; and **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.**
From Feb. 2: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (both in Russian and both revivals).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 1: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder Most Foul," revival, Margaret Rutherford.
From Feb. 2: "Master of Terror," Robert Lansing; and "Master of Horror," Narciso Menta.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian). On Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 2-3, instead of the regular film, "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain, will be shown at 2:15 and 8:15.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Mermaid" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Feb. 2: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"King and Country," Dirk Bogarde, Tom Courtenay.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

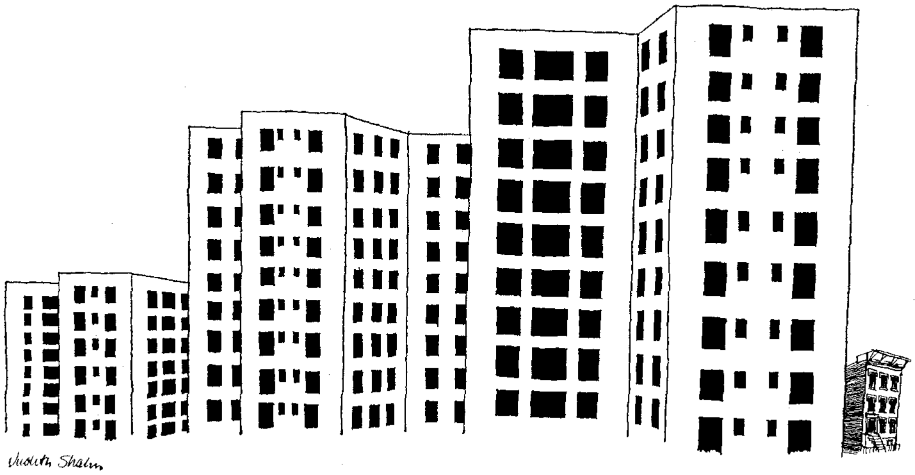
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Jan. 31: **LIFE AT THE TOP.**
From Feb. 1: "The Flight of the Phoenix," James Stewart, Richard Attenborough.

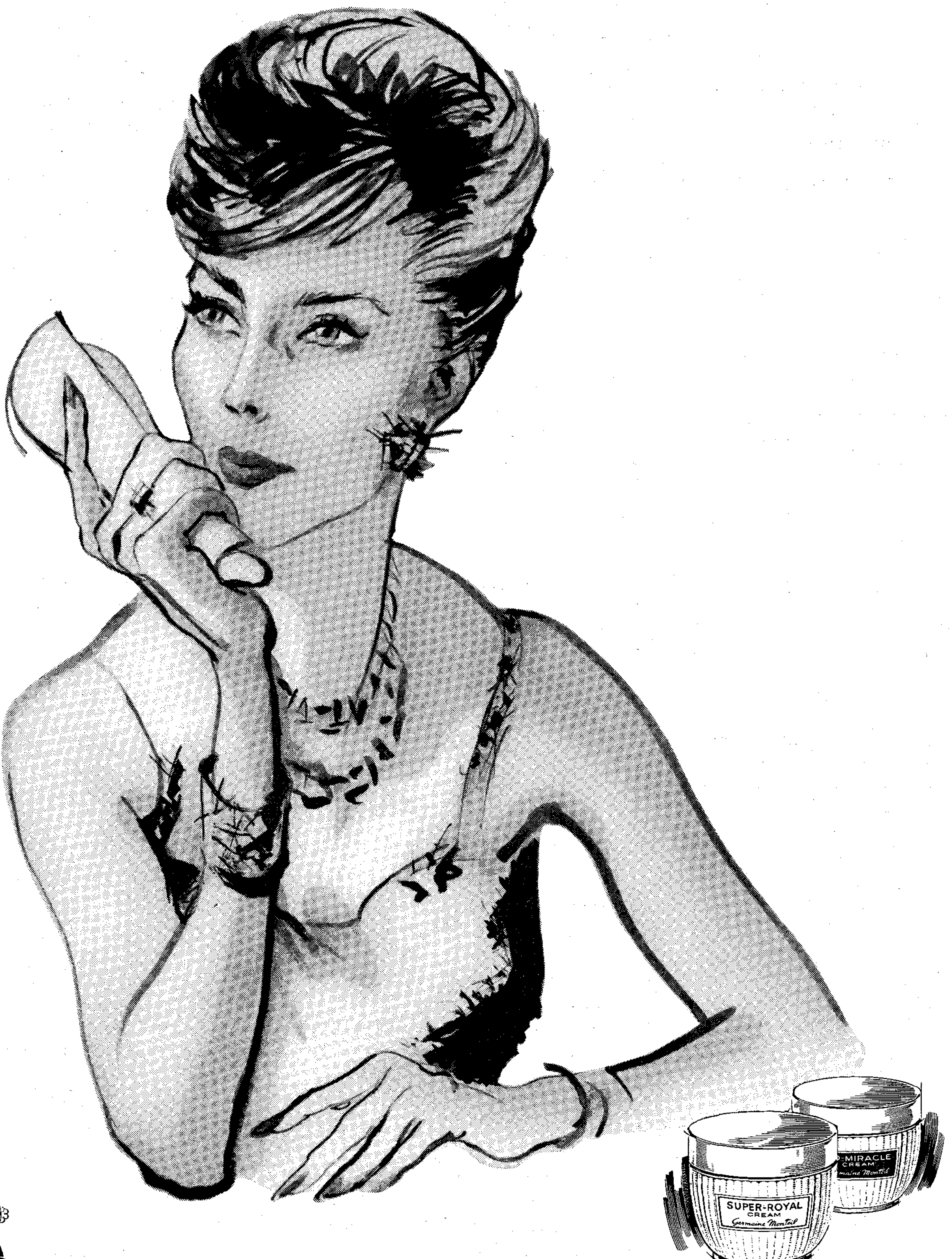
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 27: **THIS GUN FOR HIRE**, revival; and "Murder, My Sweet," revival, Claire Trevor, Dick Powell.
Jan. 28-30: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revival.
From Jan. 31: "Ohayo" (in Japanese); and "Eroica" (in Polish).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 1: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From Feb. 2: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," revival, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 27: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
Jan. 28-31: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "White Voices" (in Italian), revival, Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.
From Feb. 1: "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

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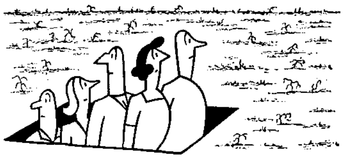
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

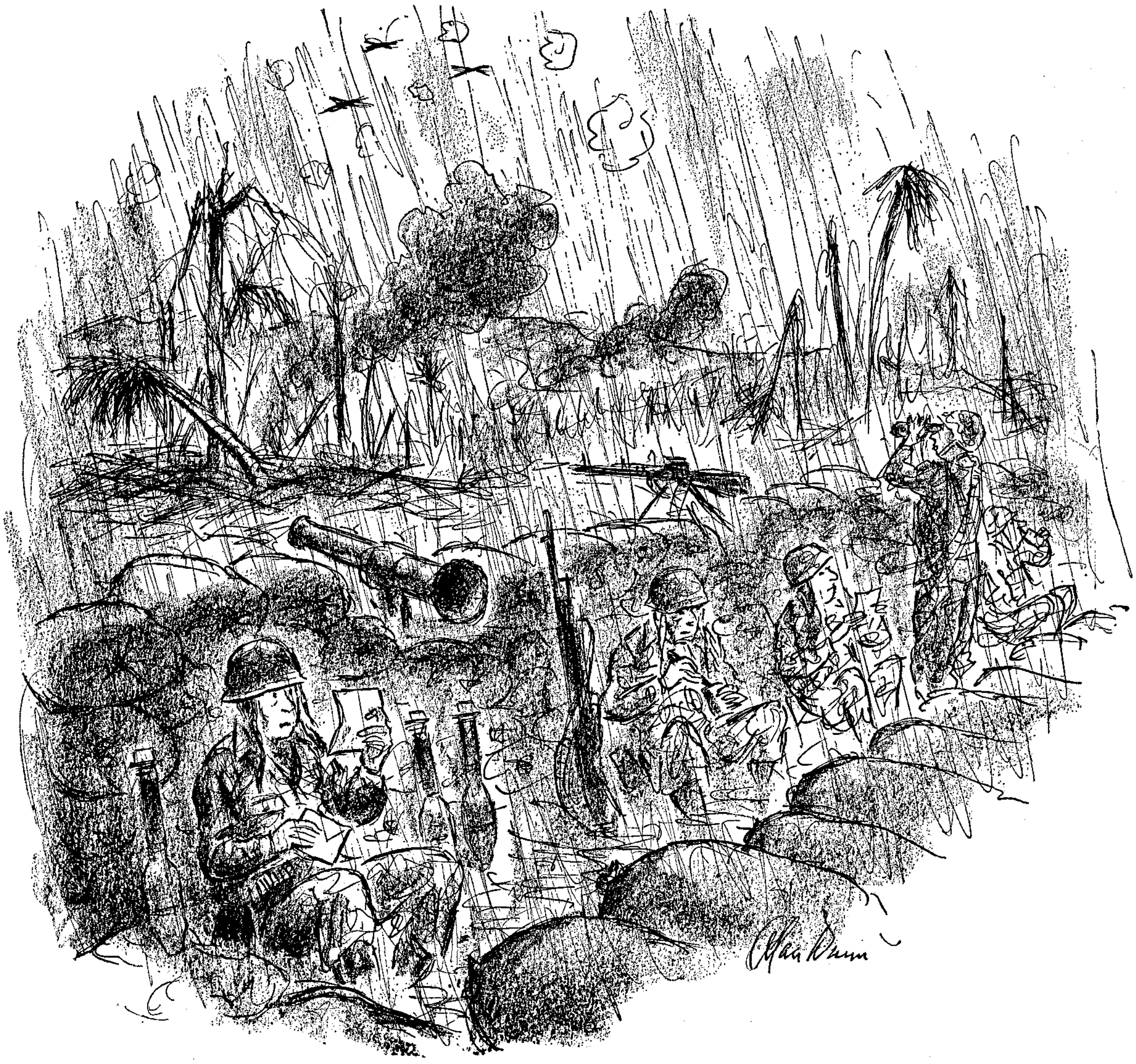
WHEN scientists disagree over an issue, maintaining that it is not susceptible to scientific analysis, it leaves us feeling curiously free. The other week, we read in the *Times* that at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science a Nobel laureate in physics had urged the government to lay out thirty-eight billion dollars for the construction of a national network of tunnels, which would both accommodate the needs of urban traffic in peacetime and serve as gigantic fallout shelters in time of nuclear war. The physicist, who had recently taken part in a federally sponsored study of civil defense, appeared to be in excellent numerical command of his position. It was estimated that the subterranean grid would save the lives of seventy-five million people in the event of attack; that because of the subways and all the underground cables and pipes the projected tunnels in New York would have to be dug at a depth of a hundred and ten feet, or nearly three times the depth required for other cities; and that in the Manhattan area bounded by Second and Tenth Avenues and Thirteenth and Sixty-third Streets two million people would be able to find shelter in the tunnels, which would be interconnected, permitting "families to become reunited underground." But when the eminent scientist sat down other eminent scientists, including another Nobel laureate in physics, rose to dispute him. A big shelter program, Nobel Laureate No. 2 argued, might cause the Russians to devise weapons capable of killing Americans underground, and any such development might upset the level of deterrence lately attained by the Soviet Union and the United States. Tunnels or no tunnels, another physicist said, our dependence on electricity would continue, and who could doubt that a nuclear attack would make the hardships of the recent blackout seem like the good old days? And what about the birds, a botanist wanted to know. He pointed out that they are peculiarly sensitive to fallout, and that their decimation would enable insects to multiply at "catastrophic rates;" thus, when people emerged from the tunnels, they would find that a day of locusts, figuratively speaking, had laid waste crops and food reserves.



As far as we could make out, the two opposing camps were united on only a single point. It was an important point, though. "The one thing all agreed upon was the immense array of imponderables involved in the discussion," the *Times* account read. In other words, we gathered, the boys were just thoughtfully, conscientiously yakking. It appeared that their assertions were the findings not of the laboratory—of the scientific method—but of their non-professional instincts. By that standard, it occurred to us, we ourself qualified for attendance at the scientific meeting, for non-professional instincts are something we possess in abundance. We experienced a sense of release at the thought, and fell to imagining how we would have conducted ourself among the scientists. We decided that our instincts would have inclined us toward the camp of Nobel Laureate No. 2, but that we would have argued more instinctively than he and his supporters had. We wouldn't have bothered with such rational-sounding points as levels of deterrence, the dependence on electricity, and the vulnerability of birds. We would have got up at that meeting (we imagined) and told our fellow-scientists that we simply wanted no part of convertible tunnels. When a man drives off to the office, we would have said, he oughtn't to have to wonder, travelling his uncongested underground route, whether the blinker ahead is signalling that an I.C.B.M. has the right of way. Even as cold is the absence of heat, we heard ourself declaim, so is peace the absence of war, and those tunnels, learned colleagues, would lump war and peace, draining the character out of each, unifying them into a synthetic zero. Those deep repositories, gentlemen, would beg the question of our cleverness, answering nothing, advancing nothing. They would teach us that war and peace were ordinary, acceptable events, like the seasons, and that their alternation attested merely that there was nothing new under the sun—not even our own inventions. Existence would more than ever seem a lottery, its lucky survivors a shattered breed living to dig a tunnel another day.

Inmates of Charenton

EIGHT times each week, a group of perfectly pleasant, reasonably well-adjusted British actors climb five twisting flights of stairs in the Martin Beck Theatre, settle down at a long, brightly lit makeup table, and transform themselves into a hideous bunch of pathetic, wretched-looking lunatics of the very early nineteenth century. The actors—members of the Royal Shakespeare Company playing in "The Persecution and Assassination of Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade"—wear a variety of ghastly, drab garments that, when seen against the barren stage set, with its benches, showers, drains, water pipes, and bleak brick walls, help to make the play one of the



What a dreadful twelve days! Not a bus or a subway was running, taxis were impossible, and if I wanted to go anywhere, I had to walk!

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most exciting, and oddly beautiful, spectacles ever put on view in a Broadway theatre. "We have found one or two books with pictures of Charenton," a quiet and thoughtful young Englishman named Alan Boyle, who is wigmaker for the Royal Shakespeare Company, told us when we visited the makeup table just before last Wednesday's matinée. "They used to shave the heads—for cleanliness, I think, more than anything else. There are a lot of pictures by Goya of lunatics, too, and we've looked at a lot of contemporary photographs of asylums."

"Hello, Alan," said a pretty, cheerful girl, walking into the dressing room in a patient's sombre gown and sitting down in front of a mirror.

"Hello, dear," Mr. Boyle said.

Half a dozen actors were quietly putting on their makeup at the long table, on which were wigs in brown boxes, jars of creams, bottles of spirit gum, hair sprays, paintbrushes, Max Factor Pan Stiks, tubes of Savlon Barrier Cream, a can of Glamour Nail Dry, and—at the far end—two bright-blue Rayette hair dryers.

"I heard the new Bob Dylan record last night," said an actor who was combing his hair straight up. "And the new Beatle album."

The cheerful girl now appeared to have the top of her head shaved in front and coarse hair sprouting in wild disarray in back.

Mr. Boyle told us that most of the wigs were bald wigs—flesh-colored plastic caps, which fit over the actors' hair, and to which hair is attached as desired. A bald wig was being created on a skull-shaped Fiberglas wig block near where we were standing. The block, Mr. Boyle explained, was being sprayed from time to time with a plastic solution, which was gradually building up to the proper thickness. "It takes thirty-six hours to dry completely," he told us. "Then the wig is peeled off the block and reversed, and put back. We make small holes and insert the hair—you buy it in London from a hair merchant—and knot it underneath. Sit over here, love," he said as another actress entered. She was wearing a sort of straitjacket. "We've made bald wigs very popular in London," Mr. Boyle went on. "All the directors want to have at least one in their show. With the old bald wigs, which were made of rubber, you couldn't lose the join"—he pointed to the back of an actor's head, where the edge of the cap was supposed to blend with the actor's flesh—"without a great deal of building up with mortician's wax. The edges of these new plastic caps can be blended with acetone, which melts the plastic away a bit, thinning the edge." He sat down and put on a bald wig that had a repulsive growth of hair hanging down the sides and back.

"Alan!" shrieked one of the actresses, glancing over at him. (She herself was now bald except for a few random strands.)

Mr. Boyle smiled, and glued the edge of the cap to his cheeks. "The plastic re-forms later," he explained as he wiped the glued edge with cotton dipped in acetone. Then he rubbed on some flesh-colored makeup to illustrate how satisfactorily the join disappeared. "They're quite comfortable, too," he said. "Nobody complains about pressure."

A pinheaded bald girl a few seats away said, "I do find that after eight performances I get a bit pink."

As curtain time approached, the actors—grave and self-contained—left, one by one, to go down to the stage. When the last one had departed, Mr.

Boyle, who had taken off his bald wig, said quietly, "I used to be afraid of them, at the beginning. Sometimes they start reacting to their characters before they get on the stage. You try to think of them as people you know, but as they gradually become the characters, you find yourself saying 'There, there' while you fix their wigs. It used to take the actors some time to get out of their characters after they came off, but they're able to control it more now."

As Mr. Boyle made his way downstairs for a final check, he told us that when the play was in preparation, each actor—with the help of the director, Peter Brook—had selected the particular mental illness he felt he could best represent. "There was a clash," Mr. Boyle added. "Two of them wanted delusions of grandeur. But they worked it out."

Backstage, the actors, in their asylum garments, were padding slowly and silently about in the eerie half-light, locks of hair dangling from their apparently shaved skulls. Mr. Boyle, who was wearing a sports coat and slacks, moved from one fearsome lunatic to another, whispering solicitously, "You all right?"

"Yes, thanks, Alan," replied one walleyed inmate with a soft, polite British voice.

A moment later, there was the sound of organ music, and the inmates staggered and lurched onstage. "Well, that's it," said Mr. Boyle, looking after them. "They're on."

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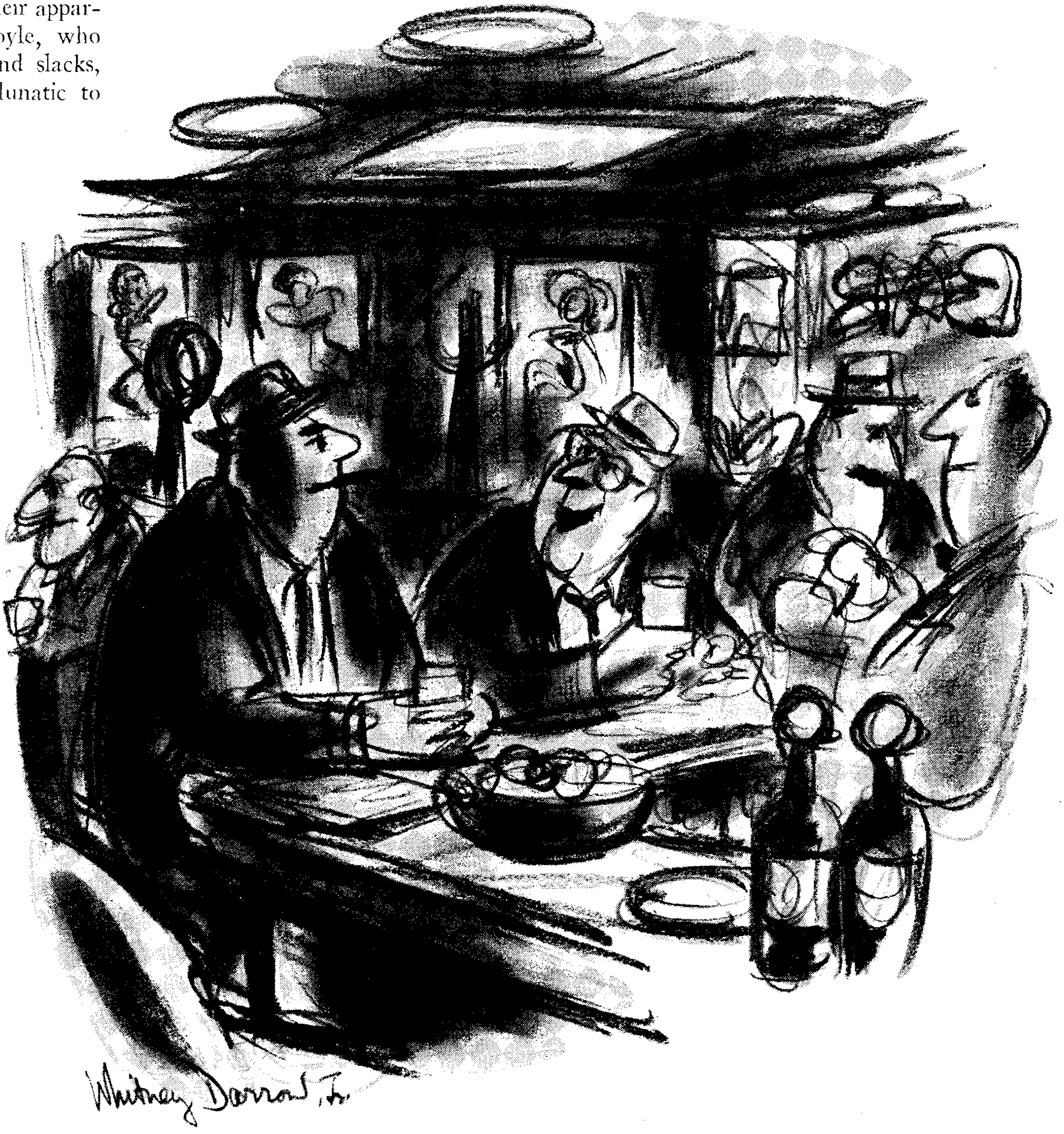
A MACHINE that dispenses ball-point pens at the Marriage License Bureau bears a sticker reading, "Best wishes and happiness."

Ponies

THE ponies that always used to pass the winter in the Squadron A Armory, on East Ninety-fourth Street, playing polo three times a week, were all extracted recently and sent into exile—twenty-one of them to Purchase, eighteen to Huntington, ten to Virginia, four to New Jersey, and two to Boston—so that the old Armory building, where polo had been played for almost fifty years, could be demolished and replaced by a new junior high school. We went out to Purchase one bitterly cold early morning last week to take a look at the twenty-one ponies there and at their new rural quarters, at the Blind Brook Polo Club, and to meet Herb Pennell, a five-goal (outdoor), eight-goal (indoor) player who is currently watching over them. A raw wind was jostling the bare branches of the trees, and the stables—a long, low row of almost a hundred stalls, with flaking white paint—looked forlorn; the stall doors, bright green, were all shut, and two cats (a brindle and a gray-and-white) were crawling in and out wherever they could find a broken board. Light snow had fallen during the night and had stuck to the ground in many places. The grandstand and clubhouse, with a cupola and two bare flagpoles, sat nearby, white and cheerful and empty. Beyond was the vast, flat polo field—its grass a tawny olive—stretching away to woods, perhaps a mile distant. On the other side of the field, a couple of hundred yards off, was a judges' stand, with another bare flagpole.

A cream-colored car drove up, and its occupant, Herb Pennell—a lean, taciturn man with graying hair who was wearing a cowboy hat, a red windbreaker, a white sweater, white pants, and loafers—waved us over and invited us to get in, out of the wind. "The polo season here at Blind Brook runs from June 1st to mid-October," he said. "The ponies wouldn't normally come up until April. They'd be in the Armory now, being worked for half an hour every day by the grooms. We're gradually toning them down now. We feed them a little differently; on a good day like this, we turn them out on their own. We're letting their hair grow back, so they won't get cold. I've


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"*This is all the group therapy I need.*"

been winterizing part of the stable for them, too."

With Mr. Pennell, we got out of the car, walked to the stable, and entered a plastic-roofed, tar-paper-sided corridor that ran along the front of about twenty stalls. "A couple of days when I was putting this up, and the wind was blowing, I was ready to throw in the sponge," he said. Inside the corridor it was comparatively warm, richly smelly, and very cheerful. Half a dozen ponies were sticking their heads out over the half doors and looking up and down the corridor. "Hello, there, Buddy!" Pennell said to a bay with a thick coat, and then he turned back to us. "This one I just got from Oklahoma. She was in the Armory, but she'd never played, so she hadn't been clipped." He moved to the next stall. "These horses all belong to George Skakel or to me. Pepsi, here, was caught as a wild bangtail in the Utah basin." He patted the pony—a piebald—on the neck. "He jumps a little, he plays a little polo. A real pet. Kids in the neighborhood ride him. We used him for refereeing in the Armory." He moved on. "Polo players are queer," he said. "A different breed. I wouldn't go across the street to watch a horse show. And racers wouldn't care for polo, probably." Standing with his hands in his hip pockets and looking down the row of stalls, he went on, "A good horse is sixty to sixty-five per cent of the game. They're worse than kids, though. They get sick, and you have to look after them. When you're galloping down the field at thirty miles an hour, a good horse gives you more time to think. Disposition is the whole damn thing in a polo pony. You want a good disposition. A polo pony should be bold and fast and handy, and have a good mouth." He took his right hand out of his pocket and held some imaginary reins. "When you just touch the lines," he said, pulling back lightly on the invisible reins, "they *stop*."

Mr. Pennell opened the top half of a closed door, and a buckskin pony stuck its head out. "*I* know you bite," he said amiably, moving back. "That's why I closed the door."

We asked whether the ponies missed their regular polo games.

Mr. Pennell shook his head. "They get a little grouchy," he said. "But as long as they get their groceries every day, I guess they're just as happy vacationing."

Did *he* miss polo?

"I keep busy," he said, after a moment. Then he added, "I'd rather be playing. I'm sick of hanging around."

Leading us past a room that held a large bin overflowing with feed, Pennell entered the tackroom. "I like to fool around cleaning the tack," he said. Six saddles hung from the wall on the right; the opposite wall was slung with bridles. On the far wall were perhaps thirty polo mallets. Pennell took down a couple of brown-handled ones. "These are older than you and me put together," he said. "They were used by a ten-goal player up in Myopia years ago." He put the mallets back and moved to the bridles. "This is a double bridle," he said. "These are gags. This is a D-ring. This is a full-ring. Here's a steel Pelham. Here's a rubber Pelham. If you get a pony that doesn't stop too well on one, you try another. You just keep trying." He picked up a ball the size of a grapefruit. "Here's the indoor ball. It's made like a volleyball. They have a tube in them, and they're inflated." He took a couple of gleaming white balls, baseball size, from a box in one corner. "Outdoor," he said. "One is willow and one is bamboo." Both were very light, and were labelled "Gray's. Made in England." He put them back and picked up another ball, this one wrapped in tissue paper, like an orange. "Made in Pakistan," we read when he unwrapped it. He turned it in his hand for a moment, then put it back.

Pennell walked out of the tackroom and went into one of the stalls. "Want to go out?" he said to the pony inside it—a gray. He opened the door on the far side of the stall and led the gray out into the field. The pony whinnied and ran off. Mr. Pennell let three more ponies out, and then stood watching them as they pranced and jumped around on the snow-covered ground. "Go ahead!" he yelled to a bay. "You gonna roll? Go ahead!" The bay did not roll but trotted away, and a moment later the gray gave it a nip on the flank, and it kicked back. "Aaaagh!" Mr. Pennell yelled, to break up the fight.

"We start practicing around the middle of May," he said, standing very straight in the icy wind, his hands in his hip pockets again, and his cowboy hat tipped forward. He watched the ponies running over the frozen earth. "As soon as the weather breaks," he said.

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THE Historical Society of Buster Brown & Marketing can be found at 119 East Thirty-sixth Street.

Miss Moore in Manhattan

IN 1929, Marianne Moore moved from Manhattan, with her mother, to the fifth floor of a six-story yellow brick building on Cumberland Street, between Lafayette and De Kalb, in Brooklyn, and she stayed there, writing a good deal of the most highly regarded American poetry of the period, for thirty-six years. A few weeks ago, shortly after her seventy-eighth birthday, Miss Moore returned to Manhattan, moving into a five-room apartment on the seventh floor of a ten-story red brick building on West Ninth Street. We had promised to stop by as soon as she was settled in, and one day last week we did. Miss Moore offered to take us on a tour of her new apartment. It turned out that she had only half completed the settling-in process, and we had to weave our way around smallish mounds of stacked furniture and cartons, garnished with picture frames, hammers and pliers, cords and wires, mirrors, books, parcels, and shopping bags. Along the way, Miss Moore pointed out this and that special feature—window padlocks, which an older brother had insisted upon; glass-enclosed bookshelves, containing the Wessex edition of the works of Thomas Hardy; impeccably ordered filing cabinets; and clusters of hoarded miscellany—chiding herself all the while for "talking like an agent." Then, leading us back into the center of the living room, toward a circle of chairs surrounded by bookcases and small tables bearing well-arranged bric-a-brac (miniature chests and caskets, conches, candles, scales)—an oasis of order amid the disarray—she said, "My nieces really moved me. I would have perished without my nieces. I myself unpacked twenty-eight cartons before I stopped counting. My things were like a pack of cards—shuffled and cut. I can't find anything." She offered us one of the chairs and sat down in another. "There's some candy," she

"Better cut out now, Baby. Some cat's coming from Sears, Roebuck to dig my paintings."

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continued, pointing at a closed gift box. "I don't recommend it."

We sneezed.

"Shall I close the window?" she asked. "One thing about this place. Everything works."

We shook our head, but Miss Moore jumped up anyway and happily closed it.

As she returned to our clearing, looking ageless in a blue wool suit and a patterned blue blouse, her long white hair braided and fixed on top of her head with ribbon and tortoiseshell pins, we ventured to say that Brooklyn had indeed run downhill since the twenties.

"I liked it over there," Miss Moore said quickly. "Still like it. I like the people. But it wasn't safe. Cumberland used to be quite an elegant street, you know. There was green grass in the yards. Clinton Hill was perfectly beautiful. And so was Fort Greene Park, with its lovely English elms. I think that's what they were. Anyway, they didn't droop. I played tennis up there. They have six courts. But soon even the bronze eagle in the park was stolen. And, you know, I'm almost sure I recognized it some time later in someone's front yard. Things began to happen that were rather alarming. Nearly everyone was robbed. Buy a large television set, a radio, an electric iron, some handsome furniture—robbed!"

We asked Miss Moore whether she herself had ever been the victim of thieves.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "My typewriter was stolen. Well, not stolen, precisely. It was more of a ruse. A large man rang the doorbell and said my brother had sent him to fix the typewriter. I'm so absolutely unvigilant. And naïve. 'Why can't you do it here?' I said. 'Need to take it to the shop,' he said. I've often wondered about him since. Have you had your lunch?"

We assured Miss Moore that we had, and asked her opinion of the source of all this crime.

"It's the parents," she said, without an instant's hesitation. "They don't care. Why, I never heard of a babysitter in Brooklyn. Listen to the radio: 'Four children alone in apartment burn in fire.' Alone. And then we'd find a woman drunk in our halls. Or four or five men sitting on the doorstep drinking beer. A tenant from Lafayette and Cumberland went up to the Clinton Hill Apartments and murdered a secretary one New Year's Eve. I began hiding pepper at one end of my bookshelf. I ought to have joined the Clinton Hill Association, which tries to do something about smoke, pollution, thieving, people desecrating places, and so on. Now, I don't mean to denigrate Brooklyn. I've never seen finer sunsets than down on Lafayette Avenue. From there the moon looks the size of—well, of something in Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. My, there are still some excellent places in Brooklyn. If you are superannuated and have nothing to do."

In view of Miss Moore's concern with crime, we remarked that she now lives less than a block from the Women's House of Detention.

"Oh, I *like* those girls," she assured us hastily. "I met nine women murderers there. Splendid girls. I went down to speak to them."

"Didn't you live not far from here before you moved to Brooklyn?" we asked.

"Yes, we lived in the Village, but my mother never used the word 'Village,' " Miss Moore replied. "On Leroy Street, just one block from Seventh Avenue and Morton. In 1918, I worked for the Public Library—the Hudson Park branch—and we lived di-

"Kindly consider the feelings of those less fortunate."

agonally across the street. Mr. Dreiser lived along there, and the Mayor—Mayor Walker—and Sherwood Anderson. And a prizefighter lived next door. I never found out which one, but we were good friends. His bathroom was decorated with swans. The postman told me the prizefighter had won a gold belt. 'What have *you* done?' the postman said. 'You're getting so many letters.' I said, 'Well, I'm a writer, and I won an award.' And he said to me, 'Mademoiselle, you should be blissful that God has given you so great intelligence.' I'll never forget that. Later, I was acting editor of *The Dial*, which was also close by. Our rent was twenty-five dollars a month, and now it's hundreds. We were near the Italian section. Ugobono's fancy pastry shop was there, on Sixth and Bleecker, and the whole street would be lined with pushcarts in those days. We'd walk over to West Houston for blood oranges. We moved only because my brother was a Protestant chaplain in the Navy, stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. 'I don't suppose you'd be willing to live in *Brook*lyn,' he said to my mother one day. And she said, 'Why, *any*where!' And he selected our apartment on Cumberland; he said it had everything but a fireplace. Much more livable than our basement on Leroy Street."

We said we supposed that Manhattan had grown into quite a different place in all these years.

Miss Moore said it hadn't. "It is still very much the same as it was then," she said. "Bigelow's Drugstore, down the street—that's the same. There seem to be more eaters now, though, and such splendid shops and vegetable stands. Jefferson Market is right across Sixth Avenue. They have the freshest, most tempting vegetables I ever got. It's a Garden of Eden compared to Brooklyn, where good food is sold mainly in the Heights. And there are so many theatres nearby. I may even get a liking for movies. In all, it's an Elysium. Even though the mixture of oil and air isn't quite right in the furnace across the street. It sprays cinders on my window sill."

Miss Moore leaped from topic to topic—painting, cooking, baseball, criticism—spattering each one with her special brand of conversational buckshot, and jumping up to fetch books, letters, and pictures for our inspection, or else perching alert and still, her fine hands folded delicately in her lap, her pale head poised like a listening bird. At last, she asked, "Sherry or orange juice?"—signalling, we thought, that it was nearly time for her to resume her settling in. While she hunted for a bottle of sherry, we became conscious of the emphatic tocking of a clock on the mantel above us, which seemed to provide a pulse to the room. The clock also seemed to be besieged by a menagerie of glass figurines: elephants, leopards, even an Arctic ox—miniatures of the animals that inhabit Miss Moore's poems. It appeared that she had been tidying her apartment in discrete sections, and that in time every cranny, like every verse, would get meticulous ordering. "I receive fifty letters a day, and answer almost all of them," she called from the kitchen. "It takes a whole afternoon, and often the evening, too. Publishers always want you to approve of things, of course. But I am coming to invoke T. S. Eliot, who used to say, 'I do not read books with a view to comment.'" She laughed. "I am bombarded with requests to write things."

We observed that such requests must be the lot of a famous poet.

"Well, I don't call myself a poet," Miss Moore said, returning with a tray. "I'm just like anybody else." She filled our glass and went on, "Of course, my doorbell or telephone is always ringing. People think I can do something for them; they'll make any excuse to receive advice. 'How do you get started?' they want to know. Or students will say, 'I've been assigned your work,' and ask me to enlarge on this or that. You know, when I was in England, I resisted the temptation to drop in on Shaw or Hardy. I think that the more you respect people the more you let them alone. I'm a metropolitan recluse. Yes, people adopt me every other minute. But that will never do. I can't *be* adopted."

Pinned

WE were waiting for the uptown local the other day in the Sixty-eighth Street (Hunter College) station of the I.R.T. Two book-laden young girls were also waiting.

"Can you keep a secret?" the first girl asked the second.

"Yes," said the second.

"Well," said the first, "George gave me his peace button last night."

JANUARY NUPTIALS FOR MISS FAIRWEATHER

THE reason they had stopped at Mom's Colonial Diner was simply that Mr. Proctor was hungry and had pointed out that along this particular stretch of the highway one place was bound to be as bad as another. Mrs. Proctor had finally given in, although for the last two miles she had patiently been watching for something a little better—not quite so garish, perhaps, something without neon and with a sturdier class of cars parked in front of it; Mrs. Proctor had a foolish feeling that people who owned small cars were not thinking people. She had hoped for a Howard Johnson's, where, as she had tried to convince Mr. Proctor, at least the kitchens were likely to be supervised by an over-all supervisor, with standards. But as usual Mr. Proctor had won, and he now sat stiffly in a wooden booth staring impassively at his charbroiled hamburger, garni—a slice of sour pickle, a limp sliver of carrot, and a pale tomato solid with green seeds. He looked like a disappointed child, who has no one to blame but himself. Mrs. Proctor throttled an impulse to pat his hand. She understood that Mr. Proctor did not consider being without a Martini a fair start at luncheon or dinner—it had something to do with keeping his arteries relaxed—but the small, square brick buildings that advertised "BAR" or "COCKTAIL LOUNGE" were shuttered, or at least looked locked. And as Mrs. Proctor had often said, those were the very places where, although dinner might be quite dependable, luncheon might be hastily got together by whoever happened to be around at the time, and one might assume, in such an instance, that the lettuce would not be washed.

Picking up his fork, Mr. Proctor tapped the impenetrable crust of his hamburger as if he expected an answering message, and then he lifted his eyes obliquely. "All I have to say," he said, implying that it was not all but that he had said it many times before, "is that this is more than should be required of honest, respectable people. Are we not supposed to be living in a civilized time?"

Mr. Proctor, an essentially bony man with a crisp new haircut that had uncovered gray swatches in his brown hair, wore a navy turtleneck jersey under a blue shirt with an open button-down collar. He turned his eyes upon Mrs. Proctor—her parka, which had slipped from the back of the wooden bench, lumpy on her shoulders; and her beige Shetland matching the freshly toned hair that was almost as good as new except for a limp fringe around her forehead, where the lacquer was beginning to go. His view of the fringe was obscured by a blue veil set square upon her head.

"And why, by the way, are you wearing that veil now?" he asked. "The wedding *is* over, isn't it?"

Mrs. Proctor looked out at the dirty January day. "The windows are streaked with dirt," she said. "Well, it's hard enough to keep the windows at home clean."

"Or is there something else that we must go through now?" Mr. Proctor went on. "For the life of me, I can't think of anything further in which we would have to be involved. A man who travels home with a tuxedo smelling to heaven of spilled Scotch, although on the rocks, has the feeling that something is finished. I was not surprised to see your sister, as mother of the groom, drink a little more than usual, but I had no idea that her friends were so gay, or that the mother of the bride should consider it fitting to get stoned at her own daughter's wedding, especially considering the fact that the bride is not old enough to legally be entitled to intoxicating beverages. 'Oh, don't mention it, Mrs. Fairweather, it happens all the time. Keeps the moths away, you know.'" He turned his eyes toward the water glass in front of him. "To say nothing of the terrible waste."

Mrs. Proctor sighed and turned her tan grilled cheese sandwich over onto its other side, which looked the same. "I'm wearing it because I didn't know what else to do with it," she told him. "And it's so pretty. I was afraid if I packed it it might get crumpled, and I couldn't think what else to do with it except put it in the glove compartment, where it might have got all tangled up in your maps. So the safest thing was to wear it. I wore it on the way over yesterday; why not wear it back?"

"It looks somehow out of place with slacks," Mr. Proctor said. "But eat your sandwich. I don't want to spend the rest of whatever years God may grant me in this place."

Mrs. Proctor frowned at her sandwich. "I suppose if I take the weekend off, it won't be fatal," she said. "I can be even more careful next week."

Mr. Proctor paused in the act of scattering salt over his hamburger. "Take the weekend off from what?" he asked. "I don't know what you are talking about half the time."

"Grams," Mrs. Proctor told him. "I don't even dare think of the grams that are in this sandwich. Or, with the other diet, calories. And I can't stand grapefruit three times a day, even though I'm sure the Mayos know what they're talking about. And I don't want to eat anything indigestible unless it can't be helped. I'll simply have to live on lettuce and pot cheese for a while, even if I do get quite dizzy. Don't you think we were rather hasty in giving up skiing last year? I mean, we really only gave it a try, on that one trip."

Mr. Proctor shook his head. "I thought it would be good exercise, and something you and I and the children could be doing together. But I could see that it was dangerous, at our age—that is, at any age. Children break things, too. And, frankly, I I couldn't see that as exercise it was all that great."

"But we've got all these clothes," Mrs. Proctor said. "It was such an investment."

Mr. Proctor shrugged. "Everything costs money. As for the clothes, we can wear them around town and look like everybody else. They're warm. They're comfortable. I think tennis may be more the thing for us."

"Goodness, I haven't played tennis for twenty-five years," Mrs. Proctor said. "I don't remember anything about it. And it's really more of a summer game."

"We can take a refresher course," Mr. Proctor said. "And play in the bubble all winter."

With the edge of her fork, Mrs. Proctor made an incision in her grilled cheese sandwich, from which a yellow liquid trickled. "Well, I'm hungry, and when we travel we must eat. And a grilled cheese sandwich always seems safe to me. I don't think you can hurt cheese. Or it you." She glanced at Mr. Proctor's hamburger. "I do hope that's well done. You should always order them well done in a place like this, you know. Then you don't take any chances on picking up trichinosis."

Mr. Proctor smiled. "Remember when we used to get rare hamburgers and onions at three o'clock in the morning before I took you home to your parents after one of our wild nights?" he said amiably. "We didn't get trichinosis then."

"Well, I've learned a lot since then," Mrs. Proctor said.

Mr. Proctor resumed his tapping, and now, with a sudden expert thrust, he managed to produce a great fissure in the crust of his hamburger. Prying it apart, he peered inside. "It's well done, all right," he reported. "Dry as a bone. Looks fake." He straightened his shoulders. "Wouldn't you think they'd at least have beer in a place like this?" He signalled, and a waitress came whose hair was as red as the handkerchief protruding from the upper pocket of her white uniform. "You want coffee or something?" she said.

RILLONS, RILLETTES

RILLETTES
Hors d'oeuvre made up of a mash of pigmeat, usually highly seasoned. Also used for making sandwiches. The *Rillettes* enjoying the greatest popularity are the *Rillettes* and *Rillons de Tours*, but there are *Rillettes* made in many other parts of France.

RILLONS
Another name for the *Rillettes*, a pigmeat *hors d'oeuvre*. The most popular *Rillons* are those of Blois.

—"A Concise Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy," edited by André L. Simon

Rillons, Rillettes, they taste the same,
And would by any other name,
And are, if I may risk a joke,
Alike as two pigs in a poke.

The dishes are the same, and yet
While Tours provides the best *Rillettes,*
The best *Rillons* are made in Blois.
There must be some solution.
Ah!—

Does Blois supply, do you suppose,
The best *Rillettes de Tours,* while those
Now offered by the chefs of Tours
Are, by their ancient standards, poor?

Clever, but there remains a doubt.
It is a thing to brood about,
Like non-non-A, infinity,
Or the doctrine of the Trinity.

—RICHARD WILBUR

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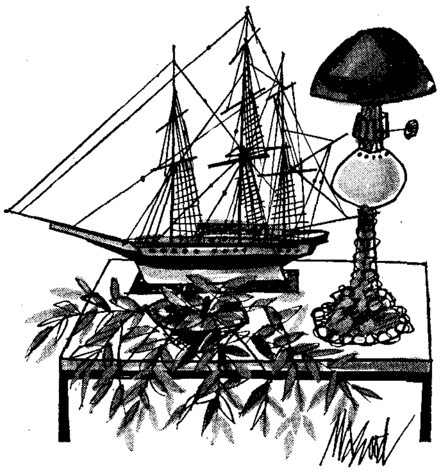
"They use the grounds over and over in a place like this," Mrs. Proctor said without moving her lips. "Tea."

"One coffee and one tea," Mr. Proctor told the girl. "And you can bring me a slice of that lemon-meringue pie over there on the counter."

"Pie!" Mrs. Proctor said with a warning smile, trying to inform Mr. Proctor with her eyebrows that the pie would be ersatz, but he steadfastly turned down the information. "After all that rich food at the reception. And a good breakfast." She looked up at the waitress, who stood stoically, pencil poised. "We've just come from a wedding," she explained. "Yesterday. My nephew." She touched her veil.



"Weddings are great," the waitress said. "My sister got married." She made some marks on her order pad and left.

Mr. Proctor opened his lips, inserted a piece of hamburger and a bit of the roll, and chewed. He glanced out the window at his side, through which came the muted, inhuman growl of traffic. "This is the part of the road I could do without," he said. "This honky-tonk strip. Stores with borax furniture, cheap eating joints, used-car lots, and dumps. And all that filthy slush. And traffic lights every foot of the way. Oh, well. I'm glad that snow yesterday didn't amount to much. Sky looks pretty bad right now, though. I wouldn't be surprised if we weren't in for a real one. I hope it holds off till we get home."

Mrs. Proctor dabbed at her mouth with a paper napkin. "It does look threatening," she said. "But anyway we're halfway home, and we'll be in the clear pretty soon. But what dreadful weather. Poor children."

"Who?" Mr. Proctor said, looking outside. "What children. Where?"

"The children," Mrs. Proctor repeated. "Jimmy and that nice little girl. Getting married in weather like this!"

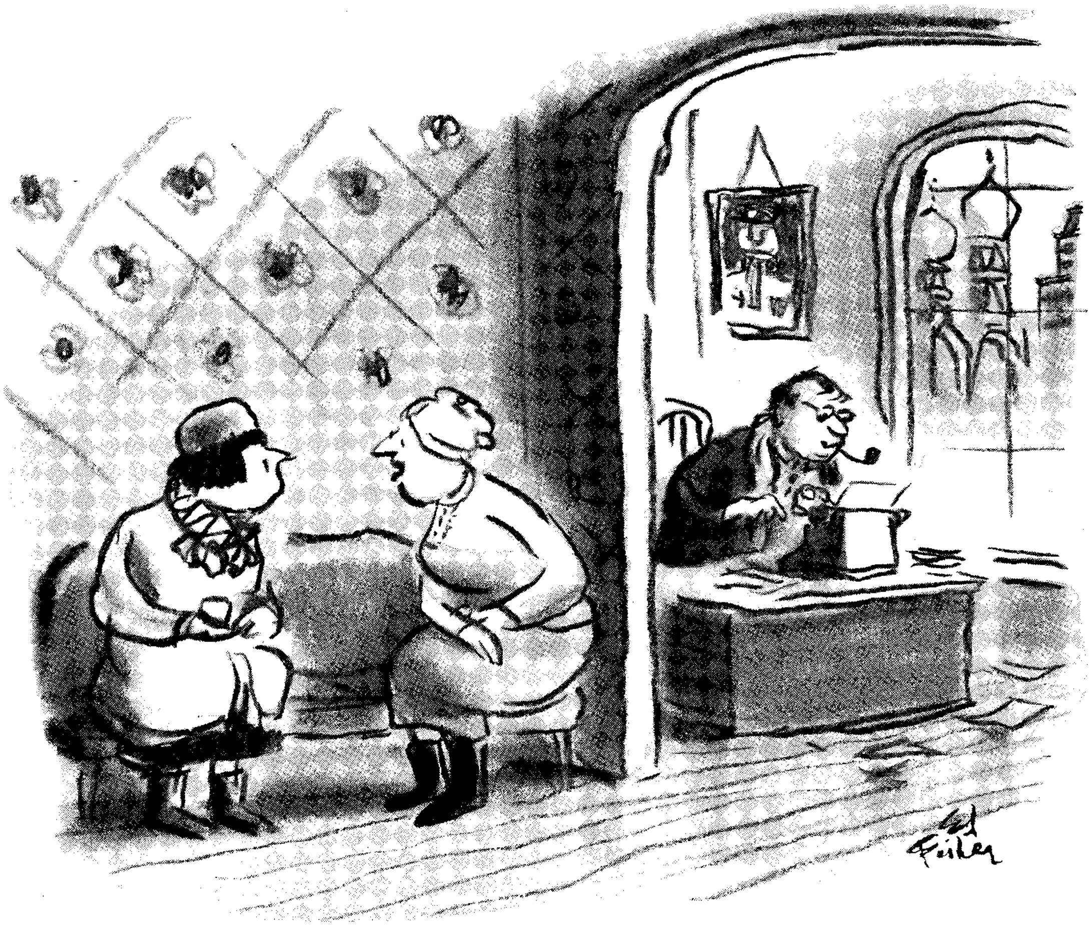
Mr. Proctor waved his fork. "Everybody knows what January is. Why didn't they wait till spring? Then you've got something, if weather is what you want."

The waitress put a bottle of coffee and a pot of tea on the table, with cups and saucers. Mrs. Proctor sighed. "It's just that it's so gloomy at this time of year. And they seem so young to have to cope with it. They should have been married in sunshine."

"You got married in the rain," Mr. Proctor said. "But then I suppose you don't remember that."

"Of course I do," Mrs. Proctor said. "But that was different. And we were older. We knew what we were doing."

"Nobody knows what they are doing when they get married," Mr. Proctor said slyly. "But we certainly knew more than some people's children. Oh, well. They can get divorced in the sunshine. There's always that."



"He's very prolific, but nothing he's done is worth publishing, thank God!"

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"Don't say that," Mrs. Proctor said. "I think they're going to be very happy. They're both darling."

Mr. Proctor nodded. "Indeed they are," he said. "And that's just what it takes for a good marriage. You have to be darling. Well, I've said it before and I'll say it again; if he were my son, I would have laid down the law to him. 'This is your father talking. First finish college,' I would have said, 'then we'll see about getting married.' Getting married at his age, and still in school. I never heard of anything so ridiculous. For heaven's sake, the kid is just barely old enough to vote. And his bride isn't. What's the matter with kids these days?" He shoved his plate away and then recovered it, picked up the ketchup bottle, and, in giving it a smart rap on the bottom, flooded the remainder of his hamburger. "Look at that. They can't even make a decent, *working* ketchup bottle these days. What's the matter with people?"

"Scrape most of it off," Mrs. Proctor said. "Well, Fred and Lucy did try to get them to postpone it. You can't say they didn't. And so did Gloria's mother, Mrs. Fairweather. Lucy has told me all about it; you know that."

"It strikes me," Mr. Proctor said, "that your sister and her husband were pretty mealymouthed about this whole thing. Why didn't they put their foot down? Had they no control over that boy at all?"

Mrs. Proctor looked at Mr. Proctor thoughtfully. "Why do you hide the Danish on Saturday after you've picked it up at the bakery?" she inquired of him.

Mr. Proctor was baffled. "Now what have I done? Why shouldn't I hide the Danish? The reason, as you perfectly well know, is that I want it for breakfast on Sunday, and if I *don't* hide it, some prowler will get it."

"Why don't you put your foot down, then?" Mrs. Proctor asked.

"Well, that's different," Mr. Proctor said. "Swiping the Danish is not in the same class with getting married."

Mrs. Proctor looked out at the highway, with its choppy traffic of dirt-encrusted cars. "I know what you mean," she said. "So depressing, a day like this. I don't mind if it isn't sunny as long as it's doing something, raining or snowing—something definite. You don't know where you are on a day like this."

"Perhaps *you* don't," Mr. Proctor said. He sipped his coffee and put the cup down. "You were right about the coffee. I have a feeling Martha Washington herself first measured it into this pot."

"I doubt it," Mrs. Proctor said. "She had help in the kitchen."

Mr. Proctor picked up his water glass and tried that. "Responsibility," he said. "That's the whole thing. They have no idea of what it means."

"Well, not many people are as fussy as we are about food," Mrs. Proctor said.

Her husband sighed. "*Not* the people who run this place. Kids. The young people of today. They get everything handed to them on a silver platter. They expect it. 'Mother and Daddy, I have decided to get married.' 'Very well, dear; let us know what we must do.' "

"That's not exactly the way it happens," Mrs. Proctor said. "I think there's something rather sad about it. It's almost as if we weren't enough, or we had failed them."

Mr. Proctor raised his eyes to the speckled ceiling of the Colonial Diner. "Oh, my God!" he said. "Are you going to start that? Can't you find something else to read for a change besides those people who are always telling us what's wrong with us? Well, I'll tell you what's wrong and with who. It's the kids. Spoiled. Nobody has ever said no to them."

"But they did say no," Mrs. Proctor said. "Lucy and Fred said no, and so did Gloria's mother."

"Not really!" Mr. Proctor said. "You must tell me all about it. Tell me about the time they said no."

Mrs. Proctor scratched her wrist and shoved the sleeve of the Shetland farther up her arm. "I wonder if I could be allergic to wool," she said. "I never have been, but they say you can be even if you haven't been before. Well, they said *no* for a year or more. You know that."

"Your nephew Jimmy had probably never heard the expression before," Mr. Proctor said. "I have always said, especially when my own children were small, when you say no, be sure you mean it. Be sure the child understands that you mean it. And say it only once. No ifs, ands, or buts. No. That's it."

Mrs. Proctor looked at her tea. "When they said no," she reminded her husband, "Jimmy and Gloria threatened to elope."

Mr. Proctor nodded slowly. "Very well. I would have said, 'Very well, elope. Go right ahead. Be a college dropout. Or else pay your own way.' I wonder what they would have said to that!"

"But Lucy and Fred wanted Jimmy to finish school," Mrs. Proctor explained. "And you know he has to go on and do graduate work. To get anywhere in his field. And Gloria will take a job, and the university will give them a nice little place for married students—very reasonable, I understand."

"Ha!" Mr. Proctor said. "What a great future for a young girl. Working to support a husband who has to go on to school for years. Getting him a good nourishing breakfast, seeing that he brushes his teeth, bundling him up so he won't get the sniffles, and getting him out to the bus on time. The best years of that girl's life, and where will they go?"

"Well," Mrs. Proctor said, "I guess I'm just being sentimental, but I think it's nice to spend the best years of your life with someone you love."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Mr. Proctor said.

"Anyway, I worked," Mrs. Proctor went on, glancing out the window. "I had a job, before the children came."

"That was different," Mr. Proctor said, glancing out the window, too. "I had already finished my graduate work. And jobs were hard to find then. Car's still there. As I have already pointed out, we were older, and we knew what we were doing." Then he looked around the Colonial Diner. "Anyway," he said, "why hadn't they any consideration for the family? Suppose we got trapped in a blizzard, say? It's entirely possible at this time of year, and it could even happen yet. *Where* is that pie?"

"Why don't you cancel the pie?" Mrs. Proctor said. "Then we could go right away."

"Just relax," Mr. Proctor said. "Eating a piece of pie isn't going to take up that much time. I simply think the whole thing could have been managed a whole lot better. Say, getting married in the spring, when driving conditions are better."

Mrs. Proctor sipped her tea. "Jimmy was too lonely," she said. "He couldn't stand being away from Gloria any longer. And, after all, there are his finals. That had to be taken into consideration."

"On what account?" Mr. Proctor said. "Tell me more."

"They were afraid that if they didn't get married, Jimmy wouldn't be able to concentrate on studying."

Mr. Proctor suddenly, elaborately saw the light. "Oh, *now* I understand," he said. "Now you've let me in on the secret. Why, of course. I should have thought of that. Now that he's married, he can concentrate on studying. Certainly." He smiled gratefully and then stopped. "And I can guess what he'll be studying, too."

"I don't think you give Jimmy credit," Mrs. Proctor said. "Credit for being a very serious boy."

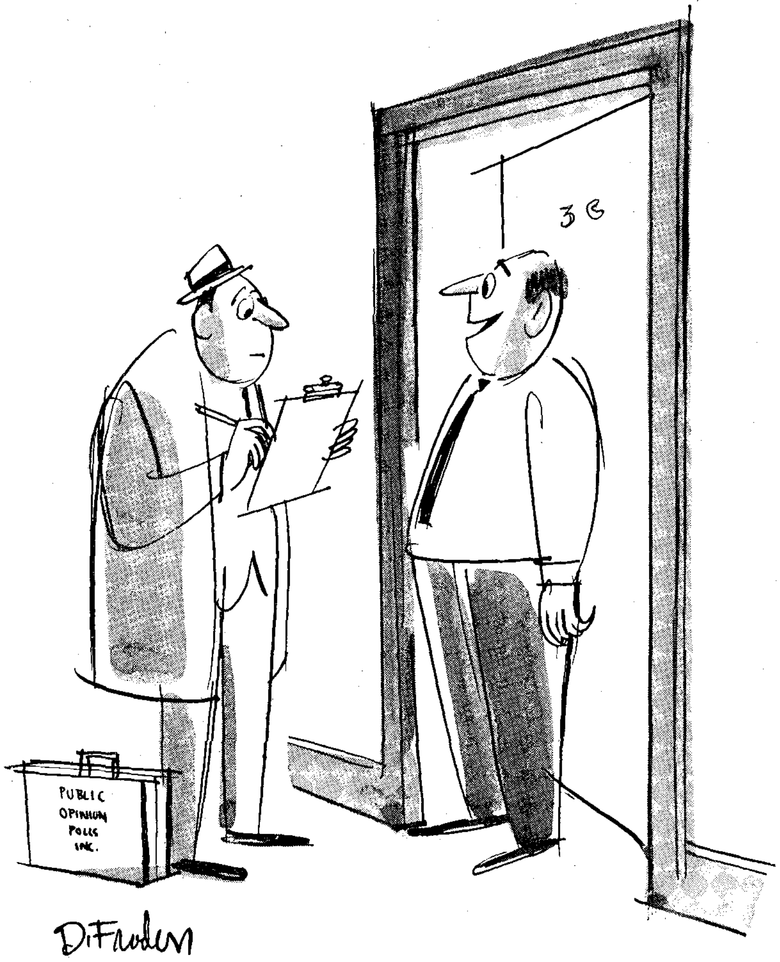
"Oh, I think you have the wrong impression entirely," Mr. Proctor said. "I give him all the credit in the world for being serious. As a matter of fact, I have thought of him as an entirely dedicated student ever since he wrecked that car your sister bought him."

"Well, Lucy did that for a very practical reason," Mrs. Proctor explained. "He had to have transportation to his summer job, and otherwise she would have had to drive him."

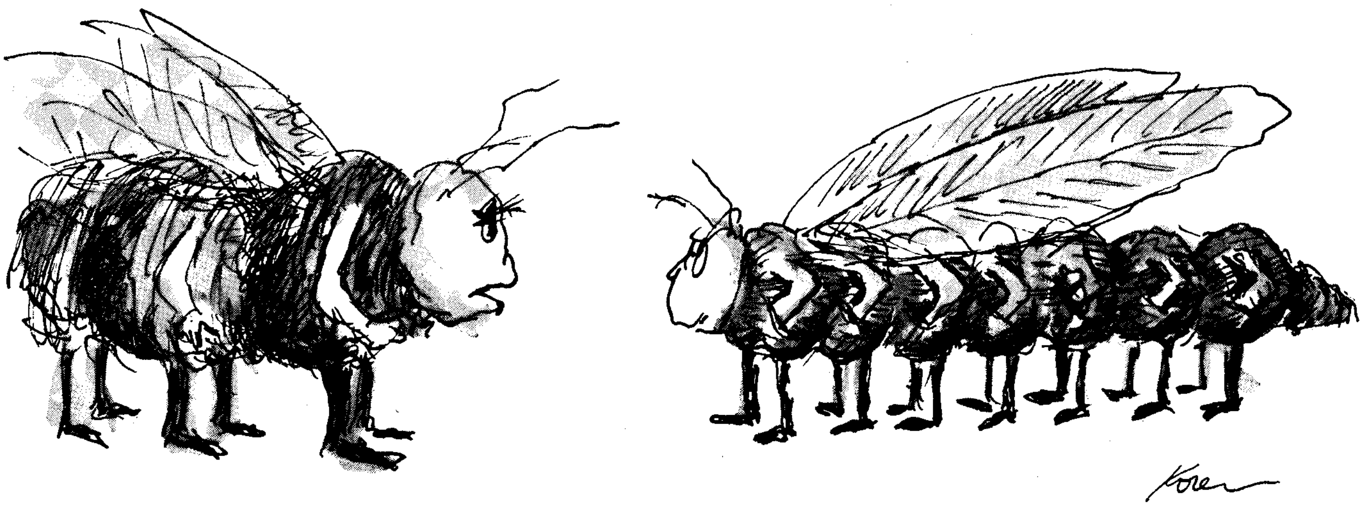
"I remain a skeptic," Mr. Proctor said, as the waitress arrived with his pie. "I—Would you mind bringing me another fork?" he said, turning a placid face up to the waitress. "My old one seems to have quite a lot of ketchup on it."

"It's Lucy and Fred I'm sorry for," Mrs. Proctor said. "Jimmy was always such an easy child until he fell in love. And you know an only child must be difficult. They meant well when they got him the car. After all, they didn't know he was going to total it."

Mr. Proctor held his fork in midair. "Another thing I don't understand," he said, "is your use of the language these kids employ. Can't you simply say 'wreck,' 'demolish'? 'Total' happens



"Tell me, am I in the mainstream so far?"



"Take your hands out of your pockets!"

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to be a noun. It is not a verb—at least, not like that! The next thing I know, you will be finalizing something. Or possibly premièring it."

"Oh, I suppose it's because I'm with the children more than you are," Mrs. Proctor said. "And by the way, totalling a car is not at all the same thing as wrecking it. Eat your pie."

"First things first," Mr. Proctor said, "if you will pardon my French. What is the difference between 'totalling' and 'wrecking'?"

Mrs. Proctor wrinkled her forehead. "Sometimes I have trouble getting these things exactly right," she said. "But I *think* that when you wreck a car you just wreck it, but when you total it the cost of having it repaired is more than the resale value. I *think*."

"Fascinating," Mr. Proctor said. "One of the things I would hate to have spent the rest of my life, such as it may be, without knowing. And, incidentally, if they had to get married during the off season, as it were, why couldn't they have done so at Christmas? During the holidays, when everybody else has gone mad, too? Or was their social life at the season of Our Lord's birth too involved for anyone to settle down to a twenty-minute binder?"

"Midyears," Mrs. Proctor reminded him. "Jimmy had to study."

"I see," Mr. Proctor said. "Although it takes some doing. Confidentially, my head is swimming. But I'll say one more thing: don't tell me they haven't been living in sin, and you know it. Couldn't they have continued so doing until graduation?"

"Too far away from each other," Mrs. Proctor said. "And anyway, I'm not so sure about that—what you said. I know many of them do these days, but I'm not at all sure about Jimmy and Gloria."

"*These* days?" Mr. Proctor said. "What on earth are you talking about? What's so different about these days? Let me tell you, I remember very well when I was that boy's age—"

"Oh, eat your pie," Mrs. Proctor said. "We can talk about this at home, if you insist. And we may never get there, the way the sky looks now."

"I JUST want to say one more thing," Mr. Proctor said to his wife. "I read a piece in the New York *Times* not so long ago, where it said that by 1970 more than half of the country's population will be under twenty-five years of age. Think about *that* for a minute. Half. If it pleases whatever powers that be to include me in the other half, I shudder to think of my future. Four years from now. God help us every one is the way I look at it." He glanced outside, and then at his pie. "You know something? You were so right about this pie that I could swear you had watched them make it—manufacture it, I should say. Where is that girl? I'll get the check."

"She brought it with the pie," Mrs. Proctor said. "It's under the plate."

"Oh," Mr. Proctor said. He opened his wallet, and then, fishing in his trousers pocket, he brought out some change that he forked over onto the table. "All right, let's get out of here."

Mrs. Proctor had already slipped into her parka. She watched Mr. Proctor sort his change, and then she said, "I keep thinking of all those wedding presents. Such lovely china and silver."

Mr. Proctor rose. "Probably the only china and silver that will ever have had a college education," he said.

Mrs. Proctor shook her head. "No, Gloria's mother is keeping it all in her attic. Until they are ready to really set up housekeeping."

She stood up. Mr. Proctor watched her as she reached for the zipper on her parka. "You know something?" he said. "You look good in that. Without the veil, of course. Well, you can take that off when you've got some place to put it. I just thought of something we can do."

"What?" Mrs. Proctor asked, bringing the zipper up to her chin.

"Skate," Mr. Proctor said. He took Mrs. Proctor's elbow in his hand, and they walked toward the cashier's counter. "Skate. Funny I didn't think of that before. It gets us out in the fresh air and is good exercise at the same time. And we can wear the same clothes, except you may have to get one of those little skirts." He left the exact sum for their lunch on the cashier's desk, held the door open for Mrs. Proctor, and they went out. In front of them, the dirty highway merged with the thick, dark sky that now seemed, more than it had before, to be bulging with snow.

—KATINKA LOESER

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The film makes clear whereas meteorologists have long recognized the importance the instant recorded graphic presentation as essential for transmitting a quick understanding of weather information—and essential for the flying of planes—business-now-is starting to recognize that much of their most important information for decision is in graphic form and that—at last—because of the complete variety of Alden Equipment it is now feasible and practical for them to build their own All Purpose Information Networks.—*Letter from an electronic-equipment company.*

All you need is three or four hyphens and a spirit of abandon.

ON THE ISLAND

To an isle in the water
With her would I fly.
—W. B. Yeats

I. Friday Night

We issue from the meat of Pineapple Street,
Skipping in unison in the jet rain to
The cadence of our footsteps left behind
Just momentarily as we bound on
To water, laughing, soaked, four-legged and
Three-armed, two-hearted, Siamese, unique,
And fifty put together. On the Heights,
We embrace like trenchcoats on a rack at Brooks.
You taste like lipstick, wine, and cigarettes
(And, now quite irrecoverably, you:
A tear in the material of memory
No reweaver can match. Nevertheless,
I feel your rainy face against mine still,
Hear your low laugh join boat hoots in the night
—One Song, one Bridge of Fire! Is it Cathay?—
And see, just past the corner of your eye,
Our city momentarily at bay).

II. Saturday Morning

Starting for Paumanok from Remsen Street,
Taking my Buick, leaving your LaSalle,
Putting the top down in the false-spring light
Of February 2nd, following
The "27" signs—Atlantic Ave.,
Rockaway Parkway, Linden Boulevard,
And Sunrise Highway finally at noon—
We leave the city we did sometime seek
In favor of the fish-shaped fastnesses
Due east, beyond the sounding wave
Of outer suburbs rushing up the shore
To flood the flat potato country with
The family of man. Past Babylon,
We run at last aground on the prewar
Simplicities and complications: farms
Looked down on by great houses in the style
Of Insull, piles of those who made a pile
In Motors, Telephone, and Radio
And dropped it all down the defile
Between decades, where all our fortunes go.

III. Saturday Afternoon

Patchogue, my dear, harbors a white-faced bar
With a black heart. In its interior,
You are more beautiful than you really are,
More *dégagée*, more *jeux sont faits*, world-wearier.
That artificial night, with evident aim,
Plinks out my daylit thoughts and goes to black,
Where, in the tarry sky, the Bull, the Swan
Couple illegally till dawn
With lavish princesses and Spartan queens,
As I autistically do
With you, while you invent a terrible drink—
A pilot biscuit drowned in Gin and It,
Dubbed a Wet Blanket, in a whiskey glass—
Before my wondering eyes. With a bright crack,
A back door opens and the atmosphere
Of night blows out as sharply as a tire,
Revealing a slack rank of garbage cans
Out back and a red carpet underfoot.
You look yourself again; I start to feel
Like death in the afternoon. Let us be gone.

IV. Saturday Evening

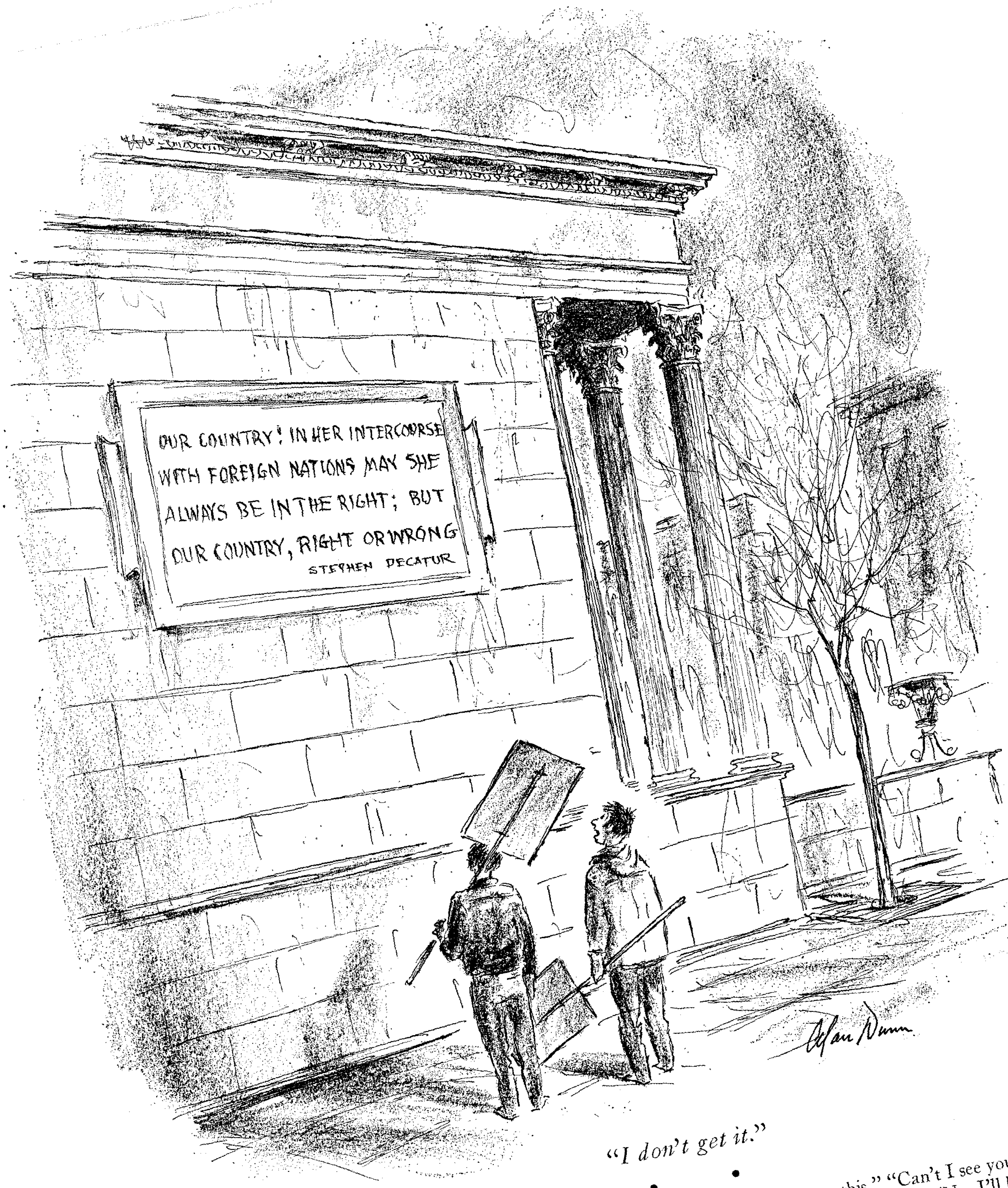
Night, like a funeral, comes marching in
On muffled heels, its west-bent coffin met
By gathering naked bulbs and neon tubes
Along Sag Harbor's streets. Beyond the pale
Pearl light of day's regrettable demise,
The whalers' churches and town halls rise up like white
Whales surfacing, their sugarloaves of white
Mammalian clapboards sailing on a gray
Calm main of mud. These Puritanic arks,
Fane and profane, holy and secular,
Divide their flocks into white Sunday sheep
Ripe to be fleeced of grace, and weekday goats
Alert to steal their wool. A vesper bell,
Like a late bird, sings curfew to the town,
Turning our steps to where, in tongues of fire,
A stammering sign defines the Grande Hotel.

V. Saturday Night

Now, wearing my discounted wedding ring
Still foggy with disuse, you face the desk,
Where the Korean War loudly bombards
The *Daily News* with black. The manageress,
A human hatchet in a florid dress,
Takes five from me for her best double. We
Go up and up to that sidereal
Address, where all the bentwood furniture,
The stunted metal bed, the chiffonier
Graced with our pint of Partners' Choice, but scarred
By all the post-coital cigarettes
Of sadder, wiser transients, the ashtray
("Momento of Peconic Bay"), the tin
Wastebasket lithographed with pennants—yours
Included—all call time and freeze till we
Move on. The four-light window, featuring
A huge streetlamp dead center, resonates
To the first wave of onshore rain as we
Resume our elevating, ludicrous
Posture of love. Dear Jane, the prize is far
Too near for me to melt with laughter now,
But there's a whoop down in my throat. Later
And cooler, rubbing Lucky Strike ash in-
To my bare chest, I'll tell you what I mean:
The fact that I, unhandsome, awkward, pale,
And you, Vassar or no, too ample for
An age of skin and bone, should tumble for
Love seven stories high, with eyes as blue
As tropospheres, with dazzling teeth the size
Of cornerstones, and noses straight as dies—
The cliché of the first-class citizens.

VI. Monday Morning

The party's over now. In a tense white
Ruffed blouse, you look as different from last night
As day. I swallow the last scratchy crumbs
Of my last baking-powder biscuit and
Leave your place, touching for the first time now,
Noting my fingermarks on the front door.
Once more unto the breach: at the St. George,
We sound the hellmouth of the I.R.T.
And ride the hissing, green, Draconic train
Under the river. *Wicker, wicker* goes
The air compressor at a stop. You sit
On shiny wicker, looking at my feet;
I hang from a chipped white enamel strap


OUR COUNTRY! IN HER INTERCOURSE
WITH FOREIGN NATIONS MAY SHE
ALWAYS BE IN THE RIGHT; BUT
OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG
STEPHEN DECATUR
Alan Dunn

"I don't get it."

Marked "Rico Type 11." Soon, at Wall
Street, we get off. Now, leaving Trinity
Out of the corner of my eye, I spin
Behind you into the loud lobby of your tower,
Where banks of Gothic elevators rise,
Absurd, on high. You turn and face me now,
All Bala-Cynwyd in your Peter Pan
Collar and single string of pearls, dear Jane.
"It's no go, Lou." "But wait—" "But why?" "But I—"
"I know, but it won't ever work. You know
That I have some traditions—" "Pouring tea."
"Yes, pouring tea. And you just don't, that's all.
You just don't care." "But I can try." "Unh-uh.
Look, Lou, let's stop this." "Can't I see you once?
Just one more time? Tonight?" "No. I'll be late
For work upstairs. Goodbye." Now that I know
I won't see you again, an awful pain
Of deprivation twists my abdomen.
The lancet doors squeeze shut between us, and
Lights track your progress overhead as you
Devise me to myself. Jane, for the gift
Of you at first, then us, and lastly me,
My thanks, since even such off-islanders
As I can profit by a visit to
The fish-shaped island, population two.

—L. E. Sissman

RAM, RAM, RAM

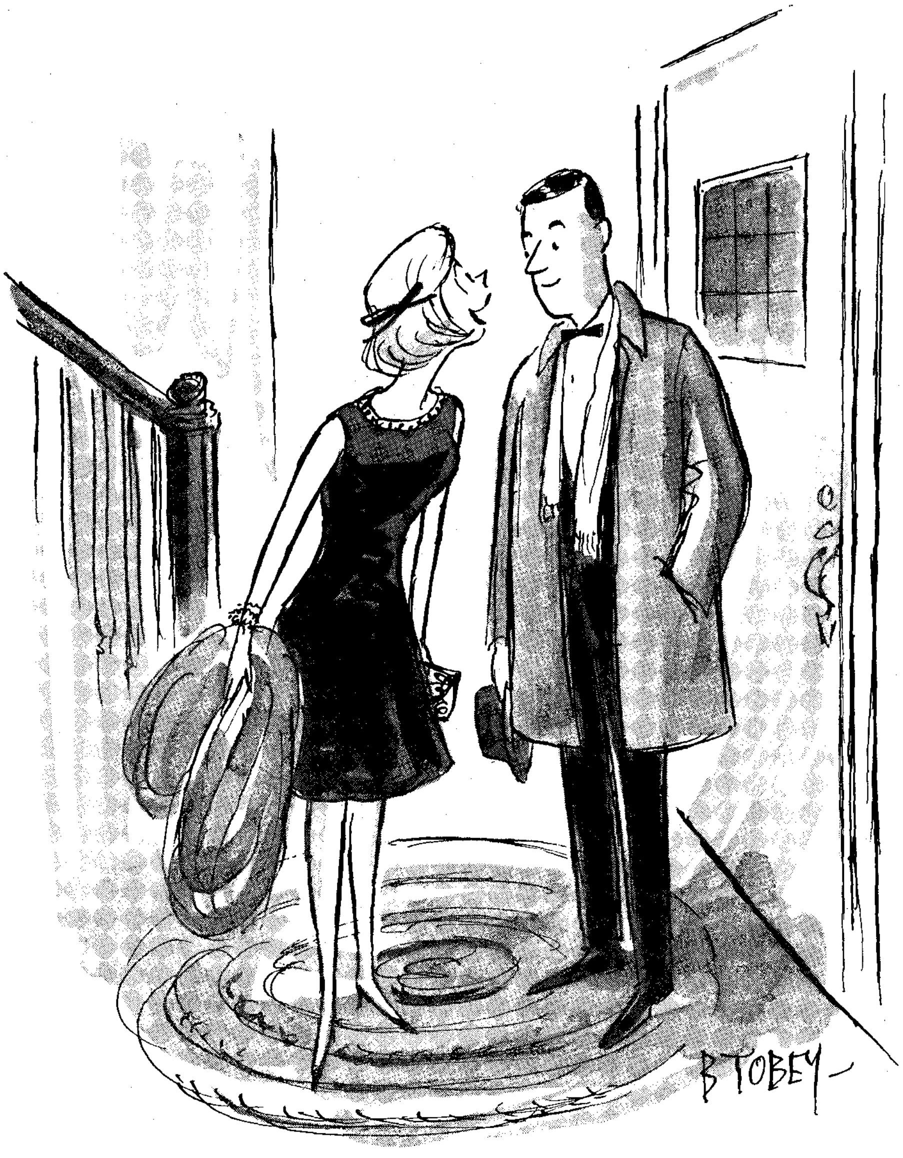
IT was a matter of intense satisfaction to Delinquent Chacha ("*chacha*" means "uncle" in Hindi, and the "delinquent" he had added himself, because, as he put it, he didn't quite fit into the pattern of things) that I was at Oxford, taking an Honours degree in English literature. "An Oxford degree, Mohan," he wrote me solemnly from India, "is fairer than the fairest skin, and once you are in possession of it, everyone will have to take notice of you. I have fully made up my mind to come there myself and take up my studies where I left off."

I smiled to myself as I read this. Though when I was with him I always found myself believing every word he said, the truth was that his schemes—and he practically had a different one for the ear of each new person he met in the course of a day—were largely tinsel. Also, Delinquent Chacha was not, and never had been, a serious student. At the British College in Lahore, he learned to smoke cigarettes and to play poker, and failed to get a degree. As a result, when he married, it was not the rich heiress of his dreams. The family had, quite early on, given up all hope of Delinquent Chacha's ever holding down a job. His children—he had thirteen of them—with finesse were farmed out to his more successful brothers to feed and educate. He was the greatest failure in the history of our family, and it was too much—it was fantastic—to suppose that he would ever get to England.

Nevertheless, a couple of months after I was settled in my college at Oxford, Delinquent Chacha, by a little miracle, *did* get himself to London. A man he met in the street in New Delhi, an American film producer, promised him a part in a racy film about a maharajah wintering in Cannes with his entourage. The producer paid Delinquent Chacha's passage from India to France, and then changed his mind and gave the part to another Indian, leaving Delinquent Chacha stranded on the Riviera. The little money I could scrape up was just enough to get him to London, where he found a job as a porter in a bleak Indian restaurant off Shaftesbury Avenue called the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant.

Though Delinquent Chacha never spoke of the hardships of this job, there was something sad about his standing in the cold, coughing surreptitiously behind his sleeve and opening taxi doors with exaggerated zeal. In India, he had spent more than half his life sitting in comfortable coffeehouses or clubs, lording it over waiters and bearers. We children felt more exalted in his company than in that of our parents. What he lacked in the way of a successful career he more than made up for with the dignity of his bearing. To walk along beside him was like being in the train of a nawab; from every direction he was greeted with salaams.

I spent my Christmas vac. doing some reading in the British Museum, and whenever I dropped by the restaurant—I made it a point to go there at least once a day, usually after museum hours—I would find him holding forth with strangers, telling them his entire life history: the poker parties of his college days, the horrors of Indian life as he had witnessed them from the streets of New Delhi, the indulgent Hindu family system that allowed a carefree man of leisure like himself to produce children to his heart's content and leave to his relatives the responsibility of bringing them up. Even when I approached him, he didn't take any notice of me until he had finished his sentence; then he would turn and pump my hand vigorously, and say, "Oh, my dear nephew, we meet again. Can it be? Tell me instantly all the wisdom you have culled from those great tomes in our hallowed museum." But no sooner would I start to answer than a taxi would draw up and Delinquent Chacha would rush to open the door. He would sadly watch the passengers disappear into a cinema that was next door to the restaurant. Immediately forgetting his disappointment, he would begin to extoll the joys of being in London. "Oh, Kaka"—he often called me "Youngster"—"the climate here is as bracing as ours is torpid. Here the streets are beautifully clean; ours are dusty and thickly overlaid with living corpses. By escaping to London,

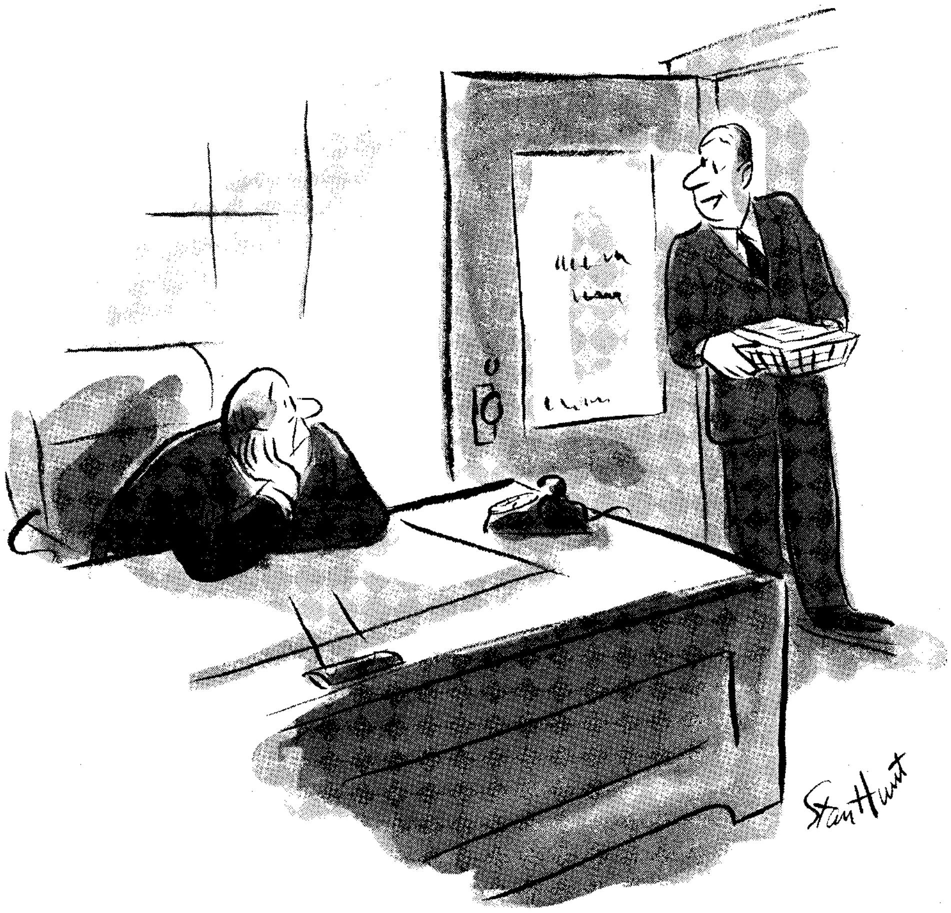


"Mmmm, let me guess! Canoe? Jade East? Brut? Black Watch? Fleurs de Tabac?"

your Delinquent Chacha has added at least twenty-five years to his present, wonderful avatar."

All evening, he was either opening or closing doors. Whoever stopped to talk to him received an earful of questions. How was his health? What was the city of his birth? What was the nature of his profession? Did he have a big family? When the stranger left, Delinquent Chacha leaned negligently against the wall or the lamppost, with a Players No. 3 prominently displayed between two fingers.

As at home, he was full of schemes for improving his situation. "Kaka, I have been thinking that I should open my own Indian restaurant—nearby, perhaps, or somewhere around Soho Square," he said one day. "I am told that good Victorian houses are going cheap there. Standing here, I have met so many Englishmen who want to keep up their association with us through the medium of good curry. They are just waiting for someone to provide them with a real, old-fashioned India here in the center of London." He left me to open the door of a taxi. In a minute he was back again. "In my restaurant," he continued, as if he had never quit my side, "I could place large blocks of chalk and cork to give the impression of one of our Marabar caves. The English find our caves very romantic and native. You, Kaka, could help me spread the word among the scholars in the British Museum. What do you think of my printing the bill of fare with deckled edges and with a gold-and-silver border, Indian-historical style? They would serve as good bookmarks, and every time a scholar looks up from his book and sees my menu his mouth will water. Or perhaps," he said, shifting his weight to his other foot, "a man such as I has more to offer the English by acquainting them with the total Indian past—of which curry, of course, is only a part. What would you think of importing all our young lady relatives to Britain to illustrate in pantomime the history of Indian womanhood from ancient times to the present? Ah, but one needs a little money for that, and perhaps I ought to let my mind dwell on something that can come true more quickly, by itself."



"Uneasy lies the head that has a Bigelow on the floor. Eh, Mr. Martland?"

• •

ONE evening as I approached the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant, I saw that he was not at his usual place. Without his smiling face at the door, the restaurant seemed closed, and it was in fact empty, except for the cook, who was turning a chapatty on the griddle in the kitchen.

"Where is he?" I asked.

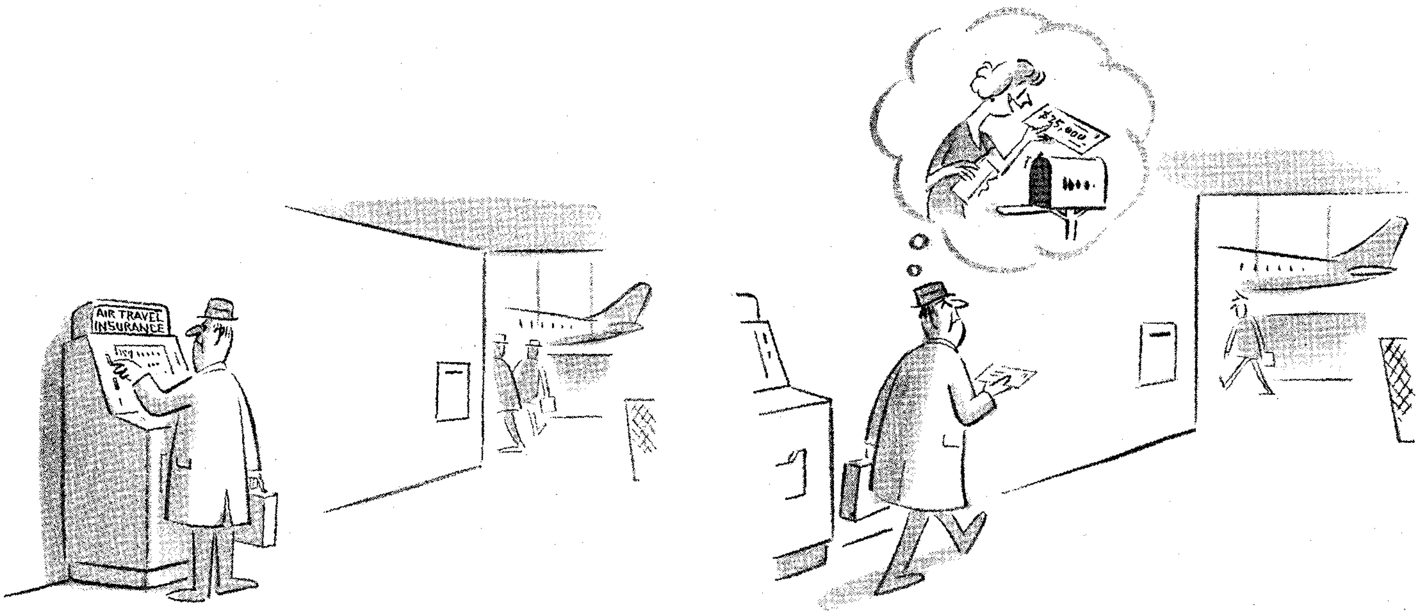
The cook pointed vaguely to the stairway. I ran up to Delinquent Chacha's room—originally it had been a linen closet, but the owner of the restaurant, Lala Durga Pal, had turned it over to Delinquent Chacha as part of his emoluments—and rapped on the unpainted door. I pushed it open when there was no answer. Delinquent Chacha, clad in a pair of drawers and a vest, was seated on the unmade bed with his eyes shut, chanting the name of God. There was a burned-out joss stick and many cigarette butts on the washstand—the only other piece of furniture in the room—and a battered suitcase was open on the floor, with his few clothes flung across it. The weak, unshaded bulb suspended from a chain overhead threw dark shadows on the flaking walls and on the cobwebbed ceiling.

"Delinquent Chacha!" I cried.

"Ram, Ram, Ram," he answered distantly, as though he were a medium.

With his eyes still shut, he drew out a square envelope from under his pillow and handed it to me. The envelope was engraved with a coat of arms and addressed to "Delinquent Chacha, C.M.G."

"Dear Sir," the letter began, "I am taking the liberty of writing to you on the suggestion of one Mr. Duganda of Nigeria and the Overseas Lecture Bureau, whose acquaintance I believe you made at the Royal Colonial Club of the British Empire. Because of the influx of new members to our ever-growing world community, the Commonwealth Polytechnical College at Oxford, in conjunction with the Cowley Secretarial Bureau and the Parktown Crammer for Young Ladies, is sponsoring a Model United Nations at Oxford during the first weekend in the Hilary term. In a spirit of generosity, the Oxford City Theatre has offered its capacious facilities to the M.U.N. The topic is: Would this house rather prosper in peace or perish in political pestilence? We have already started electing student delegations to represent the assigned countries." The letter went on to give the days and hours of the meetings of the General Assembly, Eco-Soc, and fourth and fifth committees, and concluded with a paragraph that Delinquent Chacha had underlined in red ink: "We should be hon-



ored if you, sir, would accept our invitation to be one of the four guest speakers from the world at large at the opening session. Lord Whitenorth of Great Britain, Chief Lulu of the Gold Coast, and M. Pobedeniski of Outer Mongolia have all accepted. We regret that, because of the limited time, we are unable to invite speakers from all the worthy and deserving countries onto our platform, but the student delegations will have ample time to air their views from the floor of the house. Believe me, yours faithfully . . ." I looked up. Delinquent Chacha's eyes were now open and glistening.

Many of my young cousins in India had no more use for the British raj than did the native politicians now feasting on the fruits of power. But then, as Delinquent Chacha never failed to remind us, we had been born and brought up in a time of bloodshed and chaos, in a time when millions of people had been set adrift from their ancient homeland because of some such abstract and backward-looking political principle as the one that led to the shameful division of our country and the creation of the quasi-theocratic state of Pakistan. Under the umbrella of the raj, people were left free to practice any religion they wished, without having to demand a state and an army. Nor could we look back, as Delinquent Chacha could, to a time so unlike ours that it was free of corruption, meanness, and petty politicians—politicians who knew more about shopkeeping than affairs of state. To a country for hundreds of years in the throes of factional and sectarian wars, the British had given, for hundreds of years, calmness, justice, and equality. But, alas, at any one time, only a few thousand Britons could be spared to serve in India, and they had kept so aloof that the great majority of our people had not even noticed their innate superiority. Delinquent Chacha was one of the few who had. And how often he had talked about Oxford.

"But what more could you ask? How marvellous!" I exclaimed now. "Maybe it will mean—"

"Oh, Kaka, Kaka," he said, "don't go on. Don't agitate this fragile heart to the breaking point." He rubbed his left side dramatically. "How your Delinquent Chacha wishes today that he was in India! Oh, would that the Thames were our holy, sacred Ganges, so that with a dip I could quickly become my old sinless self again. Ram, Ram, Ram. That little piece of paper in your fist has aged me more than all the dust and living corpses of our Indian streets—and I was just beginning to take to the exhilarating British climate." I tried to break in, but he went on. "By my signing my name 'Delinquent Chacha, C.M.G.,' Ram, Ram, Ram, in sundry visitors' books—in embassies, places of historical interest, and such—I have created a national scandal, an international incident. I have betrayed my newly found motherland and perhaps jeopardized forever the chances of the British raj's returning and putting an end to our internecine bickerings and wars. How easy were those elegant squiggles of the pen!"

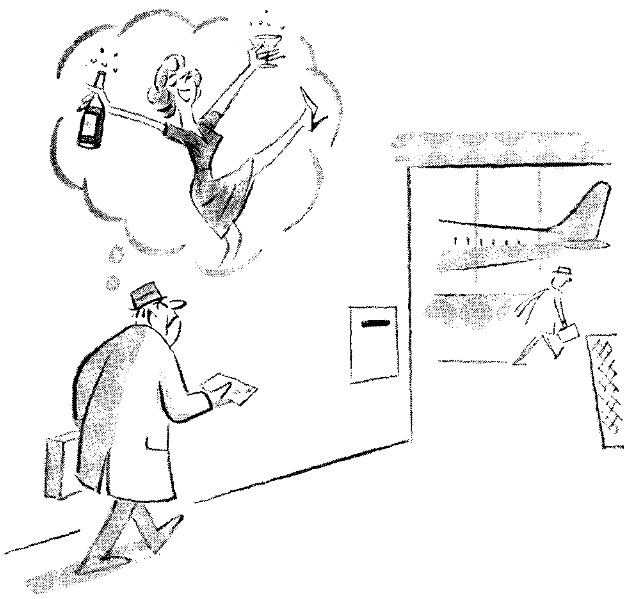
"But how do you know the visitors' books had anything to do with the invitation?"

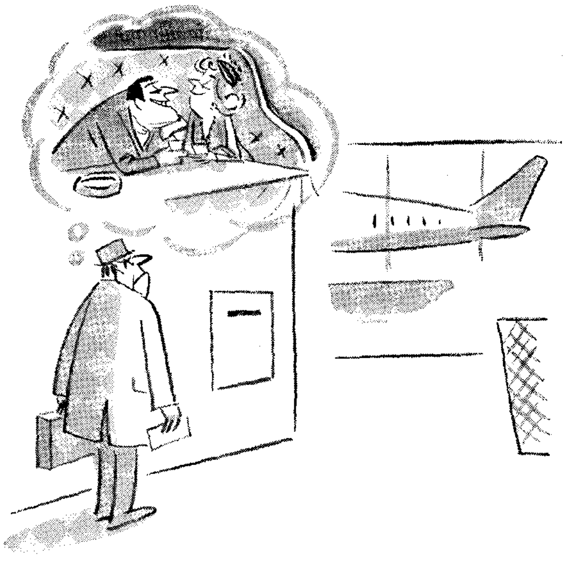
His head dropped to his chest. "How do I know?" he asked under his breath. "How do I know?" he said, raising his chin. "Oh, Kaka, I don't think I *do* know. I *don't* know. Do you suppose," he went on slowly, "that the Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George has been conferred on me and I haven't heard about it? I haven't read the papers lately, it is true. Do you know *when* the Queen mounts her throne and singles out her loyal servants for eternal baksheesh?"

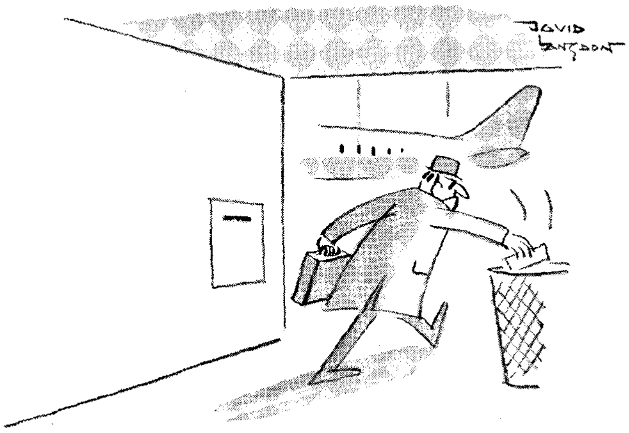
I said I thought it was sometime around her birthday, and that perhaps it was even called the Birthday List, but he had already lost interest in his own question. He had me in a tight hug and was profusely thanking Ram for setting his mind at ease. "In what unsuspected ways do you, Ram, O my Ram, find a means to enlighten your Delinquent Chacha." He became reflective. "You see, Kaka, from my cursory perusal of the lessons of history, it seems to me that two qualities built the British Empire and kept it sunny side up with its best foot forward—carefully framed legislation, and show of authority. Of the two, authority is much the more important. Without it, legislation is impotent. There can be no authority unless there is a small clique of ruling men who function in the field as disinterested agents of the Queen. That's precisely why I attach such supernatural importance to my title, to titles generally. . . ."

Five minutes later, he was worrying about his "début" at Oxford. "How can I go there in *these* rags? At least thirty sterling guineas are needed for a gown, a mortarboard with a long plaitlike tassel, and a pair of long, romantic boots."

Delinquent Chacha put on his only suit, which was a dark blue with a chalk stripe, and smoothed his black, unruly hair, using the palms of his hands as a pair of military brushes. He washed his face and, when he couldn't find a towel, jerked his head from side to side. When he was satisfied that he looked presentable, we went downstairs. Opening the front door, he leaned against it and







lit a cigarette. He thoughtfully massaged his ear. To break the chill of the cold wind, he had developed a habit of alternately rubbing his ears and warming his hands over imaginary chestnuts. The tic, which would have been nerve-racking on anyone else, was almost decorative on him, for he raised his hands to his ears as though he were saluting someone in the distance.

Suddenly he fitted his thumb and forefinger between his front teeth and let out a loud whistle for a taxi, to oblige a couple coming out of the Aristophanes, a lavish two-story Greek restaurant around the corner in a dead-end street. A lady dropped her purse, spilling its contents, and in a matter of seconds Delinquent Chacha was at her side. Both the couple and the woman tried to tip the most accommodating man on the London streets, but he refused grandly because they were not customers of the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant. Its habitués—mostly students or small businessmen from India—arrived on foot and left without as much as a sixpence for him.

A schoolboy stopped to study the bill of fare in the window of the Taj Mahal. He was fitted out in a blue-and-purple uniform. Delinquent Chacha studied him carefully, and then, to my surprise, he stepped forward and seized the peak of the boy's school cap. "My good man," Delinquent Chacha said, "it so happens that I am looking for a replica of the suit of clothes you are now wearing."

The schoolboy, freeing his cap, stared at him. Delinquent Chacha turned to me. "Don't you think the cut of this coat can only have issued from a sculptor's hand?" Turning back to the boy, he said, "I will not detain you a minute longer from your urgent and pressing lessons. But it so happens that I am looking for a replica of your suit of clothes for myself; I'm soon going up to the University, and I would be glad if you disclosed the names and addresses of the several tailors who contrived to make this most dazzling adornment for your skin."

"All school uniforms of St. Luke's School in Kensington are made by the School and University Outfitters at the top of Regent Street," the boy said gravely.

"Thank you, thank you!" Delinquent Chacha said. "The School and University Outfitters. You have done your newly discovered Indian friend a great and inestimable service." He let out a loud whistle. The boy jumped. A taxi screeched to a stop, and Delinquent Chacha bundled the bewildered boy into it. "May God speed you to your lessons. You can always find me at the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant," he said, and then, to the driver, handing him his last two shillings, "The St. Luke's School in Kensington."

THE next morning, at the hour that we had agreed on, I arrived at the tailor's. Delinquent Chacha was already there. He had the only salesman on the floor—a man with a smooth, correct smile and a shiny bald head—by the sleeve. "Oh, Kaka," Delinquent Chacha shouted across to me as I entered the shop, "have you ever seen in all your life such a delicious queue of bolts of cloth, begging for attention, like a thousand and one Arabian tailors? Mr. Stubbs, my nephew from Ox-Ford," Delinquent Chacha introduced me proudly to the salesman. "Kaka, I have shown Mr. Stubbs the invitation and he understands everything."

"Yes, sir," Mr. Stubbs said respectfully. "To be sure, an occasion such as this will need some special fitting out, particularly if the gentleman has just arrived from India. Just the other day, we fitted up a dozen gentlemen from the Dark Continent who came straight from the aerodrome. They arrived here barefoot and they left half an hour later turned out like our gentlemen. In the olden days, I used to fit out many of the officers going across the seas to carve out the British Empire from the bush and the jungle."

"I must, then, have seen your handiwork often," Delinquent Chacha said. "You know, I was brought up nearly exclusively in English company. Perhaps you turned out our good Deputy Commissioner. Mr. Stubbs, if the cut of his suit or the quality of his brandy was ever admired, he was such a gentleman that he lightly passed over the compli-

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"I just wanted to say thanks. My sister got well."

• •

ment and gave the credit entirely to his tailor or wine merchant. He used to say you can tell a good, aristocratic shop by the size and extent of the credit it allows. When he was at Oxford, apparently any undergraduate could go through the University without having a penny in his pockets. The bills simply waited until the young man found his feet—got established in society, you know—or his inheritance fell due."

"Not quite anymore, sir," Mr. Stubbs said sombrely. "Some of the riffraff going up to the University nowadays come from such backgrounds that they have never seen a fiver in their lives. A few of us in London, however, still try to keep up the old tradition. But a bad debt *is* a bad debt, and even we cannot hold off the arm of the law."

"Yes, yes," Delinquent Chacha said abstractedly. "Shall we commence?"

"I expect you would like to pick up some shirts first," Mr. Stubbs said.

Delinquent Chacha spent the morning in the shop. He ordered six pink silk shirts, but he objected to the plastic buttons and insisted on mother-of-pearl instead. After the shirts, he selected a pair of gold cufflinks, to be engraved with the initials "D.C." He chose a mortarboard with a red tassel, a long crimson gown with white facing, a dozen firecracker-red ties and matching socks, a pair of brown fleece-lined boots, and an assortment of suède shoes. He also had himself measured for a couple of pairs of breeches and for half a dozen purplish-blue suits, in a fitting room which, to his great delight, was lined with mirrors, saddles, and whips. Once, I whispered in his ear, "How will you manage to pay for all this?," but he brushed me aside. He made dates for the fittings with Mr. Stubbs and we walked out of the shop without further mention of money. On the corner of Oxford and Regent Streets, Delinquent Chacha closed his eyes and said: "O Ram, even though I have been canonized by the Christians, it is you I thank."

A MONTH later, I went down to meet Delinquent Chacha at the Oxford station. At first, I did not recognize him. He got off the last car of the train and was standing next to three enormous suitcases. He had on the broad mortarboard, with the red tassel dropping down over his right ear, and the long crimson gown with white facing reached nearly to his ankles. Under the gown he was wearing one of the pink silk shirts and one of the purplish-blue suits. He looked more like a fairyland vice-chancellor than my uncle.

"Oh, Kaka!" he said, when I went up to him. "Your Delinquent Chacha feels like the Rajah of the United Nations." Following my glance to the suitcases, he said shyly, "My trousseau—or most of it. I had to part temporarily with one or two suits to get some ready cash from Lala Durga Pal."

Delinquent Chacha nodded to the ticket collector and a porter, who seized the luggage. Arm in arm, Delinquent Chacha and I walked out of the station. The porter packed the luggage into the boot and the front seat of a taxi, and Delinquent Chacha acknowledged his bow with a ten-shilling note and a wide sweep of the hand. Delinquent Chacha had some trouble in arranging himself, since his clothes took up nearly half of the seat, and we set out for my college on High Street, where I had booked him a guest room for the weekend. During the long, dull drive toward the center of Oxford, Delinquent Chacha said, "I have the peroration and the body of the lecture firmly in mind—I have spent every waking hour since I received the invitation working on them—but the introduction still escapes me."

As we were passing the theatre that was to house the General Assembly, I pointed it out to him. "Hold the engine!" he shouted to the driver, and sat looking at the rococo building long and hard. "Let's have a dress rehearsal," he said thoughtfully. "It's best to subdue the stage of one's début from the start." We jumped down, but the theatre turned out to be locked. "Tallyho! Away to your college," he said, and we set out once again. The introduction—or, rather, the lack of it—kept us up all that night. He refused to budge from his seat on my big sofa in front of the fire, even to change into his comfortable pajamas, though after some discussion he did put his mortarboard aside. In the hope of charming the Muse, he toasted his hands by the fire, drank large cups of coffee, smoked cigarettes. So that his concentration might be complete, he even made me his amanuensis, but no sooner had I written down a sentence like "All the eggs of the human race are now in one wicker basket" than he would ask me to cross it out and start again. By breakfast time, we had nothing to show for the labor of the night except heavy eyes and flushed faces.

We were having a feast of kippers in the college hall when he looked up from his plate and said, "I've got it. It's come to me, Kaka! The portraits of the hallowed sages which line these walls, sages who have inspired countless gen-

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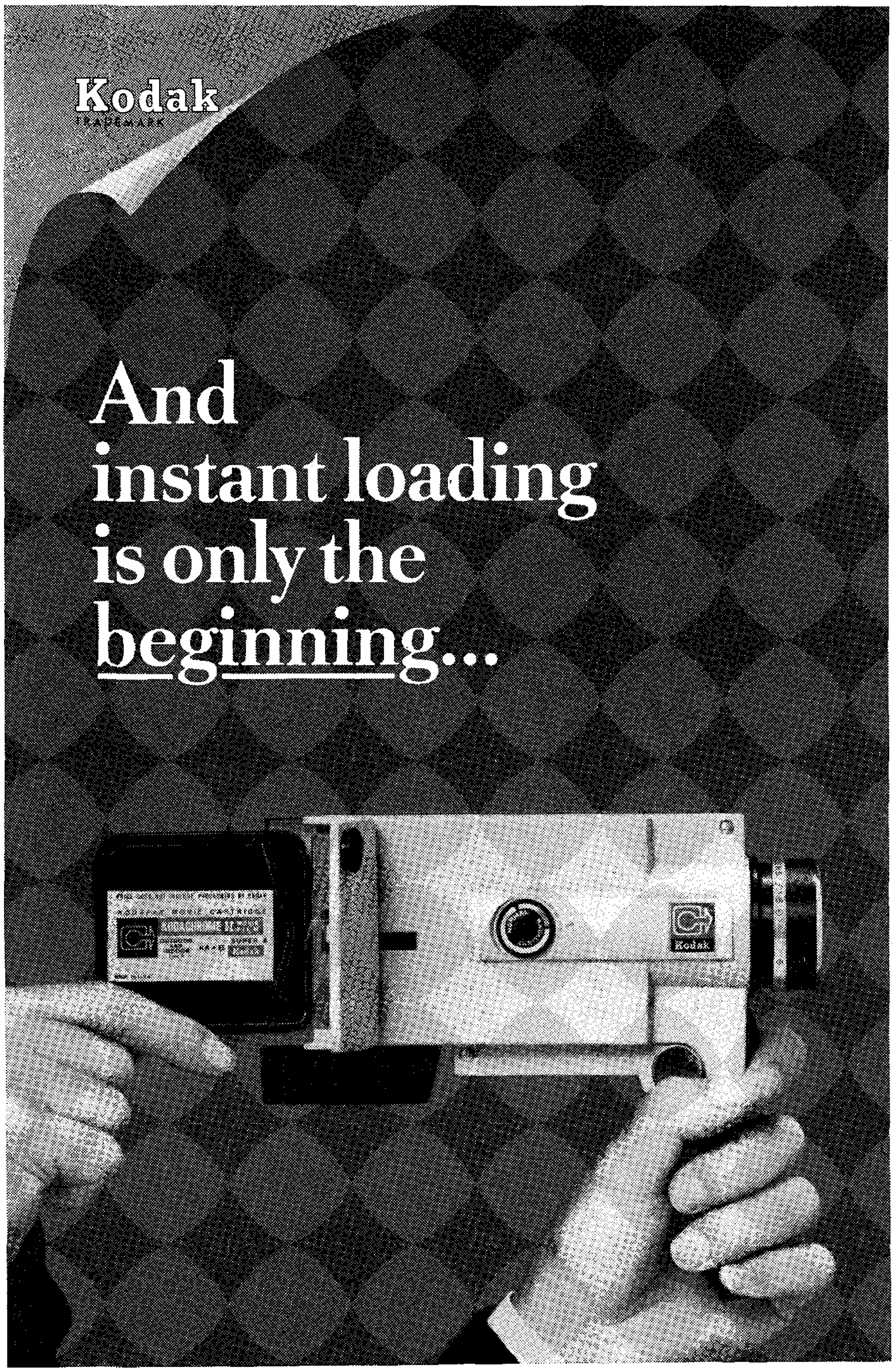

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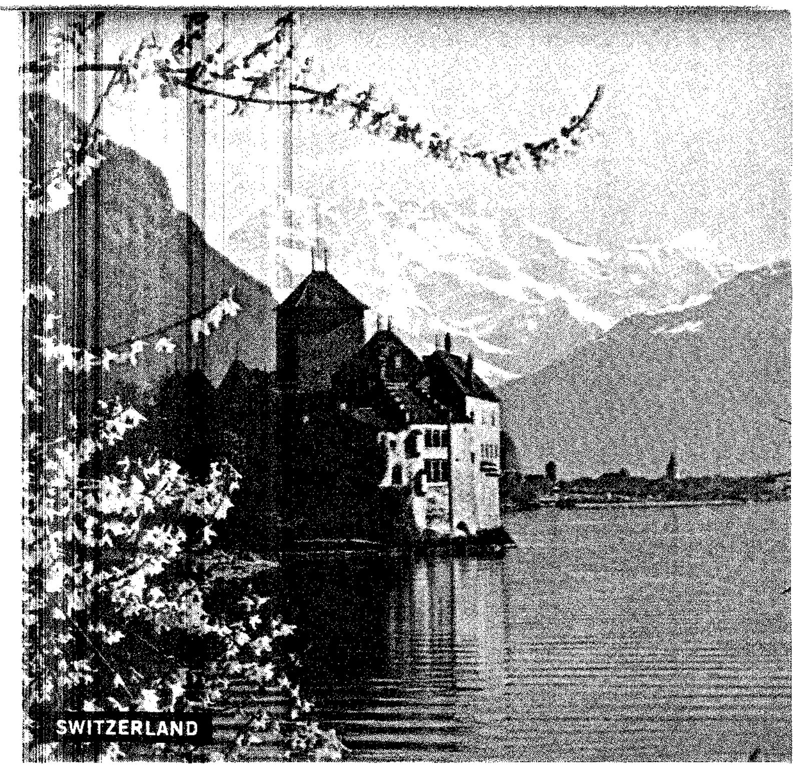
erations of undergraduates, have done their work on me, too. Oh, those wise old birds! My opening is going to—" He put down his knife and fork and looked around for an audience. Except for a few early risers eating their breakfast in forbidding silence behind newspapers, the hall was discouragingly empty. "Perhaps I should preserve the freshness of my introduction by not saying it. Words, when repeated, sometimes have the look of a rose sat upon."

THE platform was decorated with the colors of more than a hundred countries. The flags waved high up on either side of the auditorium. Young and eager faces, mostly English, were everywhere. A couple of workmen in overalls rushed around, adjusting the camera near the back wall, testing microphones at the ends of the rows, aligning cables, and hammering nails into flagpoles. Some students gesticulated and talked as though they were prima donnas and their words and expressions were being caught even at that moment by the cameras and tape recorders.

Two young men—one short and squat, with a beard and a patched-up tweed jacket, one tall and angular, with long hair and thick glasses—slouched on the steps of the stage. They seemed to be in charge. Delinquent Chacha marched up to them, and I tagged along. He stood patiently waiting to be noticed, but the two continued to study the seating charts for the delegates, the observers, and the press. Delinquent Chacha cleared his throat several times, and when they still failed to notice him he announced in a clear, ringing voice, "Delinquent Chacha, C.M.G., here!" The two young men started and looked around. The one with the beard introduced himself; he was the President of the General Assembly. The tall boy with the thick glasses was the Secretary-General. Delinquent Chacha was escorted onto the stage and presented to the other speakers, who were seated somewhat inconspicuously on a long bench at the back of the stage, and I found a seat in the stalls. In comparison with Delinquent Chacha, the other guests looked shabby and insignificant. The best dressed of them, an African in tribal dress—apparently Chief Lulu—gave Delinquent Chacha a deferential smile and moved over a little on the bench. Delinquent Chacha sat down. From where I was, he appeared a little lost, though the crimson of his exotic gown gained, if anything, by the setting.

The fall of the gavel opened the meeting. After the fiery words of



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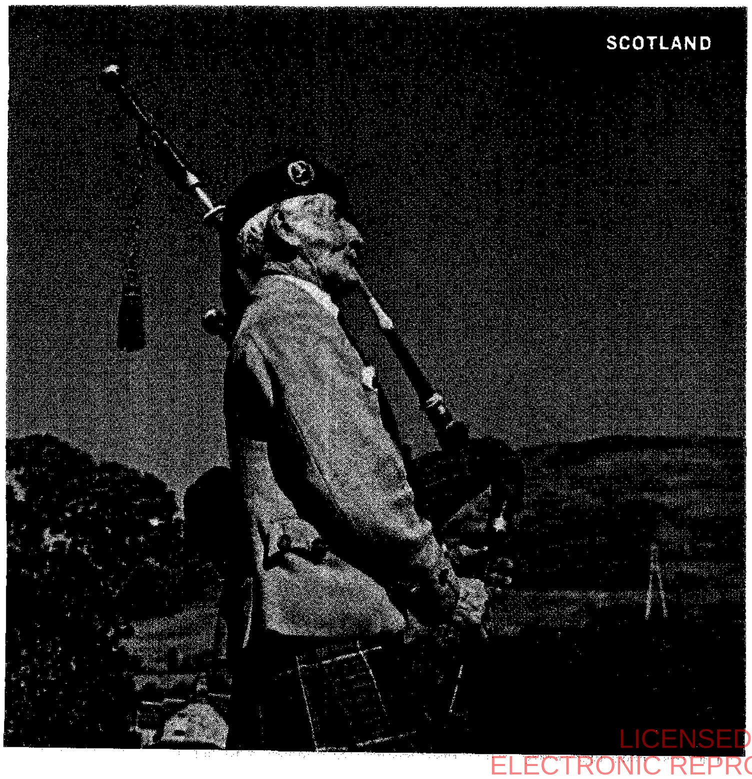

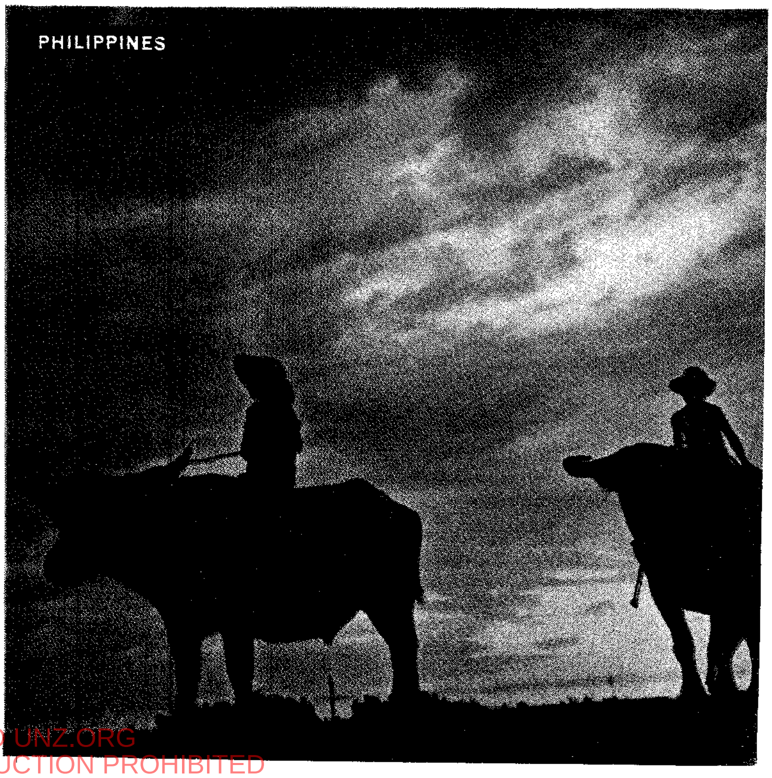

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welcome by the youthful Secretary-General, the President introduced the first speaker: "Alas, I am but little acquainted with this marvellous man in gorgeous livery, but clearly he is a rising star in the industrial India of tomorrow."

In a voice that filled every corner of the hall, Delinquent Chacha said, "Mr. President . . . Mr. Secretary-General . . ." I saw that he was standing dangerously close to the edge of the platform. "My fellow-speakers . . ." he continued, "ladies and gentlemen . . . I give you Delinquent Chacha, the Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George!" The audience dissolved in laughter, with Delinquent Chacha joining in. He waited benignly for the last ripple to die down before resuming the speech. "I have had my fun and games. Now I only wish to serve Her Majesty as an effective citizen of this great and good world. Alas, because of the temptations of poker parties, procreation, and general love of constant company, I neglected the things of the mind and frittered away my youth. I am just forty-six. Indeed, I was that proverbial swine who, as a piglet, was unable to see the pearls cast before him. But now, with your kind indulgence, I should like to change all that before it is too late. I beseech you to make me a new man in a hurry by the golden force of legislation, that cornerstone of the just and nearly lasting dominion of the British Empire, so that my picture, too, may hang in the hall of an Oxford college and one day inspire the lambs coming up to the fountain of wisdom."

There was a general confused whispering in the auditorium. Undaunted, Delinquent Chacha went on to recite the clauses of a resolution, which he promised to have copied and distributed before the end of the plenary session: "Whereas in India the bulk of wheat and curry food and the hot, torpid weather—not to mention the temptation of gossip, juicy as a mango—sap away all desire to edify the mind; whereas in accursed India there is not, nor ever has been, the tradition of the printed word; whereas in hallowed England there is the champagne climate, the tradition of learning and ready stimulus of professorial minds cunningly grouped together in a few historic universities; whereas Delinquent Chacha is no longer a whippersnapper but a veteran, a mature man; whereas at last Delinquent Chacha has the opportunity to read to his heart's content in the light of the gentle wisdom all around him and to benefit

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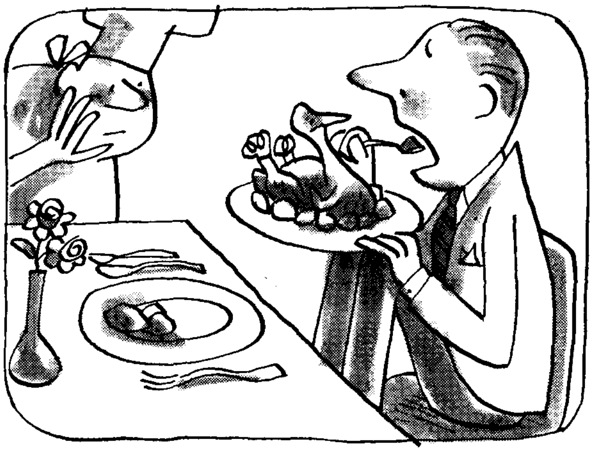

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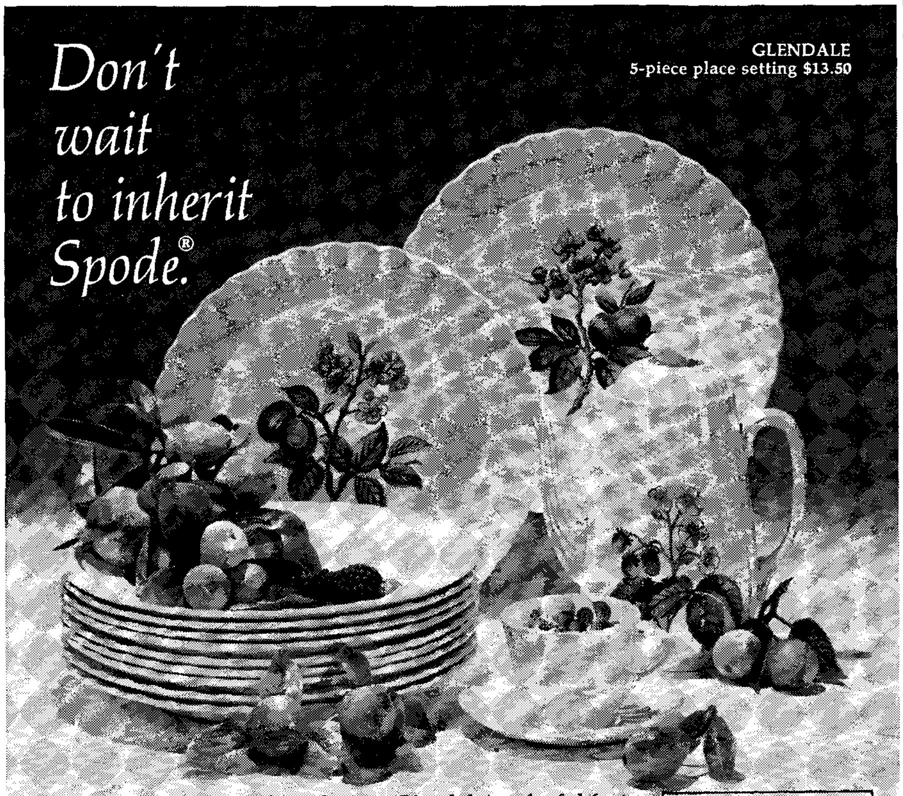

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therefrom; whereas his life's ambition has been to become a member of an Oxford common room; whereas he has a burning wish to save the world—therefore, we, the members of the Oxford Commonwealth Polytechnical College, the Cowley Secretarial Bureau, the Oxford Parktown Crammer for Young Ladies, recommend that at least one principal of an Oxford college give Delinquent Chacha an opportunity to attend this hallowed institution." He finished the text of the resolution to an explosion of happy applause.

"As I look down," he resumed, "upon your young faces—shining cheek of a youth here, demure downcast eye of a damsel there, the Marxist-red goatee of the President beside me, and the dappled, dignified head of the Secretary-General on my right—I can't but shake in my boots with emotion for the life of all mankind. The cobalt bomb threatens to bring down the rosy world of our dreams around our ears. It is not for nothing that the sage Einstein, who was as privy to the mysteries of the universe as the great Lord Krishna of old, declared once, 'I don't know about the Third World War, but the Fourth will be fought with stones.' Stones of the irreplaceable Chinese Wall, stones of the Acropolis, stones of the Hagia Sophia, stones of the Russian steppes, stones of Niagara Falls, stones of the Grand Canyon—stones of our beloved and sacred and bewitching Taj Mahal."

A prolonged and persistent hiss, at first barely audible and then almost as loud as Delinquent Chacha's cathedral voice, developed in the loudspeaker. It became a gheelike voice. "Point of personal information, Mr. President. It has precedence, does it not, over all points except points of order?" The voice belonged to a slight, spidery man with a long, thin face, dark as a charred tree. He danced around a floor microphone, ominously swinging the gooseneck.

The President said, "I recognize the honorable chairman of the delegation from Pakistan, but I should be grateful if he would be brief."

"The chairman of the Pakistani delegation will be very brief," the gheelike voice went on, "if his point of personal information is satisfied." There were murmurs of impatience in the hall. "In his turn, the chairman of the Pakistani delegation would be grateful if he could be assured that his ears have not deceived him—that is to say, his hearing has not become suddenly and inexplicably defective. For I have every reason to believe that as little as ten minutes ago—

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nay, five—my ears were clean as a police whistle and worked no worse, no better—"

"I am bound to repeat that I should be grateful if the honorable chairman of the Pakistani delegation would be brief," the President broke in hesitantly.

"Did I hear," the oily voice continued, unaffected by the rebuke, "the honorable speaker from India describe himself with a *handle* to his name?" There was laughter in the hall. "Did I hear the honorable speaker from India say he was C.M.G., a handle which, I am led to believe from my reading—perhaps not as diligent or attentive as it might have been—is furnished only by the English monarch to Englishmen serving in the hardships of foreign embassies and foreign parts?"

"You did," the President said.

"Thank you," the chairman of the Pakistani delegation said, and abruptly sat down.

There was a burst of laughter from the hall, and some uncertain applause. The President informed the chamber that it would be difficult for him to countenance any more interruptions from the house. At a signal from him, Delinquent Chacha continued with his speech. In a voice at once mellifluous and majestic, he described what he called "the rosiest dream of my country"—the Taj Mahal. "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is a building of milk-white marble, and here the terraces, gardens, turfs, and still waters. Here, ladies and gentlemen, are the domes, rising like marble bubbles into an azure sky, and here the columns, glistening with agates, bloodstones, and jaspers. Here there are rows upon rows of flowering shrubs, commemorating life, there the countless dark cypresses commemorating death and eternity. The sheer, limpid, frozen beauty of this sweet dream in marble alters by the hour of the day, even as Lord Krishna changed his incarnations—it is cold and gray in the dew of the dawn, a shimmering white in the blaze of noon, a tender rose in the lingering afterglow. At all hours, it is a veritable white cloud, hanging in the vault of the sky."

With his hand beckoning feverishly, he took a few steps back. "Will the members of the United Nations come inside and perch awhile on the former site of the Peacock Throne, or will they instead kneel at the cenotaph of Emperor Shah Jahan and his queen, Mumtaz Mahall, whose glories the memorial enshrines for eternity? Hush that vulgar sound!" he suddenly shouted at a hint of a hiss in the loudspeaker. "The cenotaph responds to such noises only as a sounding drum. Sing rather the seventh

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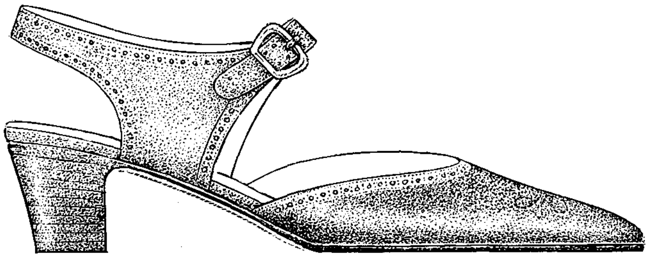

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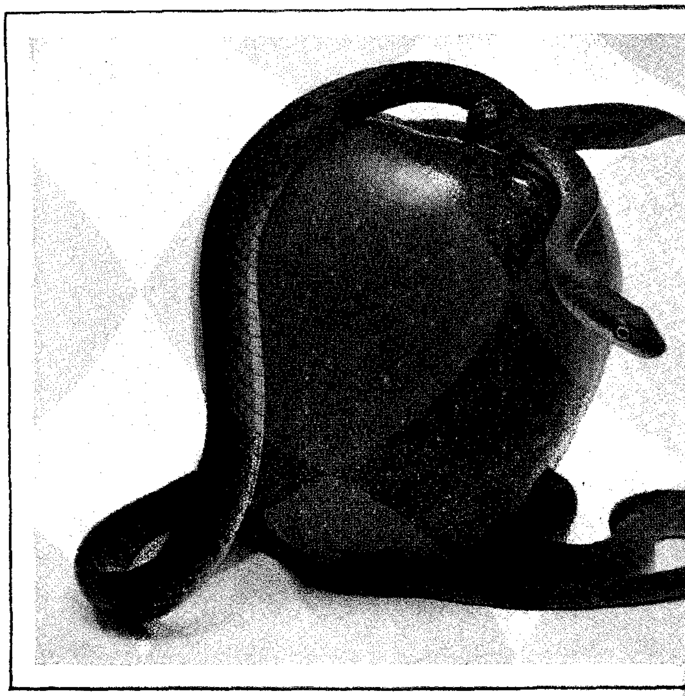

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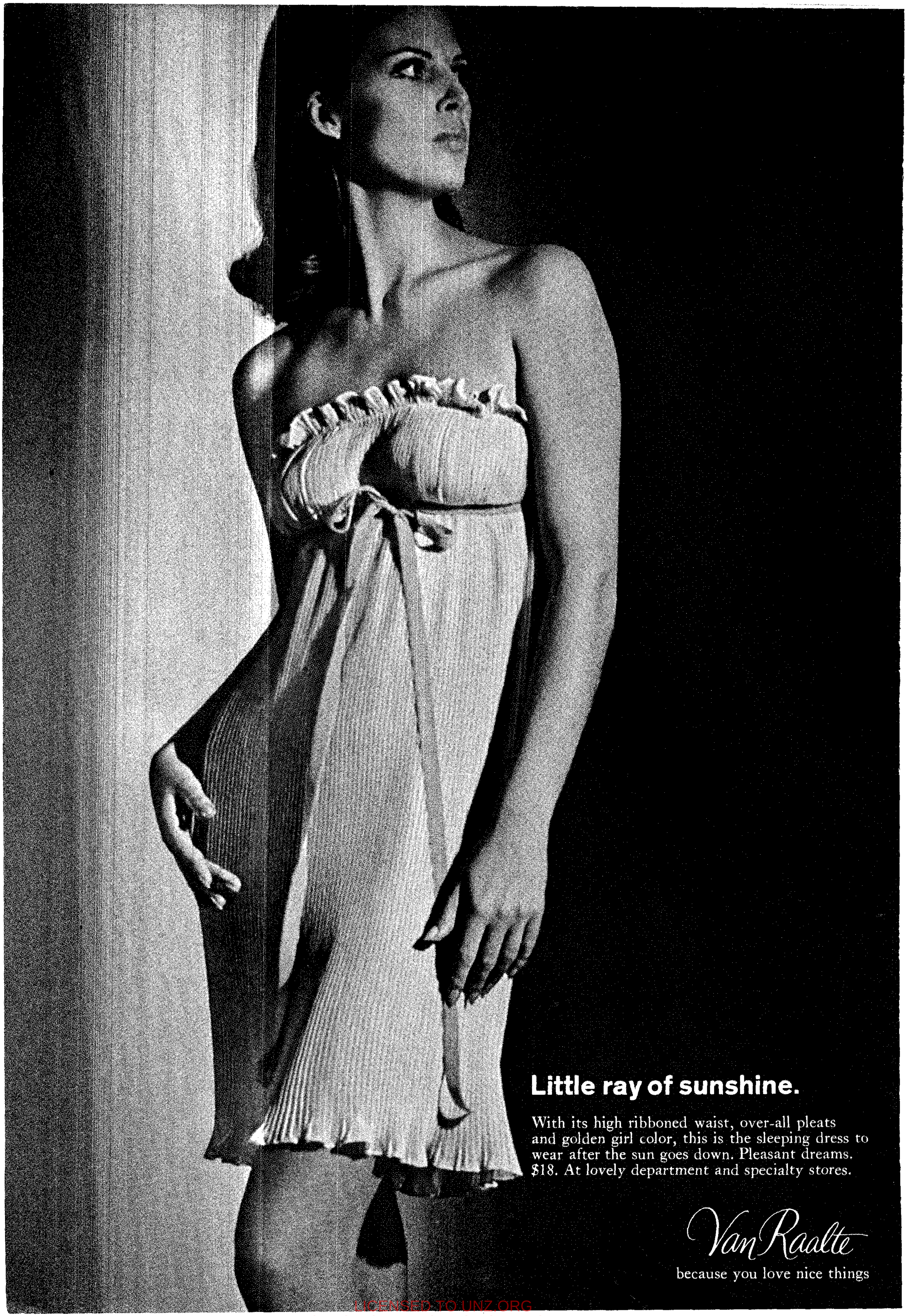

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because you love nice things

chord and listen to the bewitching results!" Delinquent Chacha sang out something approaching the notes of the seventh chord. "Do you hear the chord, my people? Listen." He cocked his head. "It is caught up in the echoes of the roof; it reverberates in endless harmonies. It sends up sounds like angelic hymns issuing from the throats of a celestial choir; it haunts the air above and around and comes down in distilled showers upon the polished marble. It rises, falls like the stuff of dreams. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, think not that the Taj belongs only to India. It belongs to *you*."

Delinquent Chacha went on to tell how masons from Baghdad, dome builders from Turkey and Samarkand, mosaic workers from Kanauj, calligraphers from Shiraz, flower carvers from Mongolia, and inlayers from Florence had given substance to Shah Jahan's dream; jade and crystal had flowed in from China, turquoise from Tibet, lapis lazuli from Ceylon, coral from Arabia, diamonds from Bundelkhand, onyx and amethyst from Persia. Was there a man in the hall who could say that in his heart he did not know the great, sweet dream? "Is not its message that of inspired love?" Delinquent Chacha thundered. "Love of man for woman, love of nation for nation, love of peace, harmony, and happiness? I declare to you that every man carries the Taj Mahal in his breast pocket—nay, on his cheek. As the hallowed sage has pronounced, the Taj Mahal is no less than 'a teardrop of love on the cheek of time.' "

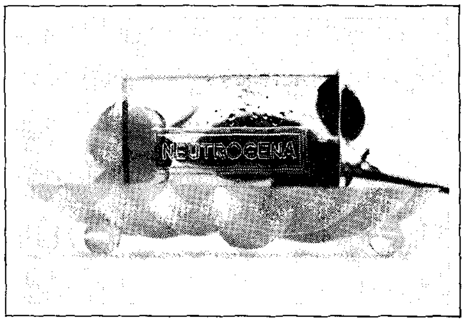
Suddenly the hiss developed again in the microphone. It was once more the delegate from Pakistan. "Mr. President, point of order this time!"

"I recognize the chairman of the delegation from Pakistan on a point of order," the President said shortly, to murmurs of strong disapproval in the audience.

"The chairman of the Pakistani delegation wishes to be enlightened if parliamentary-procedure rules permit him to request the most honorable speaker from India to yield the floor."

More like a trades-union leader than a viceroy, the President scratched his head and said that in all honesty he did not know. He invited comments from the floor on the procedure at issue, and this resulted in a heated and inconclusive debate. Delinquent Chacha helpfully declared from his bench seat that he would hear what the good gentleman from Pakistan had to say.

The Pakistani chairman thanked Delinquent Chacha, a little sarcastically,



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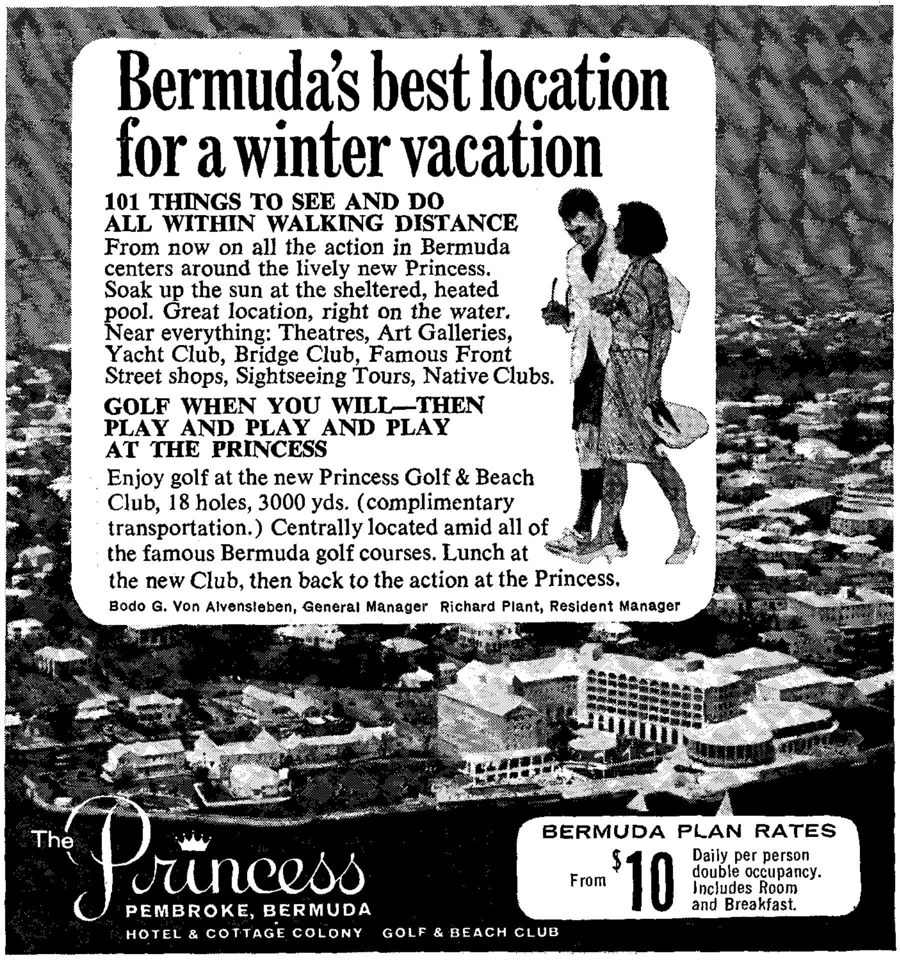

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and sailed into a long speech of his own. Was the honorable gentleman from India aware that the Taj Mahal was perhaps the most sacred, the most cherished monument of Muslims from the Indian Ocean to the Red Sea, from the Persian Gulf to the Atlantic Ocean? Was he aware that the Taj Mahal, the crown of palaces, wonder of wonders, was a shrine of perhaps the greatest Muslim king for his queen, snatched from him by an early tragic death? Was he aware that the cenotaph to this day carried an inscription commemorating the most beautiful Mogul queen? If so, how did he have the cheek to defile the memory of the Mogul empress by calling the monument Indian? Indeed, the Pakistani delegation had already drafted a resolution which would force the Indian government to give back the holy place to its rightful and true owners and arrange for safe access to it through a special corridor.

"Zionists say, 'What are a people without their land?' " the Pakistani chairman went on, "but I ask you, What are a people without their history, without their holy monument? The love of land, the acquisition of property are bourgeois concepts." There were boos from the audience. "But the Taj Mahal is a different matter. For us," the Pakistani added wistfully, caressingly, "the Taj Mahal is second only to Mecca."

At least a dozen delegates were on their feet, shouting for right of reply. The worried President recognized the chairman of the United Kingdom delegation.

"I should like to remind the Assembly," the Englishman said calmly, "that the city of Agra, where the Taj Mahal is situated, is some hundreds of miles from the nearest Pakistani city of Lahore."

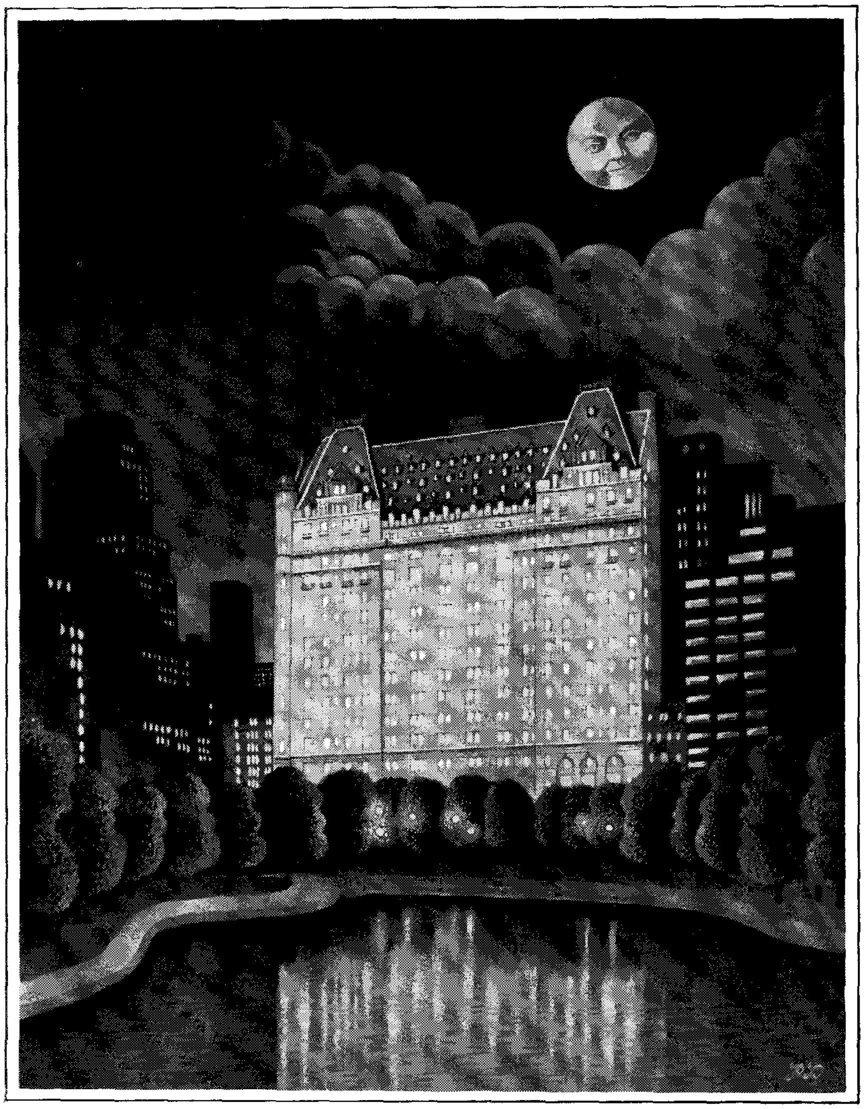
"What of that? You slide rule! Calculate the distance between West and East Pakistan, West Germany and Berlin!" a girl cried out.

The President called for order.

"I am aware," the Englishman went on, unruffled, "that the two lobes of this newly born country of Pakistan are spaced far apart. But at least they are two enormous, economically self-sufficient units. The Taj, on the other hand, is no more than a building, and, short of taking it brick by brick to Pakistan and rebuilding it, my country had no choice but to let the mausoleum—for that is what it really is—remain in India. Any reasonable man will see that the decision was sane, unavoidable, logically sound. . . ."

While the Englishman was speaking,

How to Make Love to a City



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the members of the Pakistani delegation rudely left their seats and drifted into the aisle to whisper. The spidery chairman, detaching himself from the huddle, now interrupted the United Kingdom's defense. "Point of order, Mr. President!" Without being recognized, he went on. "O Allah, Allah, wicked are the ways of the Kaffirs. My suspicions, the direst of them, have just been confirmed by my delegates."

The President asked the honorable gentleman from Pakistan to either address himself to a "point," if he had one, or sit down.

"So be it, Allah. Point of order. I'm afraid, Mr. President, I have the onerous duty of pointing out to you that we have allowed all this while a veritable cobra to nestle in our bosom." There was a confused murmuring on the floor, and whispering and stomping of feet from the galleries. "Yes, a cobra!" the Pakistani went on emphatically. "No political question can be settled, however small—let alone the biggest of them all, the question of the ownership of the Taj Mahal—until we seize this serpent, squash its head, and pluck it out."

The President nervously ruled that the harsh remarks of his Pakistani friend were out of order.

"They are anything but, Mr. President," the Pakistani said. "Wait till I tell you who this serpent is. He has such a beguiling mask for his lethal fangs that he's all the more poisonous, all the more menacing. Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to search your hearts, and if you are that serpent, step forward so that we can resume the work of this Assembly by the cleansing effect of a public confession. What, Allah, no one comes forward? Then be it on your head, Chacha! This clown," he went on, wagging his forefinger fiercely at Delinquent Chacha, "masquerading as a man with a handle to his name, ludicrously appearing in the livery of a vice-chancellor, was formerly one of the more renowned good-for-nothing loafers in Multan—as it happens, the home town of one of my delegates. And even though now it is in Pakistan and he has departed, his pre-partition notoriety lives on. I am told that he is now connected with a restaurant near Shaftesbury Avenue, where, ladies and gentlemen, he is to be seen opening the doors of taxis!"

IN the safety of the train to London, all the unnerving happenings of the morning—the failure of the President to give a satisfactory explanation of how Delinquent Chacha had come to be invited, the fistfight between the Indian and Pakistani delegations, the flying inkpots, the blinding flash bulbs of the photographers, the muscular Indian who ran out of the Assembly hall with Delinquent Chacha on his back and snatched the mortarboard as a relic—seemed no more real than any nightmare, and Delinquent Chacha, never one to look back, least of all on bad dreams, quickly recovered his spirits.

The next day, there was an account in the newspapers of the Model United Nations row at Oxford, and the School and University Outfitters of London started a legal action against Delinquent Chacha. I learned of this by accident. I was putting off going to bed by glancing through the haphazard pile of newspapers and magazines allowed to accumulate on the large table in the middle of the Junior Common Room and had arrived at the editorial page of the *Observer*. Yet another piece by the Master of an Oxford college, proposing yet another way to modernize Oxford and bring it into line with the twentieth century; conditions in British prisons; extending hospitality to West Indians; and one final item, with the heading "Argument from Excess." As I read the first sentence, the paper almost dropped from my hands. "On the surface, a porter of an Indian restaurant in Soho, earning his keep and seventeen-and-six a week, is not a piece of news, certainly not a comment on Britain in the sixties. But this is, in fact, the case. 'Delinquent Chacha,' as the porter calls himself, is a highly civilized, intelligent, and keen Indian who has a nephew at Oxford, and who, if it were not for the wounds of the British raj, with its false emphasis on class superiority and form for form's sake, might today be an exemplary citizen of his country—indeed, any country. As it is, he must stand trial for what Inspector Jones of Scotland Yard calls 'allegedly dressing above his station and going around with a handle to his name.' The porter apparently obtains credit easily by passing himself off as a titled gentleman. In fact, as such, he has been up to Oxford to speak. Surely the fact that an employee of such a restaurant should have outstanding tailor's bills upward of five hundred pounds, and should feel the need to dress in Regent Street clothes at all—which are but the facts—says something about present-day Britain. Actually, in a sense, it is not so much an indictment of him as of ourselves. We have national health care. We are groping toward an equitable national system of

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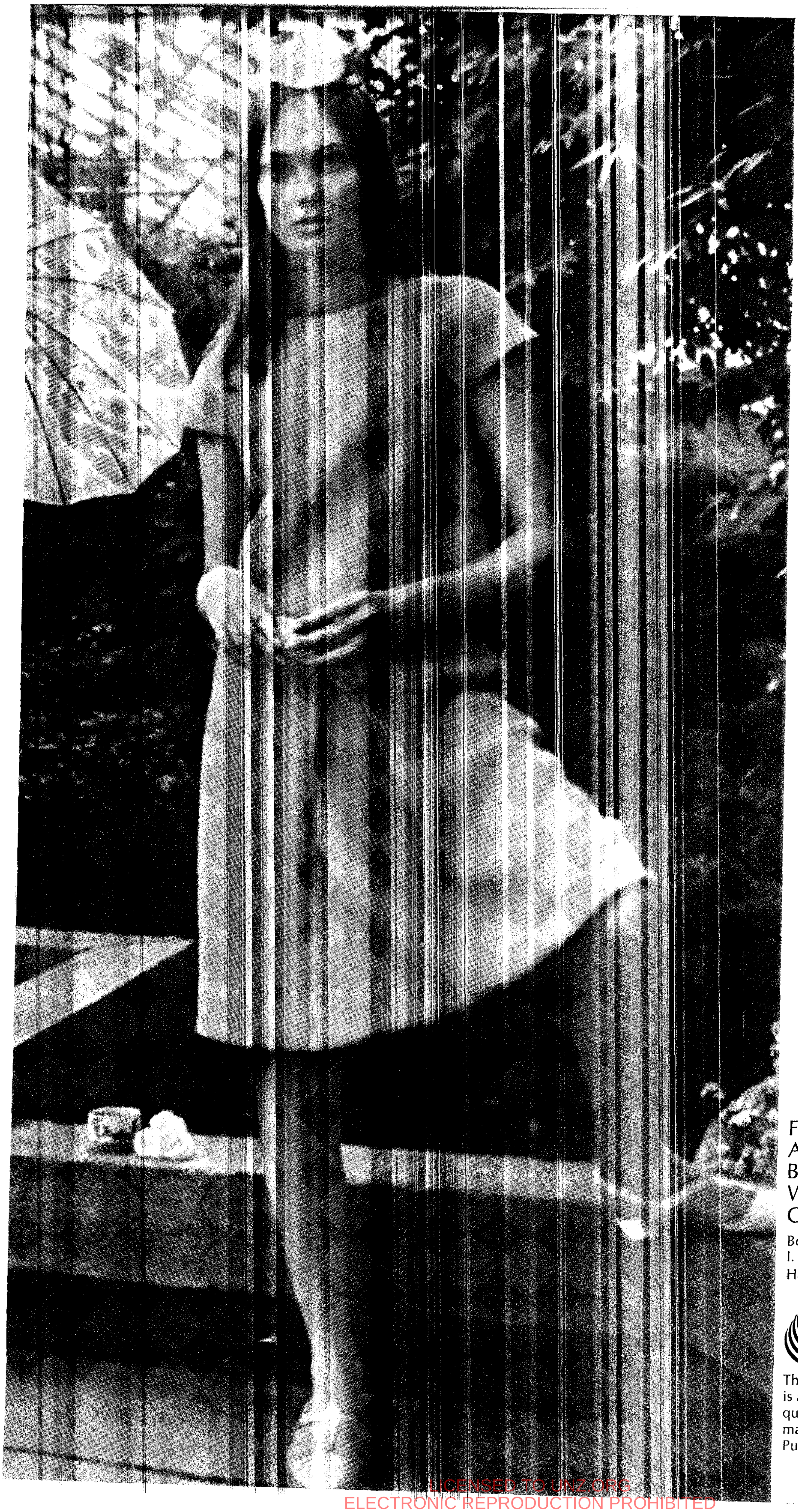

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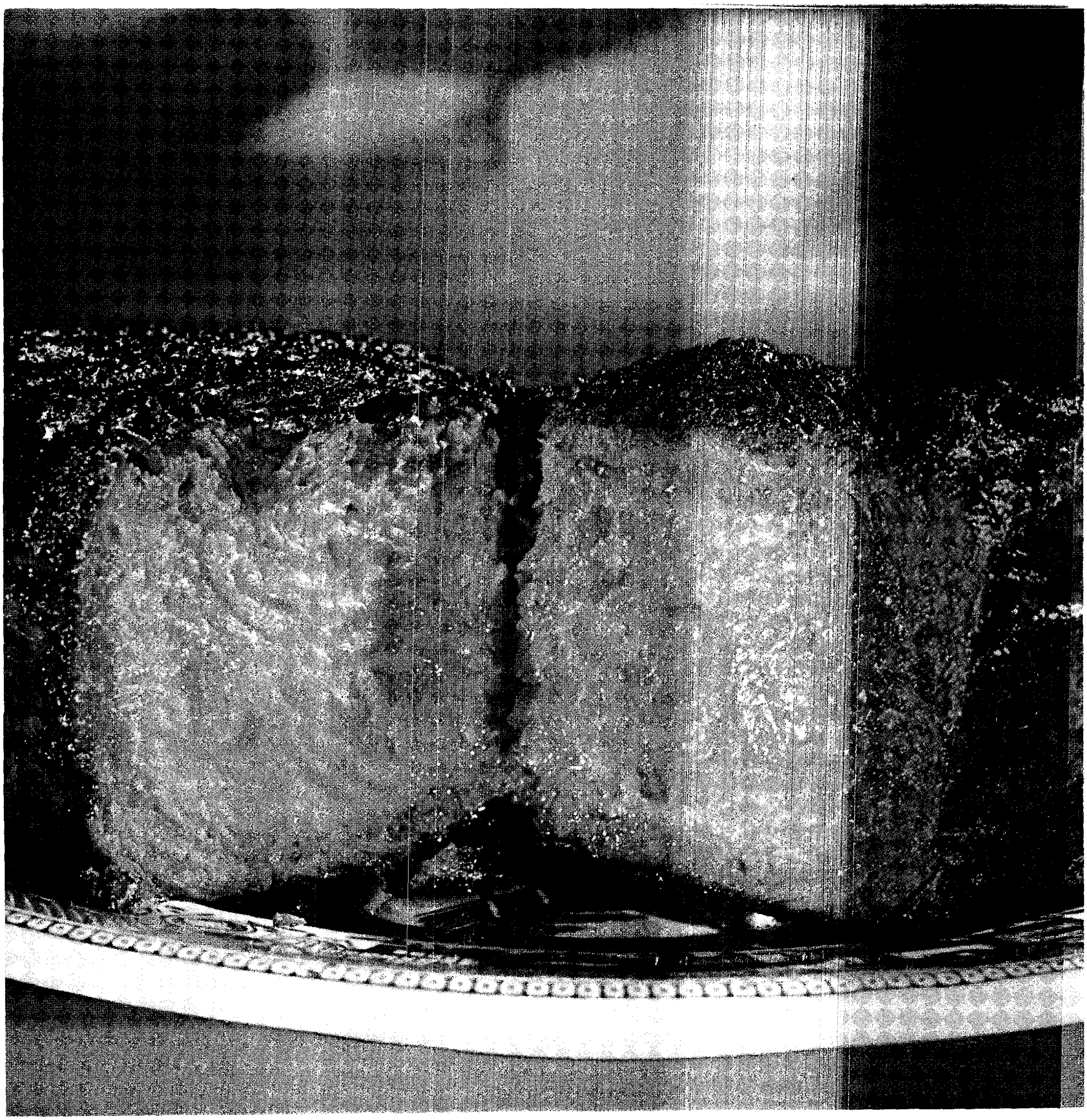

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education. Some of our most forward-looking intellectuals are already talking about nationalizing property. Is there not an argument for checking the excesses of affluence and the extravagance of taste and dress that they encourage? One might reasonably ask who are the lords and ladies with their titles and high Edwardian lapels and minks trying to impress? No one is arguing for uniformity of dress and taste; the argument from excess should not be confused with that. It is simply questioning whether expensive and outmoded trimmings make any sense in the Britain of the sixties." I was left numbed.

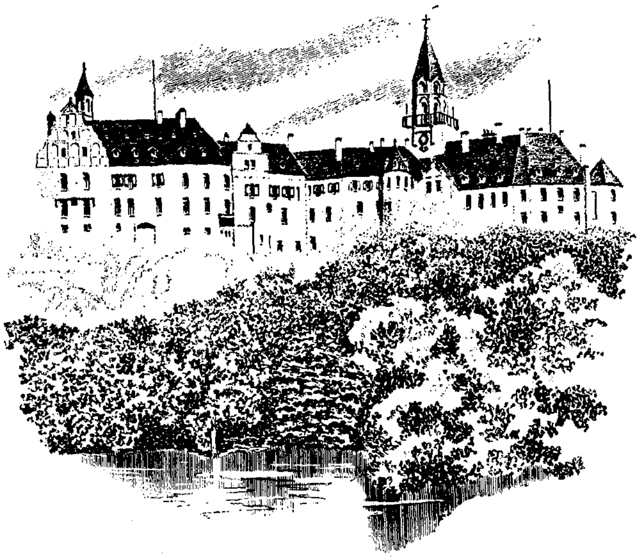
The next morning, I found a rolled-up manila envelope sticking out of my pigeonhole in the porter's lodge. It was addressed to me in Delinquent Chacha's hand; the curlicues and flourishes were unmistakable. Inside was a sheet torn from a pad of telegram blanks, as though Delinquent Chacha had intended to send me a wire. After carefully filling out my name and address and the previous day's date at the top of the blank, and noting it was afternoon, he had written:

KAKA NO TIME FOR STYLISTIC FINERIES STOP YOU SEE OBSERVER HEARTENING EDITORIAL ON ME STOP DELINQUENT CHACHAS WORK INTELLECT FINALLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY ENGLISH PEOPLE STOP THEIR OPINION ALONE COUNTS STOP ONE WORD IN OBSERVER BETTER THAN HUNDRED IN TIMES OF INDIA OR NEW YORK TIMES STOP HARK EXCLAMATION CALLED AROUND OBSERVER TO CONGRATULATE THEM AND DOWNED HALF A PINT OF BITTER WITH ASSISTANT EDITOR AT NEARBY PUB CHARMINGLY CALLED OLD AUNTIE STOP HE HAD GOOD SUGGESTION TO TAKE OUT ADVERTISEMENT IN NEW STATESMAN AND ASK FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO DELINQUENT CHACHA FUND FOR DEFENSE AND PROCURING SOME AMENITIES OF LIFE FOR ME STOP SAYS THING OFTEN DONE FOR STARVING WRITERS ARTISTS WITH SUCCESS STOP WOULD LIKE TO ARGUE CASE MYSELF STOP AM PUZZLED STOP ANY VIEWS QUESTION MUST SIGN OFF STOP OH COMMA NO WORD OF TRIAL SHOULD REACH EARS OF FAMILY FOR THEIR BASIC LACK OF KNOWLEDGE OF WORLD WILL LEAD TO UNNECESSARY WORRY STOP FONDLY CHACHA.

On the back of the sheet there was a bit of hasty scribbling in his normal hand: "Written with a bursting heart. Oh, that your Delinquent Chacha were so well-heeled that this important communiqué could be urgently dispatched by means of Morse Code—da-dá, da-dá."

Optimistic though the letter was, the fact remained that he *had* helped himself to suits, shirts, neckties, and other accessories at the shop of School and University Outfitters without letting on that he was penniless. What defense under the circumstances he hoped to put up for himself I could not imagine. The tailor charged him with fraudulently

Miller High Life Slept Here!



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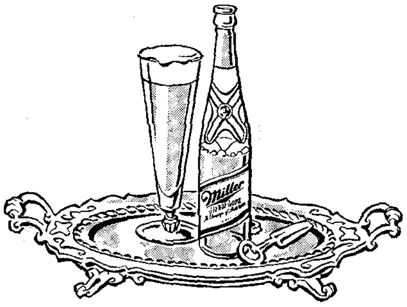

obtaining clothes and credit, and he was obliged to appear at a preliminary hearing in the magistrate's court, where he was remanded for trial on a criminal indictment. He engaged to defend him a barrister named McLean, who was a client of the restaurant. As Delinquent Chacha waited for his case to come up, such comfort as I could give him was limited to writing letters. Neither of us could spare the money for Oxford-London trunk calls.

The case was tried in an almost empty courtroom. The judge, the counsel for the defense, Mr. McLean, the prosecutor for the Crown, Mr. Munlop, instructing solicitors, and a jury of three spinsters with feathers on their heads and nine men in flannels, two with bowler hats and spectacles, all seemed to blend and at times disappear into the stark, formal architecture of the room.

"Contrary to Section 32 (1) of the Larceny Act of 1916," the court clerk droned, "the particulars of the offense being that you, between the twenty-eighth day of December, 19--, and the fourth day of January, 19--, in the city of London, with intent to defraud, obtained from the School and University Outfitters (London), Ltd., coats, trousers, waistcoats, shirts, neckties, studs, shoes, stockings, garters, a gown, a mortarboard, and other accessories and apparel to the value of five hundred and seventy-eight pounds, three shillings, and twopence by falsely pretending that you were a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George." He turned to Delinquent Chacha in the dock. "How say you to this charge—guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," Delinquent Chacha replied. Standing at ease, his head slightly tilted, he listened attentively.

"You are further charged with the offense of obtaining credit, contrary to Section 13 (1) of the Debtors Act of 1869, the particulars of the offense being that you, between the twenty-eighth day of December, 19--, and the fourth day of January, 19--, in the city of London, in incurring a debt or liability to the School and University Outfitters (London), Ltd., obtained credit to the amount of five hundred and seventy-eight pounds, three shillings, and twopence from the said School and University Outfitters (London), Ltd., under false pretenses or by means of fraud *other* than false pretenses. How say you to *this* charge—guilty or not guilty?"

Again Delinquent Chacha said, "Not guilty."

The judge gave a little cough and,

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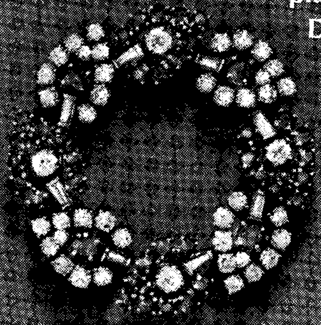

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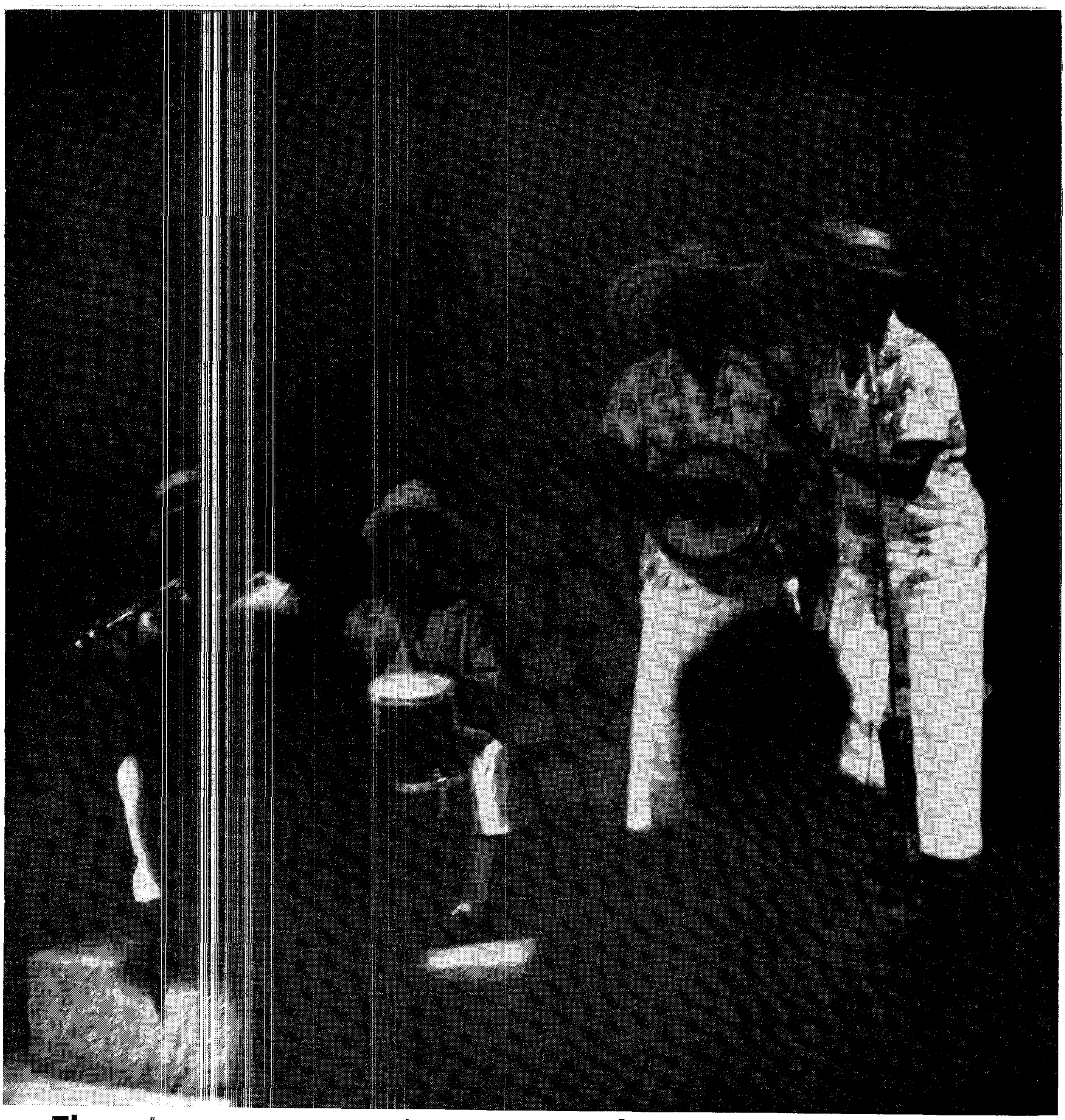

There's a super new jet, mon, and it's goin' to Jamaica. Rum-de-dum.

There's a little cellar club in Montego Bay where calypso is the only kind of rhythm, and rum is the only respectable thing to drink. There's one in Ocho Rios where black-eyed girls in bright yellow dresses will be happy to teach you the ska. There's one in Kingston that always closes too early. And one in Port Antonio that practically never does.

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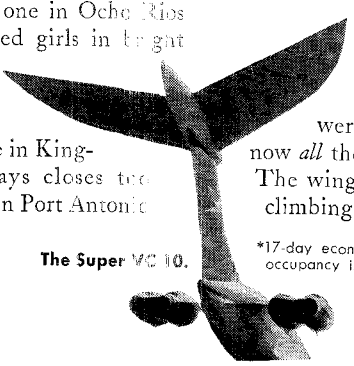

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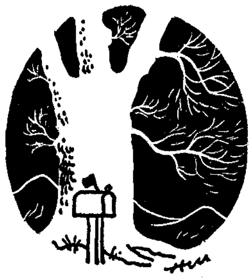
chin in hand, leaned toward the counsel for the prosecution, who, scarcely glancing at the papers before him, launched into his opening statement: "Members of the jury, it may seem to you that since the accused is a foreigner, he should not be expected to know the subtleties and the symbols of our culture; say, to realize the distinction between 'C.M.G.' and 'E-s-q'—one the prerogative of Her Majesty the Queen to bestow, the other the prerogative of a gentleman, which nowadays, I think it would be generally acknowledged, does not amount to as much as it once did, though that is *not necessarily* to say that abuse of either designation is to be countenanced. In other words, it may seem to you that a foreigner, in his ignorance, might think we use 'E-s-q' and 'C.M.G.' interchangeably."

"Your Lordship." It was Delinquent Chacha's voice, soft but firm, addressing the judge. There was a stir in the courtroom. The counsels for the prosecution and the defense looked severely at each other; the court clerk half stood up; the members of the jury looked at Delinquent Chacha and then at the judge.

"Do you wish to say something?" the judge asked.

"Your Lordship," Delinquent Chacha continued, "just now a grave aspersion has been cast on my nationality and general knowledge. At heart I am an Englishman, and *ipso facto*"—he bore down on the Latin words as though to impress upon the court that he was not unacquainted with the vocabulary of the law—"not a foreigner in any sense of the word. It is in India that I am an alien. I am acquainted not only with the distinction between E-s-q and C.M.G. but with K.B.E., O.B.E., K.C.S.I., O.M., K.O.S.B., K.G., O.St. J.—"



"Milord," the prosecuting counsel broke in, "I really must protest this interruption. I was in the middle of my opening statement."

"We are aware of that," the judge said, but his curiosity seemed to have been aroused. Turning back to Delinquent Chacha, he asked, "Are you, then, a British citizen?"

"British subject, Your Lordship. It comes to the same thing. India is still a member of the Commonwealth."

"I see. And do I understand you to say that you do understand about titles of honor?"

"Your Lordship, very much so," Delinquent Chacha said.

A look of horror crossed the face of the counsel for the defense. The court clerk took off his spectacles and put them on again.

"This is most serious," the judge said, frowning. "You admit, then, that you knowingly appropriated to yourself a title the bestowal of which, as counsel for the prosecution has put it, is one of the prerogatives of Her Majesty?"

"Your Lordship, Your Lordship!" Delinquent Chacha cried out. "Who said I appropriated to myself a title? I was persuaded that Her Majesty had given me one."

"Given you one?"

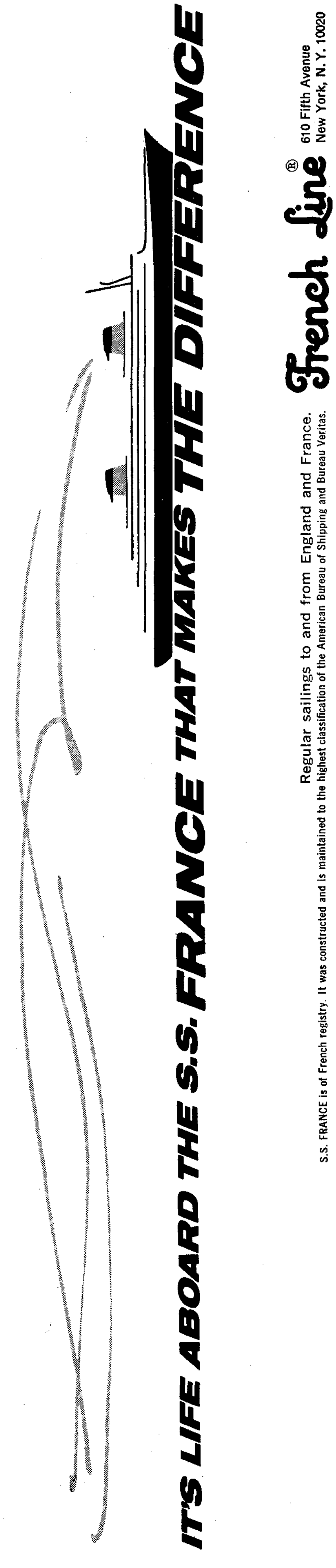
"Yes, Your Lordship. It was a case of genuine misunderstanding between her and me—my wish becoming a horse, if you see what I mean."

"I'm afraid I do see," said the judge.

The defense counsel rose, but the judge was making notes and did not look up. The defense counsel waited patiently, his gown thrown back, his hands behind him.

"Milord," he said, when he had received permission to speak. "My learned friend Mr. Munlop was good enough, in the course of his opening remarks, to refer to the possibility that my client might, in all good faith, have failed to appreciate the distinction between C.M.G. and E-s-q. I can only express my real indebtedness to my learned friend for having so nobly espoused the cause of my client"—he paused for laughter in the courtroom—"even if I know from past experience that my learned friend is kind only to be cruel later." More laughter. "But, then, my learned friend should not take umbrage if our *joint* client feels constrained, in the circumstances, to rise in defense of his honor and his intelligence."

He sat down, and the counsel for the prosecution now went on with his opening statement: "Members of the jury, as I was about to say before I was interrupted, it has been suggested by a so-called independent newspaper—which you may have read prior to coming here and to which I must refer in order that I may cleanse your minds—that a leap of great imagination is required in this case if the gap between the Orient and the Occident is to be bridged. It has been implied that colonialism is nothing but the rule of



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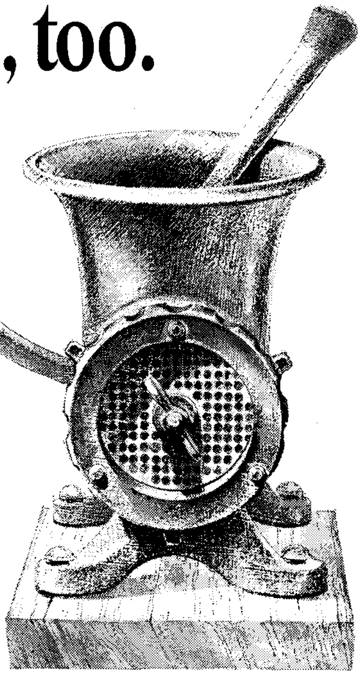
one class over another, the sway of upper-class rule over the proletariat of the world, and that when the solid barriers between classes, between rulers and ruled, collapse—as, it is alleged, they have done in our time—people, in their insecurity, will fasten on anything whereby they can perpetuate the old system, particularly if that system works in their favor. The gravamen of this argument is that it is doubtful whether an underprivileged man can be blamed for giving himself the airs and pretensions of a man of privilege, especially if he doesn't realize the consequences. Happily, such grandiose sentiments, using a particular case or man as a scapegoat for one's sociological predispositions, are not the ways of the law. I entreat you, first of all, to purge your minds of all this claptrap. And second, if my learned friend Mr. McLean should go on to argue that the accused has a vivid fantasy life, I would ask the members of the jury to ask themselves which of us does not, and whether a vivid fantasy life, short of proved insanity, gives one the right to cause injury to others. Thirdly, should an attempt be made to shift the guilt of the defendant to society at large, I would ask the members of the jury to remember that the charges in question have to be settled, if there is to be law at all, on narrow legal grounds—in this instance, as set forth by the Larceny Act of 1916." He read from a paper in front of him the relevant sections, and then continued, "Should my learned friend Mr. McLean see fit to argue that the accused had *intended* to pay one day, then I would beg the members of the jury to remind themselves about the *facts* of the case, which, taken together, leave no doubt that the motive of the accused was nothing other than to obtain these goods by deception and to dispose of them afterward. Or why else would he order and buy, as he did, six identical suits, six identical shirts, a dozen identical ties and socks—not to question the use a man of his humble station might have for an academic gown and a mortarboard, which he also bought."

"Your Lordship!" Delinquent Chacha called out. "I bought the cap and gown to go up to Oxford. I still hope to be a student there in the Ruskin Delegacy for Adult Education."

"The point is made," the judge said, and waved to the prosecuting counsel to continue.

"*Mutatis mutandis*, the same kind of argument applies to his assortment of shoes and boots and breeches—with extra watch pockets, if you please. Need-

Making Jones Sausage is a family affair; for us and our neighbors, too.



In the very early days we Joneses were able to make all the sausage we could sell. But as our little business grew, we had to ask our neighbors around Fort Atkinson to come give us a hand.

The Tradition Grew

More and more of them came to work at the farm as the years went by. And it wasn't long until making Jones Sausage became a family affair for many of them, too. One Fort Atkinson man started with us in 1909, and over the years 14 members of his family also joined the business.

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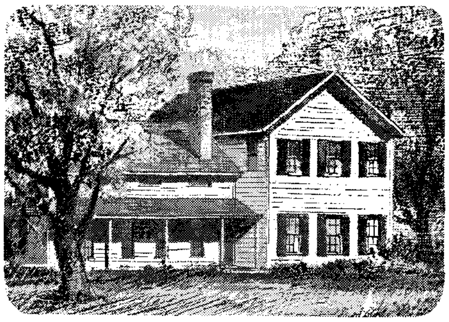
We still make it on the Jones Dairy Farm. And we still use Sally Jones' special recipe—the one she brought from Vermont in 1838. It calls for choice cuts of tender young pork: hams, shoulders and loin roasts. We blend each batch of meat with carefully measured amounts of pure spices and seasonings. And we take great pains to make sure we never skimp on goodness. The care, the good ingredients, and our family pride are what make Jones Sausage different.

You'll find Jones Dairy Farm Sausage in your grocer's meat or frozen foods case. Try some for breakfast next Sunday. We think you'll agree that you've never tasted any sausage quite as good.



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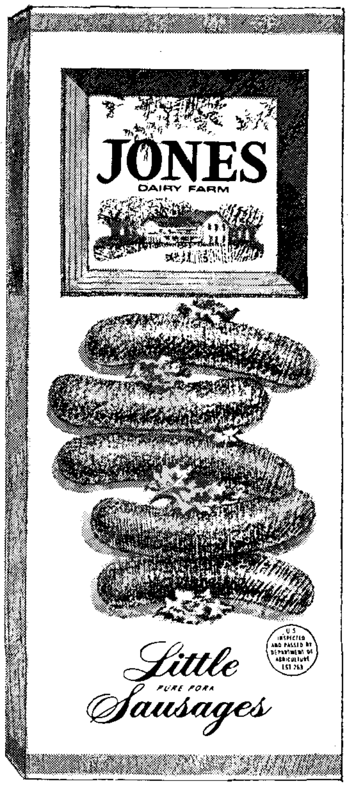

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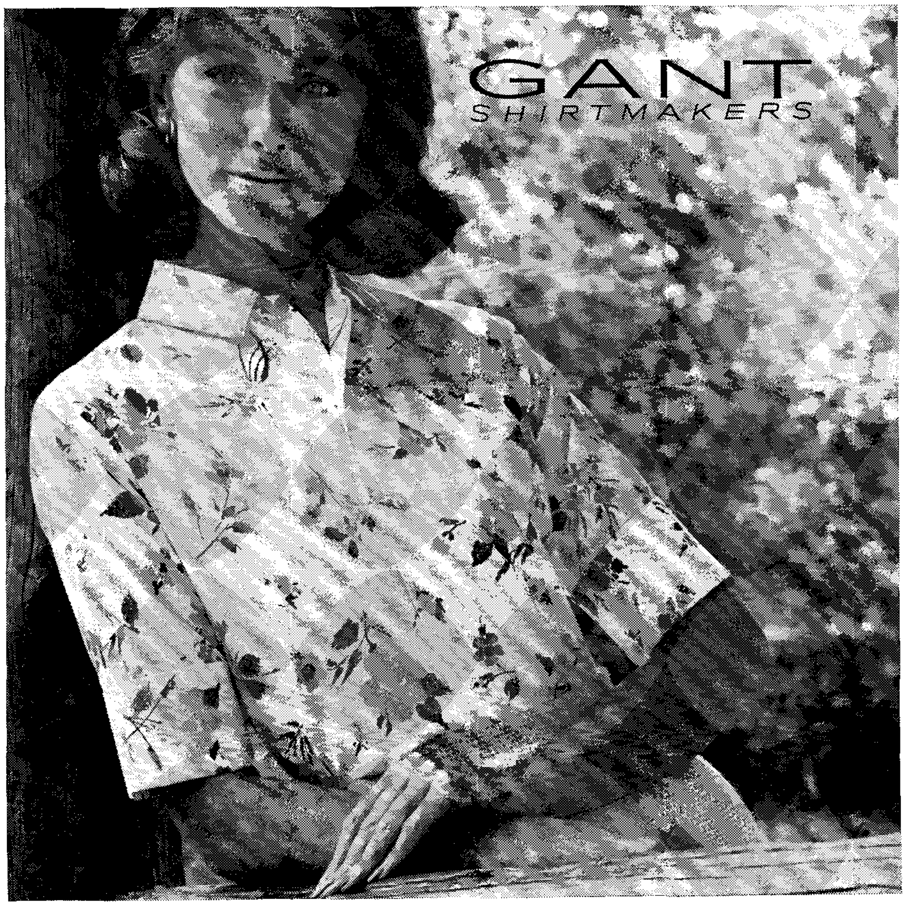

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less to say, the defendant wears a wristwatch."

Delinquent Chacha held up his hand and exhibited his large Mickey Mouse watch.

"You see the gall of the man!" the prosecutor thundered, not realizing that Delinquent Chacha was trying to be helpful. I felt like speaking out in his defense, but I told myself, as I did many times that day, that I was a helpless spectator, with no choice but to sit and listen and hope. "Nor is that the limit," the counsel for the prosecution was saying. "Do you see that bizarre suit, that pink shirt, that red tie, those red socks, those suède shoes that the accused has on? They are all the clothes in question, the property of the complainant, all bought on credit extended to the accused as a direct consequence of his false and cunning pretenses."

Turning to Delinquent Chacha, the judge asked, "Prisoner, is it true, what has just been alleged?"

"Of course, Your Lordship," Delinquent Chacha said. "I have no other clothes to my name. And let me say that in all my life I've never had clothes which fitted me better."

The judge then asked the court clerk if the prisoner had pleaded guilty to either of the charges—one, of false pretenses, and the other, of incurring debt or liability, obtaining credit, and fraud. The court clerk answered no, and the judge indicated that the prosecuting counsel was to go on.

"And what about the complainant, the complainant whose business depends on good faith and extension of credit? He is out of pocket *five hundred and seventy-eight pounds, three shillings, and twopence!* You may well whistle under your breath, ladies and gentlemen, for the complainant cannot recover this staggering sum even if all the accused's emoluments, which are seventeen-and-six a week, *seventeen-and-six*, are attached for years—nay, aeons. And what do you make of the following? Clothes not paid for—mind you, clothes probably *never* to be paid for—were sold to a third party, one Lala Durga Pal, the employer of the accused. This is not the end of the collusive transaction. Actual *cash* was exchanged between the accused and this third party, with, need I add, not so much as a farthing sent in the direction of the complainant. There are, I submit, only three simple questions at stake here. *Did* the accused, as charged, under this and other false pretenses, obtain from the complainant the apparel and accessories in question? Even disre-

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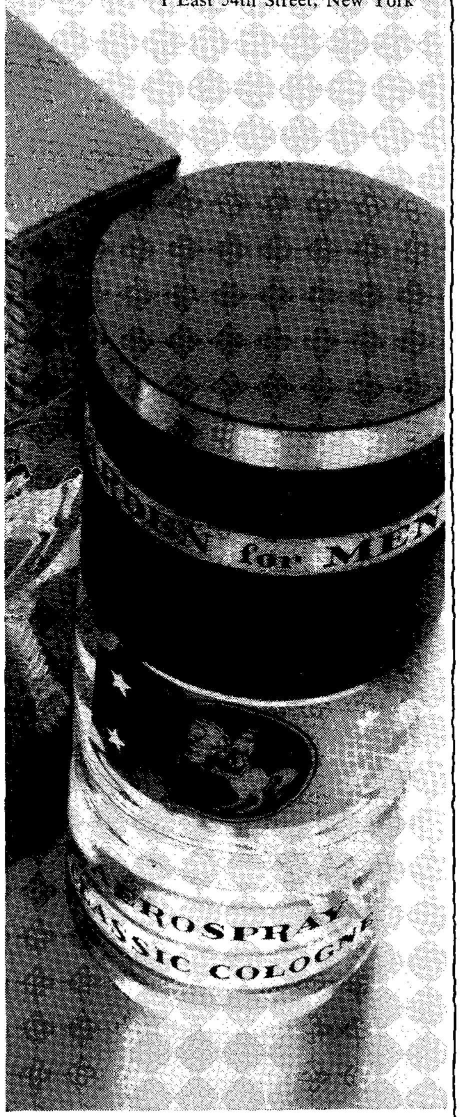

garding the intentions of the accused, did he then, as charged, obtain the apparel and accessories without means or hope of paying for them? Did he later part with some of these garments to realize cash and profit? If the answers to these questions be in the affirmative—and can you have any doubts?—then you should have no hesitation in declaring the accused guilty and putting him behind bars, where he belongs. Milord, shall I proceed to call my witnesses?"

Half a dozen exasperating exchanges about technicalities then followed. The prosecuting counsel wanted to call up Lala Durga Pal first, but as a hostile witness, on the ground that he had disavowed his original deposition to the police. In the end, the judge agreed to this.

Lala Durga Pal, a massive, prosperous-looking man, dressed in funereal black, waddled into the courtroom and heaved himself into the witness box. In spite of the prosecuting counsel's volley of leading questions, Lala Durga Pal kept to the new version of his story, which was that though he had never before lent money, the thirty pounds he had given to Delinquent Chacha was not for clothes but a loan; that he had accepted the clothes only as security for the loan; that, in any case, he could have no possible use for the clothes, since Delinquent Chacha's girth and shoulders were twenty-six and thirty-four respectively, while his were forty-four and fifty-two. He had said in his deposition to the detectives that he *had* purchased the clothes because he was frightened by any policeman. Lala Durga Pal talked haltingly and with effort. His lined forehead was wet with perspiration.

"I suggest to you," the prosecuting counsel said, "that at the back of your mind you knew all the time that you could pawn your share of the loot and get back twice or three times the money you lent your servant. In giving him thirty pounds and accepting clothes valued at a hundred and thirty pounds, eleven shillings, you were at best acting the part of a usurer. You have disowned the deposition and changed your story now because of the collusive transaction. *Is that not the truth?*"

"Your Lordship!" Delinquent Chacha called out. "My heart bleeds for the dire predicament of my dear employer, who has given me a place to rest my head ever since I arrived in Britannia."

The prosecuting counsel opened his mouth to object, but sat down when Delinquent Chacha said, "Could my

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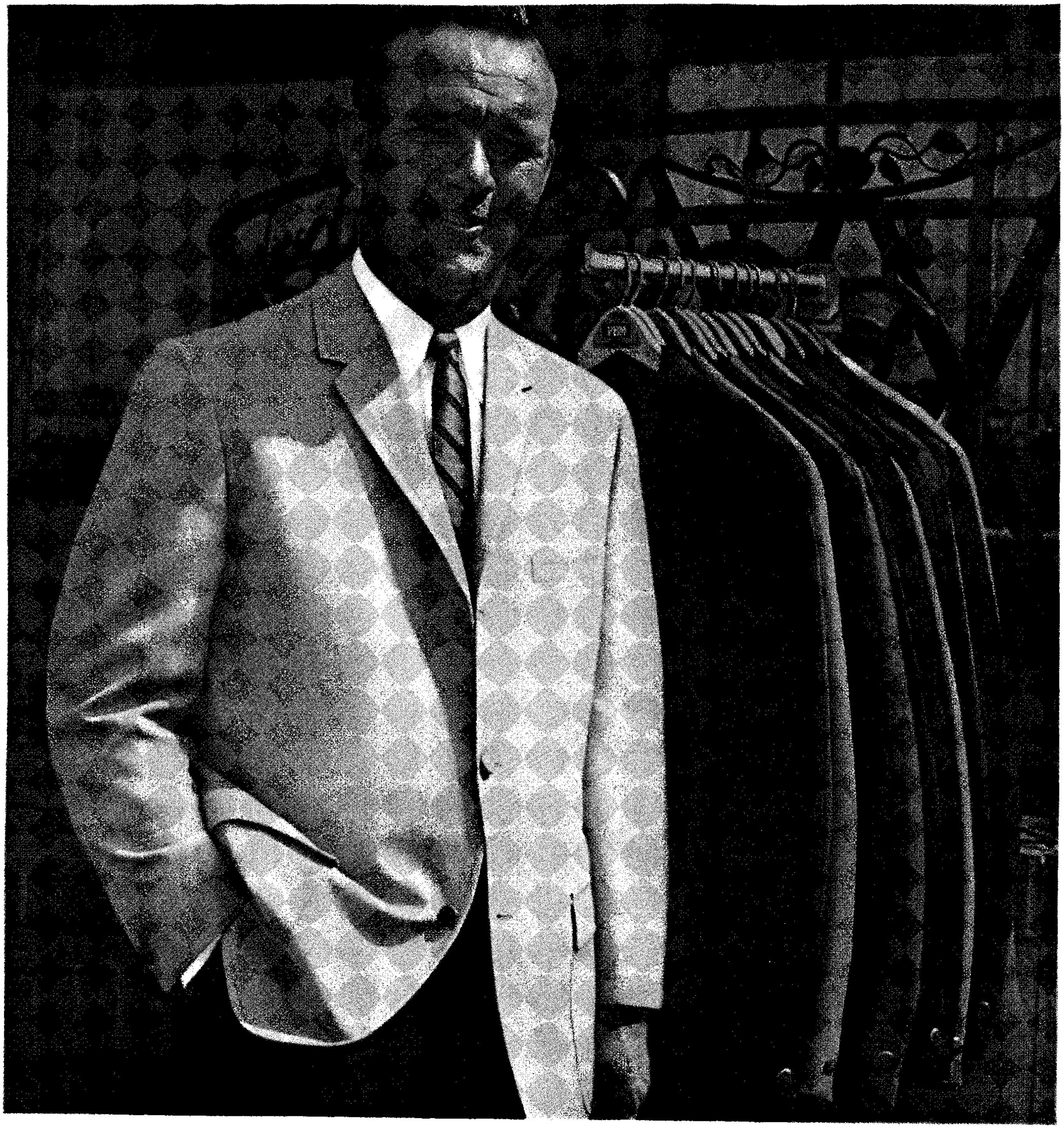

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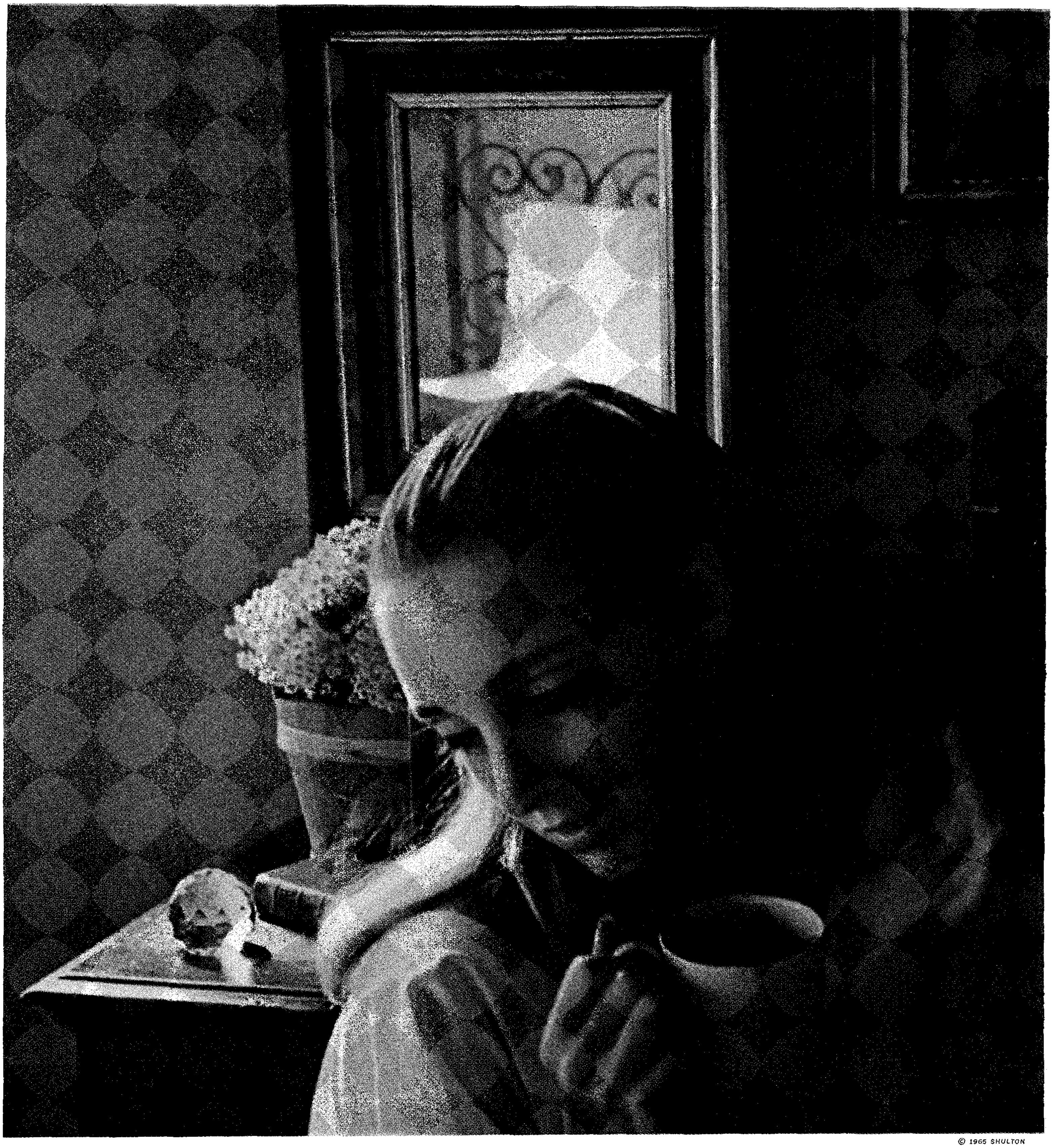

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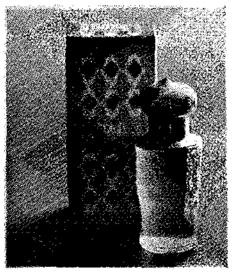

TAJi

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS

master hold that both versions of his statement are true?"

"I'm not sure I follow your meaning," the judge said.

"My learned friend Mr. Munlop"—the prosecuting counsel winced—"and Mr. McLean both might be found to fully contradict each other and yet be telling the truth. From my conversations with the Lala previous to my indictment and arraignment, I can assure you that he does not believe in lies any more than I do, but only in degrees of truth. I'm now talking, of course, as a philosopher; I have had a bent toward the subject all my life, as my nephew will testify, if you will call him to the witness box." He turned around and called to me, "Kaka, come!"

"Milord," the prosecuting counsel said in a voice as loud as it was furious, "if the excesses of the defendant are not curtailed—"

"Mr. Munlop," the judge said wearily, "my sympathies are entirely with you. Because of the accused's unfamiliarity with the procedures of a court of law, I have allowed him considerable latitude. But I agree—this is too much!" He then sternly admonished Delinquent Chacha to cease his interruptions and to permit his own counsel to present his case in due course.

"May I, then, not summon my Kaka?" Delinquent Chacha asked.

"Let the prisoner be advised that no defense witness can be called until the prosecuting counsel has rested his case," the judge said.

The examination of Lala Durga Pal now continued. "Which is true, the deposition to the police or its denial?" the prosecuting counsel asked.

"Just as my servant says, both my stories are true," Lala Durga Pal declared.

The judge asked for the remark to be repeated several times. He then patiently enumerated the contradictions between the two versions of Lala Durga Pal's story and said, "Before you give your final answer, I want to draw your attention to the fact that in this country perjury is a very serious offense. You may already have perjured yourself, but in view of your unfamiliarity with our laws—"

"Your Lordship, the Lala has lived in this country for thirty years, and he's a real English-fashion gentleman, not a native wallah at all," Delinquent Chacha cried out.

"Would the defense counsel see to it that we are not interrupted?" the judge said severely. Then, to Lala Durga Pal, "This is a matter of delica-

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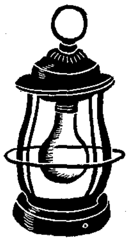
cy. In view of your unfamiliarity, then, I would like to give you another chance to tell the truth. Do not be afraid of us. We are not the police."

But in spite of this and subsequent warnings of perjury from the judge, for the remainder of the prosecution's examination Lala Durga Pal could be prevailed upon to say nothing but "It is all true."

"Milord," the prosecuting counsel finished, turning Lala Durga Pal over to the defense for cross-examination, "in my time at the bar I have never had a more exasperating witness than the present one."

"Lala Durga Pal, would you tell the court under what circumstances you made the acquaintance of the accused?" Mr. McLean then asked.

Lala Durga Pal suddenly became expansive. "Acquaintance? How can that be difficult? These days, business in the Indian restaurants is none too good, especially for the honest ones. The more unscrupulous of them are serving kitty-cat and beef. Others have called in the aid of dancing girls and you-know-whats. As Ram is my witness, we have been advertising on our door the temple-like purity and silence to be found within, the exclusive use of mutton, and the absence of all fleshly temptations except the God-given one of nourishment and sustenance. But where, O Ram, is such honest advertisement to take root in these foul times, when holy cows are bred only to be slaughtered? The Bhagavad-Gita says, 'Do your duty, and the reward is in the laps of the gods,' but—"



"Milord, I fail to see the relevance of this commercial for the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant," the prosecuting counsel broke in. Despite the interruption, the defense counsel sat down, yielding the floor. "Nor am I able to see what possible relevance the defense's probing of the meeting of the witness and the accused has to do with the charges at hand."

Instantly the defense counsel was on his feet. "One of the main elements of the case presented by the prosecution is that a man in the position of Delinquent Chacha, a porter at a restaurant, could have no other reason for acquiring these clothes than to resell them at a profit. The defense will show, however, that the character and outlook of the accused are such that it is perfectly natural—indeed, inevitable—that he should have aspired to the clothes with no other motive than personal use. To establish this, evidence must be presented bearing on the life and habits of the accused, and, short of procuring witnesses from India to this end, no one is in a better position to provide this than the Lala, who has been acquainted with the accused since the day he arrived in England, three months ago."

"Hear! Hear! Good show, McLean," Delinquent Chacha called out, and was admonished from the bench.

The prosecuting counsel withdrew his objection, and the defense counsel's cross-examination continued. "Though the accused is, in England, a porter earning seventeen-and-six a week, in his own country he's a man of consequence, who might well afford handsome clothes from a shop such as School and University—"

"How can he afford?" Lala Durga Pal said petulantly. "His karma is to be a poor relative for life. It is the dharma of his family, who are blessed with the good things of life, to see that he does not walk about in the street naked and hungry, or they will have a price to pay in the next birth. It is their duty to water and nurse the weak plants of their household, and Delinquent Chacha has enough wisdom to see they do, for poor relatives are placed by the gods to remind the rich and successful that the world is maya."

That disposed of the defense's contention that in his own country Delinquent Chacha could aspire to expensive clothes. "Cross-examination finished," the defense counsel said, and the Lala stepped down from the stand and ambled out of the courtroom.

The next witness was the clock winder from the Royal Colonial Club of the British Empire. After being sworn in, he stood in the box with cap in hand.

"Did the accused often come to the club?" Munlop asked.

"Often."

"What did he do?"

"Just passed the time of day admiring the building and the ties—we have regimental and club ties in a showcase in the hall—but, most of all, writing out his name, with the title, in the visitors' book."

The visitors' book of the club was produced as an exhibit by the prosecution and examined by the jury. A specimen of Delinquent Chacha's signature was then requested and obtained. The members of the jury scrutinized it, the three spinster members asking to see the book again.

"The book is filled with it," the

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To which we'd invariably reply: "Because UniRoyal tells more about the U.S. Rubber Company and what it makes today than 'U.S. Rubber' does."

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"Oh!" they'd exclaim, the puzzled looks leaving their faces. "I see. U.S. Rubber needed a new international trade-mark; one that didn't say 'rubber' or 'U.S.' So they chose UniRoyal."

"Right," we'd answer. "We couldn't have stated it better ourselves."

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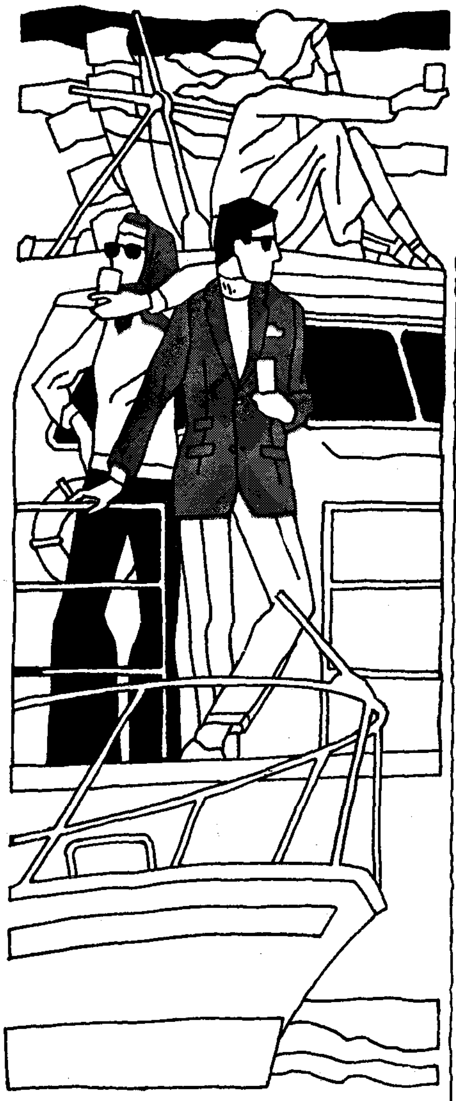

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clock winder was saying. " 'What's the necessity?' I asks the gentleman. 'What's the harm of it, Jimmy?' he says."

"Did you believe that the defendant had been topped by the Queen?" Munlop asked.

"It was not for me to question."

"Did you ever press him on why he signed the visitors' book so often?"

"He said it himself. 'I tell you, Jimmy,' he says once, 'I have thirteen children—' "

"Which is the truth, Your Lordship," Delinquent Chacha broke in.

" 'They're all farmed out to my successful brothers,' he says, 'for good keeping and education, you know—and no doubt a few grandchildren are going to be on the way soon. That kind of thing goes fast in my country, and I should like my granddaughters and grandsons to have a record of their grandfather's having whiled away his time in a club as grand and hallowed as this. I am not the first gentleman in the world without a fortune, but I make up for it with good connections and constant vigilance to cultivate the great figures of this world.' "

"Jimmy, you've talked a lot," Mr. McLean said during the cross-examination, "and I frankly don't know to what purpose." The prosecuting counsel stood up and then sat down. "But I want you to think about this question. Think about it hard. Did the prisoner ever do any harm by signing his name in your visitors' book?"

"I'd never have allowed him in the club. That's harm plenty."

"But did he do any harm?"

"No, can't say he did."

"Milord, that's all from the defense."

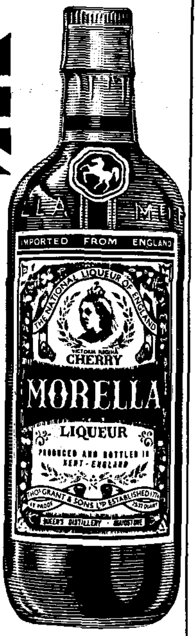
Inspector Jones was the next witness. He related the circumstances of Delinquent Chacha's arrest at the restaurant.

"Did the accused say anything when you charged him with an offense and gave him due warning not to say anything incriminating?" the prosecuting counsel asked.

"Yes, sir. He said, 'I always knew something like this would happen.' He seemed to be worried that his family in India had put the police after him. It seems he stole away from home."

"Your Lordship, that I did," Delinquent Chacha called out, "or I would have been prevented from leaving home altogether."

With a sigh, the judge addressed Delinquent Chacha once again. "You really *must not interrupt* in this manner. There are limits to my forbear-



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ance, and I must warn you that my patience is wearing thin."

Delinquent Chacha, however, thanked him graciously.

"Then what did he say?" the prosecuting counsel inquired.

"Well, sir," Inspector Jones said, "when I told him I hadn't come on behalf of his family he instantly set up a wail. At first, I couldn't make out why he was carrying on like this, but I gather that he thought I'd been sent by Her Majesty to take away his title."

The judge looked puzzled. "Do you mean to say that when you served the summons upon him he really thought that a title had been conferred upon him by the Queen?"

"Milord, all I can say is that as soon as I informed him that I was not from the Queen he plied me with questions about whether the Queen could ever withdraw honors once conferred and, if not, whether there was any forgotten historical precedent for her ever having done so. When I was able to get in a word, I explained that I was ignorant of the working of the honors system and that I was there simply because of a complaint laid by the School and University Outfitters, Ltd. He then asked me whether these proceedings could cause the Queen to withdraw the honor, or, if the honor had not as yet been conferred—and this was the most confusing part—whether the proceedings would effectively prevent such an honor being conferred one day, which leads me to believe that maybe he knew all along he was not entitled to the honor but was nevertheless hoping for it to be conferred someday in the future."

"What happened when you finally got the charges through to the accused, or, rather, got him to focus on them?"

"Well, he became very interested, and he said, 'England as I've come to know it was too good to last.' "

"What did he mean by that? Did he explain?"

"Well, not exactly, but he said that the shop he was dealing with was really fifth-rate. 'Now, Inspector Jones,' he said, 'what do you think of a tailor who holds the measuring tape not close to his stomach but an arm's length from his body? Tailors who really know how to wait on gentlemen hold their tape . . .' At this point, I stopped taking down his words, since they didn't seem to me particularly relevant."

"What happened after that?"

"He tried to press some tea on me."

"Did you accept?"

"No, sir. I was on duty. I would not on duty. But the accused had a cup. He got very friendly. 'My dear In-

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spector Jones,' he said, 'I would like to have you as my friend. If I had my choice, we would be thick as thieves.' Those were his exact words, sir."

" 'Thick as thieves'?" the prosecuting counsel repeated significantly.

"Yes, sir, but I don't know what he meant by it. I don't know if it was just misuse of the language or whether he wanted me to become his partner in crime."

"What did you think?"

"To tell the truth, sir, I couldn't make heads or tails of anything the accused said."

"Thank you," the prosecuting counsel said. "Milord, I have finished."

The defense counsel had no questions.

Mr. Stubbs was called to the witness stand. After two or three preliminary questions, he was asked to describe what happened the day Delinquent Chacha came into the shop.

"Well, sir, we talked a bit about the subcontinent. I used to fit out many of the gentlemen going out there in the old days. And then his nephew *joined* us and the gentleman set about selecting his wardrobe." Mr. Stubbs went on to give prices and produce bills as exhibits for each of Delinquent Chacha's purchases. "He mostly liked gabardines, worsteds, and silks," Mr. Stubbs continued, "and his color preferences ran to pinks, reds, purples, and blues. In fact, sir, the gentleman has on some of the clothes he bought that day."

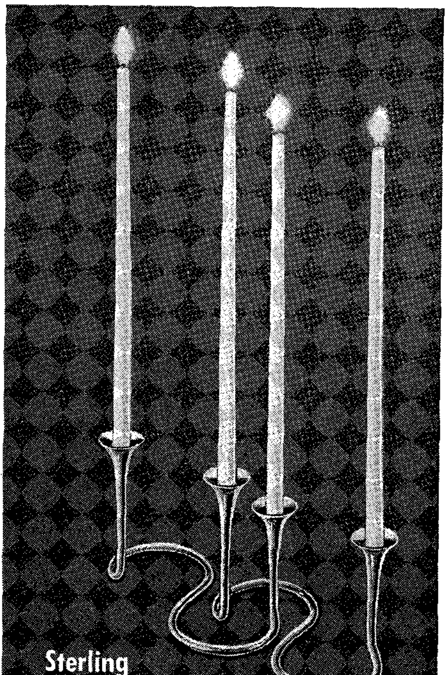
"The gentleman has *on* some of the clothes he bought that day," the prosecuting counsel repeated, and paused meaningfully. "Thank you, Mr. Stubbs. . . . The defense may proceed with the cross-examination of the witness."

"The clothes which the prisoner selected," Mr. McLean began, "how did you feel about them?"

"Feel about them? At first, I did think it was a little peculiar that the defendant should want so many clothes and of such colors, but then I have served enough maharajahs and men from the tropics to know that they do go in for identical clothes and eye-aching colors—eye-aching from our standpoint. Perhaps not so eye-aching, sir, when you think about the uniforms of our schools and universities."

"And did you ever think of denying the prisoner credit?"

"No, sir. For one thing, it was a rush order; the gentleman had a speech to make. But, in any case, ninety per cent of our business is done on account. We supply uniforms to boys in scores of schools. Our customers start with us



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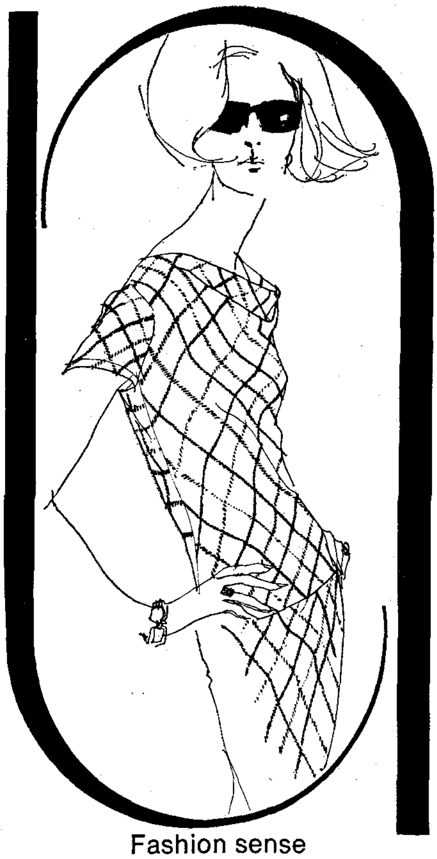

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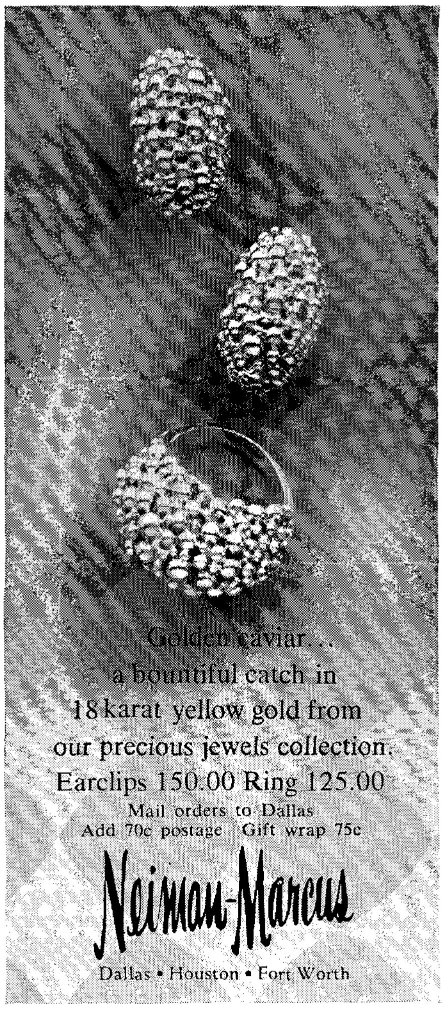

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when they're at Eton or Harrow or Winchester and stay with us through the rest of their lives. We have made clothes for Guardsmen, peers of the realm, and foreign royalty, and it would never do—it would be impractical, sir—for us to make trouble about opening accounts. The gentleman did say he hoped to go up to Oxford. Purple and blue could have been the colors of his college."

Now came Delinquent Chacha's longest interruption. It seemed to be in the form of a story. "Your Lordship," he began, raising his voice so that it would carry throughout the courtroom, "I had a premonition of some disaster overtaking me sooner or later—"

The prosecuting counsel rose to his feet and said, "Milord—"

The judge shrugged, and settled lower in his chair.

"All the while," Delinquent Chacha continued, "I had kept my eyes open for a Q.C. As you know, the business at the restaurant is none too good. In fact, if we get nine customers a day we count ourselves lucky, and though lately we have been advertising on the door how quiet it is—not a small thing in this noisy metropolis—it has not had much effect on our commerce as yet; or, rather, it is too early to tell. In any case, it's not very difficult to strike up an acquaintance with such stragglers as do grace our portals, and not long ago a gentleman walked in whose bearing was such that I knew right away he was not an ordinary man. I showed him to a table and said, 'What will it be, sir, today? Shrimp in house chutney sauce—' It's my usual drill. He chose sparingly and ate like a bird—a sure sign of good breeding here in England. He was a little diffident at first, but I brought him out, you know. I learned that he was of Scottish extraction, and a barrister. Apparently, for the first ten years these barristers get very little work, since they still have their name to make. I think, though, he will make his mark sooner than most, since he has already the appearance and the manner of a razzle-dazzle. Throughout his first visit, I pressed on him repeated invitations to come and dine at the restaurant. When he didn't come again for a whole week, I thought he must have met with a fatality. I was debating calling on him on my first free afternoon, ready to drink to his health if he were well, offer sorrowful condolences if he weren't, when School and University Outfitters laid their complaint against me. I had an added incentive for looking up the razzle-dazzle. I took a bus up to Fleet

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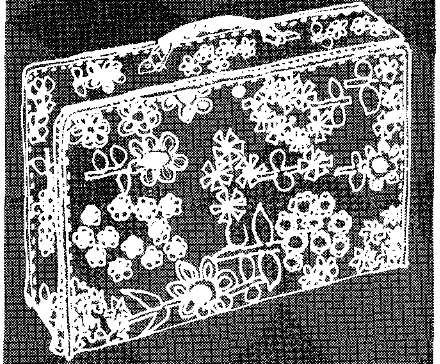

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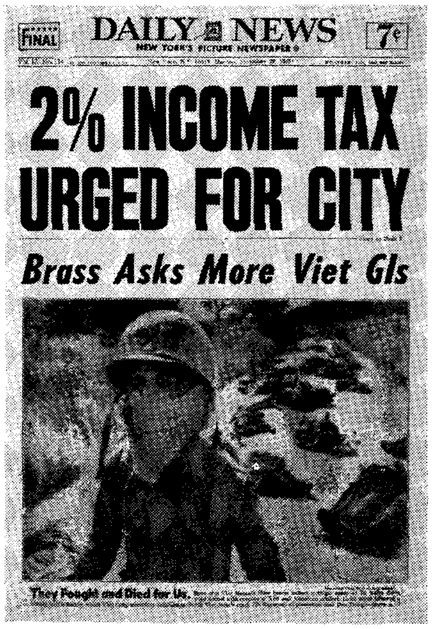
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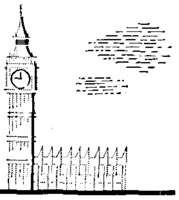

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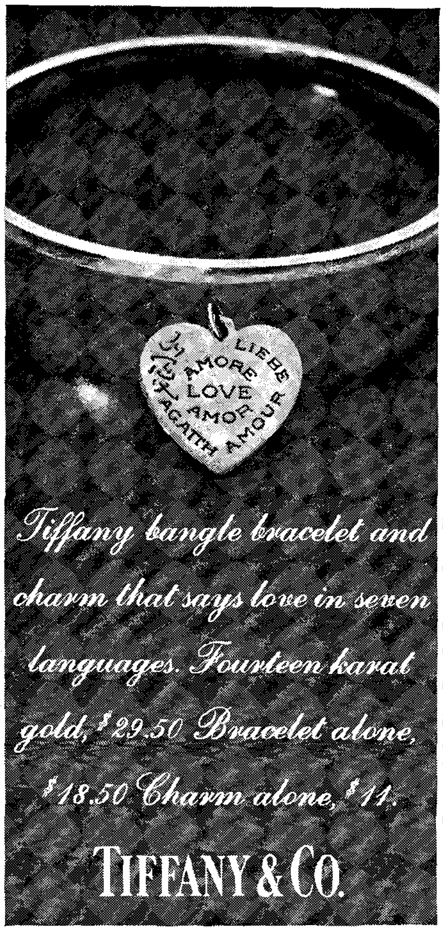
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Street and walked around to the Strand entrance of the Temple. The visit couldn't have opened more propitiously. As soon as I came within earshot of the Temple gates, what should greet me but the sound of a marvellous drum roll and a military bugle. I soon saw the reason for it. A drill of a cavalry regiment on the Temple grounds was in progress, complete with horses and white-coated sweepers with shovels in hand to clean up after the horses. Your Lordship, it was that kind of discipline and organized approach to life that was the stuff of the British raj. At first, because of the din, I didn't quite get the directions of the porter, who, incidentally, is called Bitte, and, taking a wrong turn into a staircase, ended up in a coal cellar. But another smoke and consultation with Bitte and, like a fox, I arrived at the door. I gave a few raps with the knocker. That started a chain of circumstances which, though at first light as a feather on my wrists, have now grown heavier than the heaviest shackles. Your Lordship, my meaning is I was persuaded to let McLean—for that is who the gentleman was—take on the case when he offered to do it for nothing. He said, 'The pennies you could ever send my way wouldn't buy one log for my fire.' I've been in this court now for many hours, and things have been going from bad to worse. I feel that McLean has let me down, not lived up to my expectations of a razzle-dazzle, so am I at liberty to relieve him of his burdensome duties and argue my own case? McLean, my dear fellow, no hard feelings—"

"Milord"—it was the prosecuting counsel—"the strategy of the accused is quite clear. It is to compound the confusion and escape. He has turned the whole proceedings into some form of Oriental melodrama, and now he says to his own counsel, 'Do not darken my door.' If the legal profession in Britain is to maintain its dignity—"

McLean, who had been talking earnestly with his instructing solicitor, now rose and addressed the court. "Milord," he began, "we are faced with a most unusual situation. My client has expressed in open court his lack of confidence in my ability to present his case effectively and has sought your permission to discharge me of my duties. I am an officer of the court and, as such, responsible to the court for the manner in which I represent my client. The precedents, such as they are, appear to indicate that you have a discretion to accept or reject the request made by my client. It has been stated on the one hand—here I refer to

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The Magnificent Yankee
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne star as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and his wife.
Thursday, February 3 (8:30-10 PM)

Garry Moore's People Poll
Entertainment-documentary featuring interviews with Americans on what they think and do.
Friday, February 4 (10-11 PM)

Discovery
Discovery Goes to Greece, Parts I and II; West Berlin; Unesco Puppet Caravan, Part I. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30 AM-12 Noon)

Directions '66
A series on Catholic writers: Muriel Spark; James T. Farrell; Thomas Merton; J. F. Powers. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (1-1:30 PM)

The Voice of the Dragon
Pictorial account of mass indoctrination and persuasion campaign in Red China.
Sunday, February 6 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Twentieth Century
How to Fight a Guerrilla War; What a Way to Run a Railroad; Moscow University; Man of the Month; Walter Cronkite narrates. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (6-6:30 PM)

Hello, Dolly! 'Round the World
Mary Martin's tour with *Hello, Dolly!* including the visit to Viet Nam.
Monday, February 7 (9-10 PM)

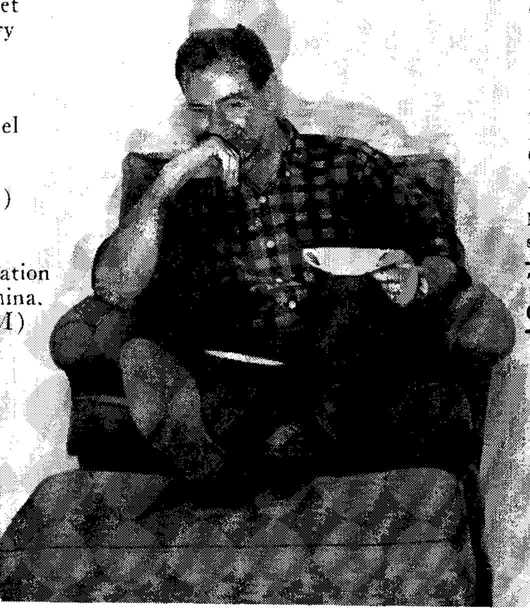
The Voyage of the Brigantine Yankee
Twenty-two young Americans sail before the mast, circling the globe.
Friday, February 11 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Gene Kelly in New York, N.Y.
Gower Champion, Woody Allen and Tommy Steele join Kelly in musical.
Monday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

Anatomy of Pop: The Music Explosion
The sounds and forces at work in the popular music world today.
Tuesday, February 15 (10-11 PM) and Sunday, February 27 (5-6 PM)

An Evening with Carol Channing
Musical variety with Miss Channing, George Burns and David McCallum.
Friday, February 18 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Daughters of Orange
The mounting problems confronting Holland and the Dutch royal family.
Sunday, February 20 (6:30-7:30 PM)



The Way Out West
Explores the Coast with William Saroyan, Pierre Salinger and the San Francisco Ballet.
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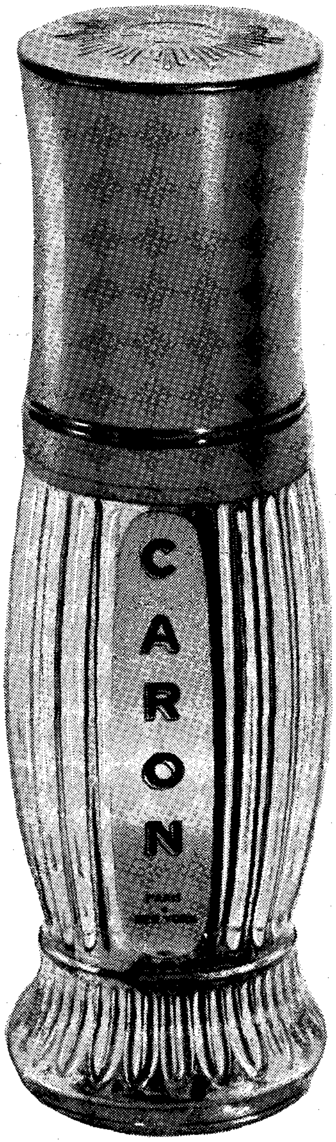

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R. v. Woodward (1944) K.B. 118—that once counsel has begun to conduct the defense and has cross-examined witnesses, the prisoner cannot be permitted to dispense with the services of counsel and conduct his own defense. On the other hand, it has equally been decided—and here I refer to the case of O'Brian who shot Sir Henry Wilson and de Courey—that a person charged with a criminal offense cannot have counsel forced on him against his will. Milord, I accordingly find myself in a difficult and embarrassing position. Your Lordship will already have noted—perhaps with a certain degree of apprehension—that the accused in this trial has displayed what may be described as a disregard for the limitations imposed upon him by the need to have defense counsel present the case on his behalf. Your Lordship may, accordingly, wish to take into consideration the fact that if with your permission I were to withdraw, the accused would then be enabled to do what he so obviously wishes to do—namely, to conduct his own defense in the manner he thinks best suited to the circumstances. I should be greatly indebted to Your Lordship if you were to see fit to relieve me of a burden which I find increasingly difficult to discharge both to my own satisfaction and to that of my client." McLean resumed his seat.

The judge, glancing at the clock above the entrance to the court, remarked, "Thank you, Mr. McLean. I see that it is nearly time for the court to adjourn. I propose to take the accused's request into consideration, bearing in mind the points so forcefully urged by Mr. McLean, and give my ruling in the morning."

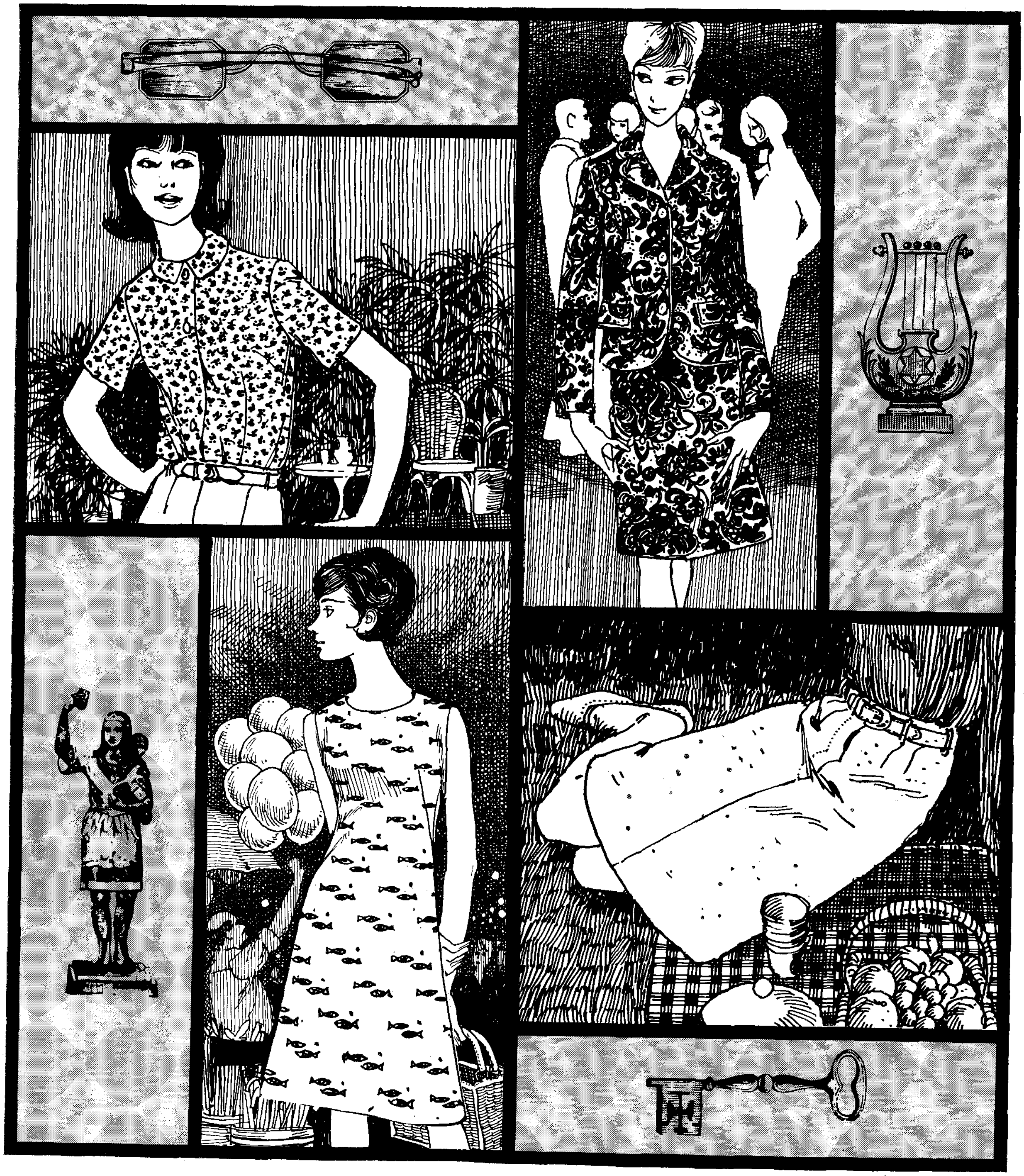
The judge adjourned the court. Delinquent Chacha was led out by two policemen through the passage under the dock.

THE following day, I returned to the court, after a sleepless night in a nearby bed-and-breakfast place. When the judge convened the court, McLean was there.

"I now propose," the judge began, referring to his notes before him, "to give my ruling on the request of the accused yesterday afternoon for permission to dispense with the services of his counsel. I have not failed to observe that the conduct of the accused has not been consonant with that relationship of trust and confidence which should exist between client and counsel. And yet I have not felt constrained to interpret the accused's repeated outbursts as implying disrespect for the court. Had I done so, I would have visited upon him the sanctions with which I am empowered. In according a considerable degree of latitude to the accused, I have also been influenced by the fact that the accused is obviously unfamiliar with the workings of the machinery of justice in this country. If I have granted to the accused a greater degree of liberty than I would normally have accorded, we have to remember that he is standing trial in an alien environment—it is said that in the East impulse has greater dominion than reason—and that, as the old saw has it, justice must not only be done, it must also be *seen* to be done."

Here the judge coughed, consulted his notes, frowned, and then resumed, "However, not once did I envisage that my indulgence of the accused's outbursts would fill the accused with such confidence in his own powers of advocacy as would make him imagine he could take on the burden of representing himself here. I must interpose at this juncture that the eagerness of the accused to conduct his own defense is not, to my knowledge, fortified by any particular training in the intricacies of the law. Howsoever this may be, I cannot ignore the plea which has been made to me by counsel for the defense, Mr. McLean, to permit him to withdraw from the case. Bearing in mind the principles established in O'Brian who shot Sir Henry Wilson and de Courey, I propose, in the exercise of my discretion, to grant this permission. In so doing, let me make it quite clear that I do not for a moment accept the allegation of the accused that counsel for the defense has been remiss in his duty either to the court or to his client. On the contrary, I wish to express my admiration and respect for the manner in which he has conducted himself in difficult circumstances."

The judge now turned to address Delinquent Chacha. "The accused will understand that I am, in effect, acceding to his request to take over the conduct of his own defense. I have some misgivings about this, but, as custom requires, I intend to give the prisoner such assistance as I may properly accord to him. And I would request you, members of the jury, to bear in mind that the accused will be laboring under some disadvantage, and that your duty is not to judge the accused by his demeanor in this courtroom but instead to render a



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verdict—yea or nay—on the evidence laid before you."

"Hear, hear! Well spoken, Your Lordship. Let the trial proceed," Delinquent Chacha called out.

"And now," said the judge, ignoring him, "we were in the middle of the cross-examination of Mr. Stubbs. The accused is at liberty to address questions—relevant questions—to the witness."

At this point, Mr. McLean rose, gathered his robes around him, collected his various papers, bowed to the judge, and swept out of the courtroom. Mr. Stubbs was called for, and, after being warned that he was still under oath, presented for cross-examination.

"Let us suppose," Delinquent Chacha said, in his best legal manner, "that a member of the jury or His Lordship wanted to have an adornment to his skin such as I have on at present. How would he go about it? And as for that adornment, I should like to submit the following exhibit." Delinquent Chacha turned around and held up his coattail. "Does everyone in the court see how this seam is coming undone?"

"He would come in and ask for an account, sir," Stubbs went on hastily.

"He would, of course, have to give you references," the judge broke in.

"For our records, Your Lordship, we would ask for the name of his bank and at least a couple of other shops where he might have accounts."

"We would like to hear what references the accused gave."

"Your Lordship," Delinquent Chacha broke in, "I didn't give *any* references to the School and University Outfitters."

"Well, in the beginning, before the gentleman's nephew arrived, Your Lordship, I *did* ask the accused for references, but the question somehow got lost in the flow of conversation. I can't remember now, but I could have assumed that the gentleman had an account with us, since I don't remember ever having got a direct answer to my question about references. We often don't know which of our gentlemen have accounts with us and which of them don't. Unless they tell us to the contrary, we assume they do. If the gentleman says, 'Put that on account,' we automatically assume that he has an account."

"Did the accused, then, say, 'Put that on account'?"

"More than once."

"And your accounts department, didn't it tell you that there was no such account?"

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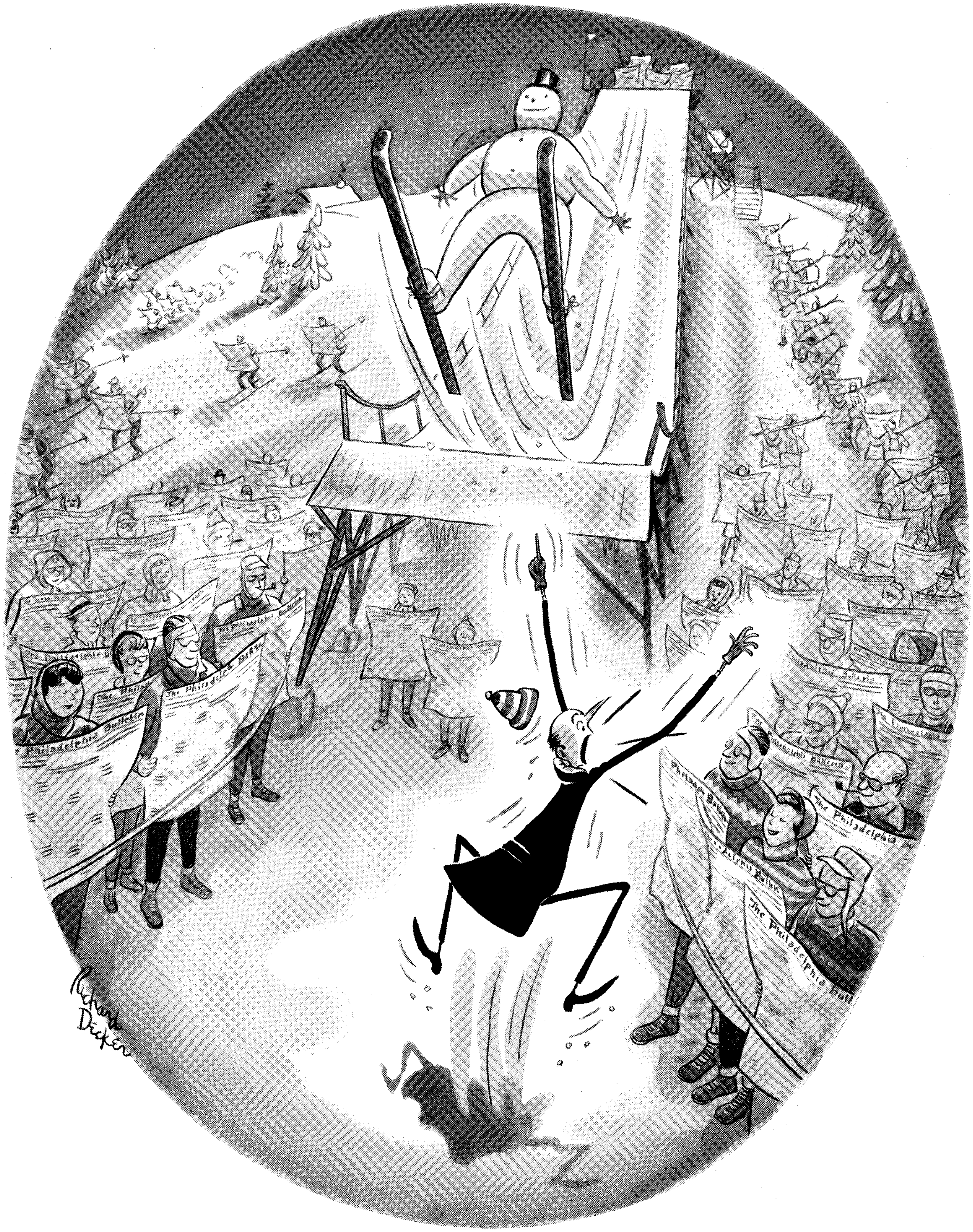
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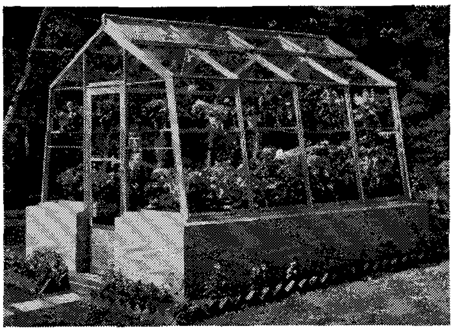

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made. We don't make up the bills until then."

"One would have supposed that that was bad business."

"We find it advisable, Your Lordship, not to make up the final bills until the clothes are made. Sometimes there are extra charges for alterations, and we have no way of knowing the charge until we have made the alterations. Sometimes the pattern the client selected has been discontinued, and we have to ask him to come in and select another. It may differ in price. Sometimes the pattern is out of stock—the pattern the gentleman selected for his suiting *was* an old one—and the makers reissue it later at another price. Sometimes the customer isn't satisfied with the clothes and wishes to return them; we like him to feel easy in his mind about doing so. Your Lordship, we have been tailors two hundred years, and we have a tradition to keep up."

"Your Lordship," Delinquent Chacha said, "all you have to do is to walk into old Stubbs' shop and say, 'I am So-and-So,' select as many suitings as you like, and say, 'Thank you, put that on account.' It's as easy as a shoehorn."

"Is that true, witness?" the judge asked, leaning forward on the table.

"If someone says 'Put that on account,' Your Lordship," Stubbs replied, "we assume he has an account, unless he looks suspicious. Everyone will grant, Your Lordship, that the accused looks like a gentleman."

"Do you mean to tell the court that the fact that I was a mere commoner or C.M.G. or had a barony or an earldom wouldn't make any difference to you?"

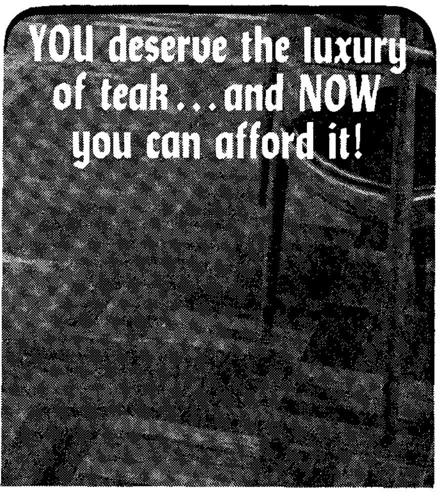
"Not for opening an account, Your Lordship."

"Do we understand that you would open it automatically for anyone who walked in from the street and did not look suspicious?"

"Yes, Your Lordship."

"Bless me!" the judge exclaimed. "Are you telling us that the whole question of the false pretenses, the burden of the first charge against the accused, is an irrelevant one? If anyone can get an account at your shop, it would appear that the fact that the accused passed himself off as a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George didn't influence you for better or worse."

"And now, Stubbs," Delinquent Chacha said, when he was permitted to examine the witness, "you will not object if I ask you a few more questions? Good. I should like to know, and I am sure His Lordship would be equally interested to hear, how long, on an



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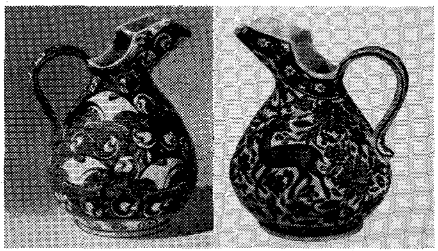

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average, you permit an account to remain unpaid before you take your honored client to court?"

"Anywhere from a month to three years. On the average, nine or ten months."

At this point, the judge addressed the witness: "And what period of time between the accused's purchase of these garments and the date when your firm laid an information against him?"

"About a month from the date when he first ordered them, and two weeks from the date when the clothes were delivered to him. But, Your Lordship, it was only then that we realized that we were dealing with a man of straw. . . ."

SHORTLY thereafter, the judge began his summation. "On the one hand, members of the jury," he declared, "there can be no law unless guilty men are punished. On the other hand, men may leave us in doubt of their guilt—indeed, flaunt it—yet unless they can be proven guilty under the law, they cannot be punished if there is to be any law. Keeping this in mind, what, then, can we infer from the witnesses produced against the accused? The testimony of Lala Durga Pal, the first witness you heard, is less than worthless as far as the charges against the accused are concerned, and I have no choice but to advise you to strike it out of your minds as you set about your weighty task of determining, under law, the guilt or innocence of the accused. For that witness's testimony, because of its flagrant contradictions, might prove *him* guilty of perjury, but that guilt cannot be allowed to cast a shadow on the accused. And, as for Inspector Jones, he simply succeeded in communicating to us the confusion he himself felt, without irrevocably establishing harm done to anyone. The testimony of the clock winder of the Royal Colonial Club of the British Empire does not leave us with any room for doubt that the accused does in fact use the title of Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, but here again, unless the use of the title by the accused in the presence of Mr. Stubbs induced the latter to hand over the goods to the former without immediate payment—and Mr. Stubbs' testimony goes against our supposing this—the use of the title cannot be held to be germane to the case. Therefore, you should acquit the accused on the first charge. The second charge is more difficult. It is now my duty to instruct you that, to convict on this charge, you must be satisfied that three elements

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have been proved: (1) that there has been an incurring of a debt or liability; (2) that there has been an obtaining of credit; and (3) that there has been fraud. You may well feel that there is little doubt as to the first two elements. But you must be equally satisfied that fraud has been proved. In this connection, you will wish to consider as a whole what evidence exists as to the intention or capacity of the accused to pay this outstanding account. I would draw your attention to the fact that the complaint was laid by the School and University Outfitters, Ltd., barely two weeks after the clothes had been delivered to the accused. You are entitled here to draw on your own experience to determine whether this lapse of time, combined with the other factors in the case, sufficiently indicated the intent of the accused *not* to pay. You may also consider it significant that the date when the complaint was lodged coincided with the date of certain press reports concerning the extraordinary activities of the accused at Oxford. These reports, as you will recall, revealed for the first time that the accused was not, as he had claimed to be, entitled to the style and designation of a Companion of one of our orders of chivalry. As to the *capacity* to pay, you will, of course, bear in mind that the outstanding account is for a very large sum and that the accused occupies a humble and not very well-paid position. As against this, we know very little of his family background in India, and it could be that, like a certain famous character in fiction, he was confidently, although perhaps over-optimistically, waiting for 'something to turn up' which would enable him to meet his commitments. These, members of the jury, are matters for you to determine. I cannot assist you further, but would merely beseech you, before you retire, to bear in mind that you must determine these matters on the evidence which has been laid before you in this court and on no other basis. In particular, you should not be influenced by any prejudice for or against the accused based upon your opinion of his personality, conduct, or temperament, which may appear to you peculiar and puzzling or exotic and engaging, depending on your own personality, conduct, and temperament. And now, I leave these issues in your hands, confident that you will render a true and fair verdict according to the evidence."

ASTONISHINGLY, the end of the day found Delinquent Chacha a free man, back at the All-India Taj Mahal

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GASLIGHT SQUARE, SAINT LOUIS

Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant. Inside the restaurant, over large cups of Ceylon tea, he dictated to me, rapidly, a letter to Queen Elizabeth II of Britain:

"My dear, dear Your Royal Highness: I salute you with the two fingers of my left hand on my forehead and with a low bow from the waist. Even though our paths have never quite crossed, I venture to write to you in this direct and urgent way because of the great peril facing your Empire. From my cursory perusal of the lessons of history, it seems to me that two qualities built the British Empire and kept it sunny side up with its best foot forward: carefully framed legislation, and show of authority. Of the two, authority is the more important, for without it legislation is impotent. For the purposes of authority, your royal and august ancestors worked out a careful system of bewitching gradations and hallowed honors for services rendered, and such was the justness and power of these gradations that every grade of honor was automatically given its due homage by the people of the world.

"It is to this issue that I now wish to address myself. Not long ago, I was at Oxford, attending a meeting of the Model United Nations, and I witnessed a scene that in its pandemonium can only be compared to the Sepoy Mutiny. It strengthened my conviction that if Britain is to continue as a great power and be an island of order in this topsy-turvy hurly-burly of a world, such rebellions have to be quelled. I offer my services. I beseech you to make me a Knight of the Order of the Garter (C.M.G. is not enough) in a hurry, so that I can help you ride out the storm. I shall be glad to call upon you any time in order to receive the rap of the chivalrous sword on my shoulder. Meantime, perhaps you would be kind enough to forward the application for my coat of arms to the appropriate heraldic college. I would like the dispenser of seals to keep in mind my three hobbies: cards, love of the people, and addiction to coffee and eating places. Perhaps my seal could show a friendly cuckoo looking at an ace of spades and holding a few Brazilian coffee beans in its claws.

"Believe me, etc.

"Chacha."

Nothing I said could dissuade him from posting the petition.

—VED MEHTA

•

At last a nasal spray that thinks like a doctor.—*Adv. in the Reader's Digest.*

We're in enough trouble.

New (100 years ago)

A century ago folks were talking about a new kind of whisky—George Dickel—the smooth Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky. Full-bodied enough to start with—light enough to stay with, Mr. Dickel said it was.

Still is.

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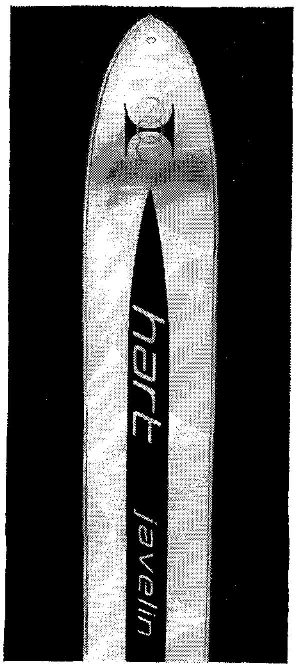

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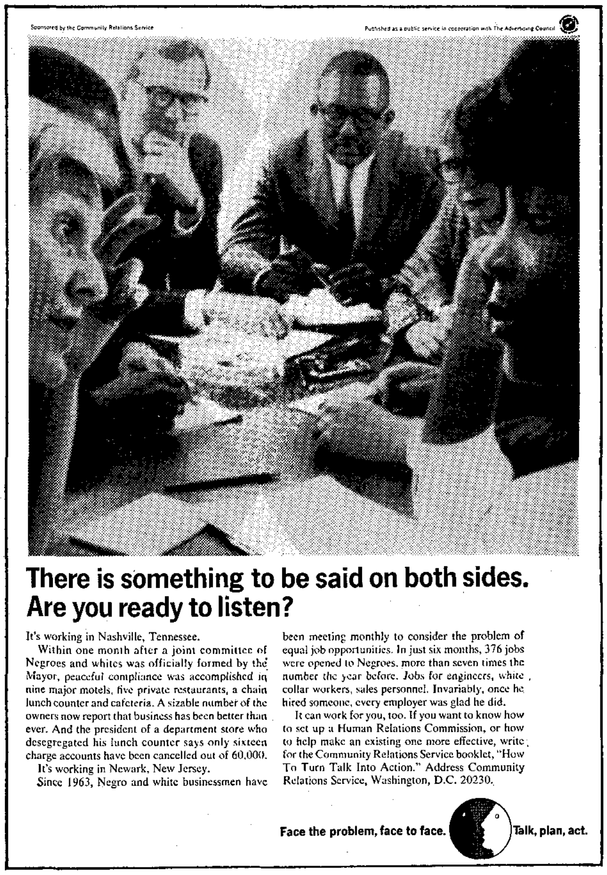
U.S. problems



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Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council

There is something to be said on both sides. Are you ready to listen?

It's working in Nashville, Tennessee.

Within one month after a joint committee of Negroes and whites was officially formed by the Mayor, peaceful compliance was accomplished in nine major motels, five private restaurants, a chain lunch counter and cafeteria. A sizable number of the owners now report that business has been better than ever. And the president of a department store who desegregated his lunch counter says only sixteen charge accounts have been cancelled out of 60,000.

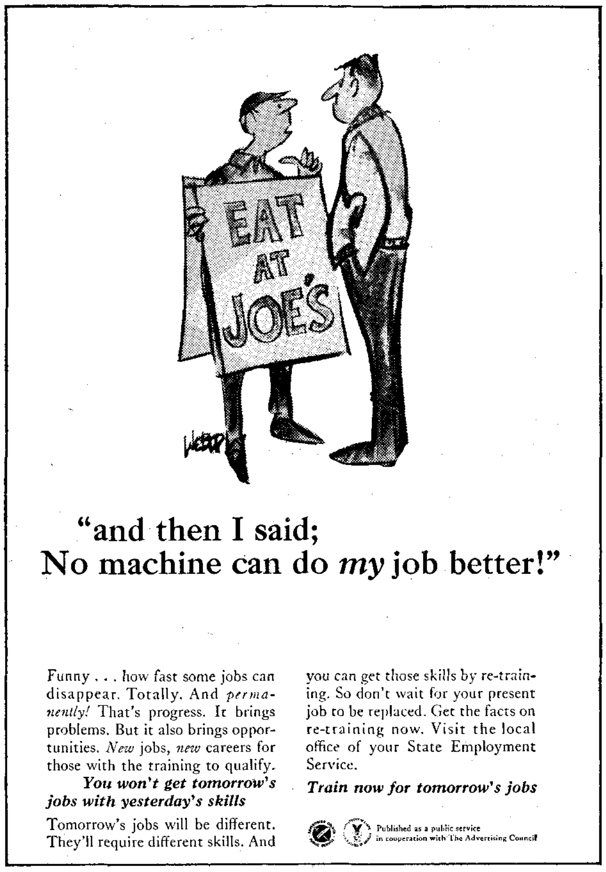
It's working in Newark, New Jersey.

Since 1963, Negro and white businessmen have been meeting monthly to consider the problem of equal job opportunities. In just six months, 376 jobs were opened to Negroes, more than seven times the number the year before. Jobs for engineers, white collar workers, sales personnel. Invariably, once he hired someone, every employer was glad he did.

It can work for you, too. If you want to know how to set up a Human Relations Commission, or how to help make an existing one more effective, write for the Community Relations Service booklet, "How To Turn Talk Into Action." Address Community Relations Service, Washington, D.C. 20230.

Face the problem, face to face. Talk, plan, act.

Racial Relations is a problem to be solved. This Advertising Council campaign encourages good citizens of every color and creed to meet the problem face to face, to talk it over. That's *got* to be a better way than hate and violence, any way you look at it.



"and then I said;
No machine can do *my* job better!"

Funny . . . how fast some jobs can disappear. Totally. And *permanently!* That's progress. It brings problems. But it also brings opportunities. *New* jobs, *new* careers for those with the training to qualify.

You won't get tomorrow's jobs with yesterday's skills

Tomorrow's jobs will be different. They'll require different skills. And you can get those skills by re-training. So don't wait for your present job to be replaced. Get the facts on re-training now. Visit the local office of your State Employment Service.

Train now for tomorrow's jobs

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council

Job Retraining is a problem to be solved. Automation actually *creates* more jobs than it destroys, but new skills displace old. This Advertising Council campaign encourages retraining. It's getting results. That's *got* to be a better solution than unemployment, any way you look at it.

Here you see some of The Advertising Council's current work: all told, 265 million dollars worth of Advertising, contributed annually by business. It is absolutely free to you, the taxpayer; yet it saves you billions and makes this a better nation to live in.

& solutions

How Advertising that costs you nothing helps solve problems that cost you plenty

The surest way to make a problem worse is to pretend it isn't there.

The safest way to handle a problem is to de-fuse it before it explodes.

The Advertising Council believes that the strength of American democracy is its willingness to use the *voluntary* way to solve problems, before resorting to compulsion. The contribution of the Council is to enlist the talent of the advertising industry so that 195 million Americans may have a better understanding of the problems before them.

On these pages are the familiar symbols of the 18 advertising campaigns now being handled by The Advertising Council, and advertisements from just two of the campaigns: Job Retraining and Racial Relations.

There are no easy answers to these questions. But there can be no solutions at all until there is informed public consciousness.

Then, solutions are possible. This has been proved by the billions of dollars raised by The Advertising Council's past work for United Community Campaigns, the Red Cross, U.S. Savings Bonds and the Colleges. It is proved by the 425,000 square miles of forest land that Smokey the Bear has saved you to date, by the success of Peace Corps recruiting, and by many other examples.

Today, the resources of advertising can tackle almost any job.

And this 265 million dollars worth of advertising costs you nothing! All of the public service of The Advertising Council is made possible by contributions from American business.

Advertising agency men and women donate time and effort to create the Council's advertising messages. Magazines like this one, newspapers, radio and television stations, networks, and their advertisers, transit advertising and outdoor poster companies donate time and space to keep those messages in your mind.

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The Advertising Council

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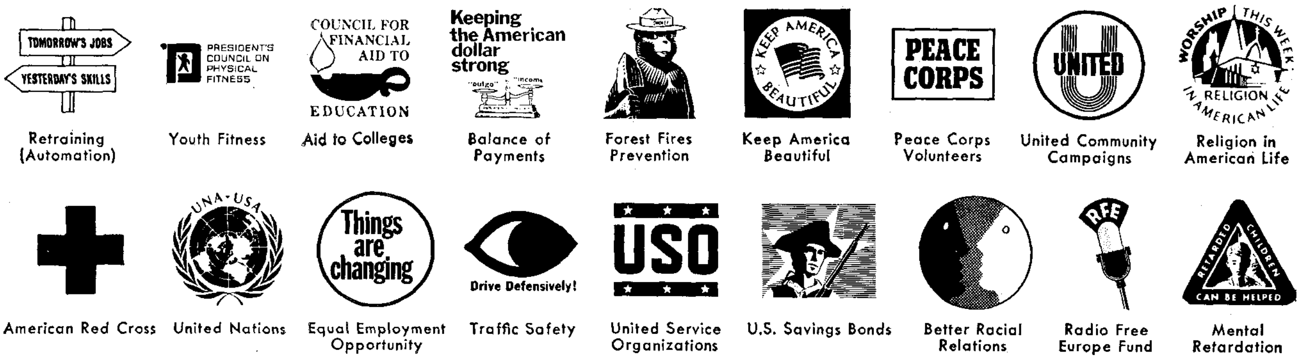
If you would like to know more about this work, write for a free booklet to: The Advertising Council, 25 West 45th Street, New York, New York 10036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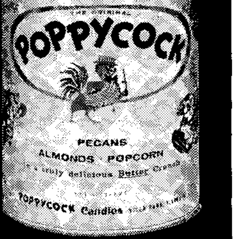
What made me crazy was the nuts.

Whole toasted pecans. And almonds. And puffy white pieces of popcorn. That's Poppycock. Exquisitely held together in a caramelized crunch. Made with butter. And more butter. I couldn't control myself. I wanted to stop. I really tried. Those almonds kept looking at me. The pecans called. I was helpless. It was magnificent. Sheer delight. How could I possibly resist. I'm only human. If you're human, see if you don't go crazy for it. You can find Poppycock mostly in fancier food shops and better department stores priced at only $2 a can.

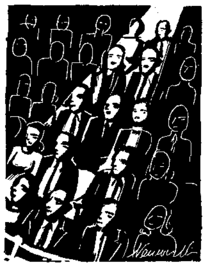
POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Death and Transfiguration

"The Shop on Main Street" is the Czechoslovakian movie that caused such a favorable stir when it was shown during the Film Festival at Lincoln Center last fall. To cause a stir in circumstances otherwise notably becalmed is, I admit, no great feat, being but another form of the Shavian adage that the least ugly daughter is the family beauty; still, I feel sure that the movie, whose Festival title, "The Shop on High Street," has been painstakingly translated from British into English for our sakes, would cause a stir anywhere and any time. It is one of those exceptional movies in which, doubtless with a pinch of luck as well as with a peck of calculation, the varied and often contradictory elements involved in the messy enterprise of making a movie—the screenplay, the direction, the acting, the sets, the photography, and so on—have an individual distinction and yet are so cunningly fitted together that not a pinpoint can be slipped between the segments of the smooth, bright surface they present to us; the movie is all of a piece, all modestly and confidently and contentedly itself. It is also a movie that one is careful to praise first and describe second, for fear that its harsh-sounding subject matter will put off the very people who would be inclined to like it best. Having begun in a comic vein, "The Shop on Main Street" moves on into tragedy, and, in a final scene of death and transfiguration, the sheer technical adroitness of which successfully purges it of sentimentality, returns to the comic point of view. It is nothing less than uncanny how very *cheerful* a picture it manages to be, in the light of what its plot unfolds, for—I perceive I can procrastinate no longer—the time of the movie is the Second World War, the place is a small, Nazi-dominated village in eastern Czechoslovakia, and the main action is the brutal rounding up and deportation of a handful of harmless Jews. That this grim business has been made into a work not merely bearable but beautiful is thanks to the author of the screenplay, Ladislav Grossman; the two directors of the movie, Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos; and, most of all, its two stars, Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska.



Mr. Kroner plays the hero, a shiftless, henpecked carpenter who, by the accident of being related to the leading Nazi in town, is given the position of "Aryan controller" of a little notions shop run by an old Jewish widow. The widow, played by Miss Kaminska, is senile as well as deaf, and assumes that the carpenter has come to work as her assistant. He is too tenderhearted to tell her the truth, and his difficulties are compounded when he discovers that the shop is bankrupt—the widow is being subsidized by the other Jews in the community. Ashamed to let his wife know that he has been gulled, the carpenter accepts a secret financial arrangement with the Jews and becomes fast friends with the widow and her neighbors. Soon, however, an order for the deportation of all Jews arrives; the idyll in the dusty little shop must end, almost certainly with her death, and perhaps also, if he attempts to defend her, with his. The poor carpenter faces a choice so harrowing that it amounts to no choice at all, for whatever befalls them will part them and, worse still, will make them enemies at the very moment of parting.

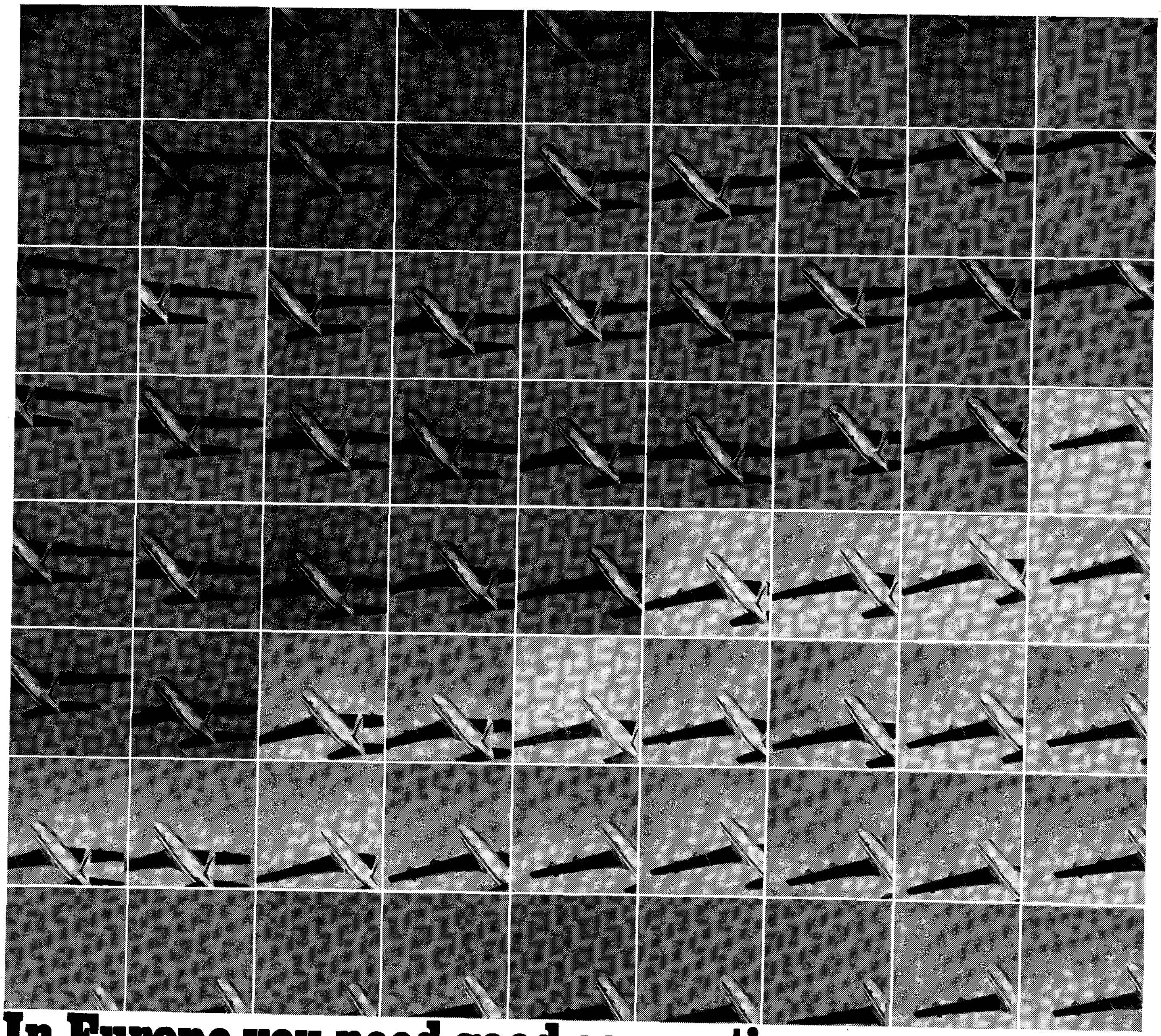
Mr. Kroner is fantastically skillful at conveying the shy, sly, maverick nature of the carpenter, and Miss Kaminska has authority enough to keep the deaf old lady from seeming just another deaf old lady. Hana Slivkova has a juicy role as the carpenter's plump, greedy, disagreeable wife, and Frantisek Zvarik is ominous and obtuse as the local *Gauleiter*. "The Shop on Main Street" will make you laugh and, if you ever cry at movies, it will make you cry. It is very funny and very sad, and who could ask more of a movie than that? —Brendan Gill

●

Are Your Walls Unhappy Wanderers?

Has the trickle of empty walls become a torrent . . . or do your walls dance in a panorama of shimmering color and beauty . . . or swirl aimlessly like ghosts in consistent shadows . . . or wage a continuous struggle with room decor and personality . . . or do they hold a whispered tete-a-tete creating a galaxy of tranquility? Don't let your walls race down valleys packed tight with silence and torpidness. Incredibilize your walls with the sorcery of art from Fine's House of Pictures, where the best costs no more.—*Adv. in the Lubbock (Texas) Avalanche-Journal.*

And stop trying to climb them!



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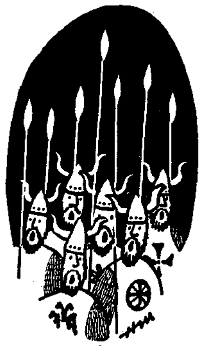
MUSICAL EVENTS

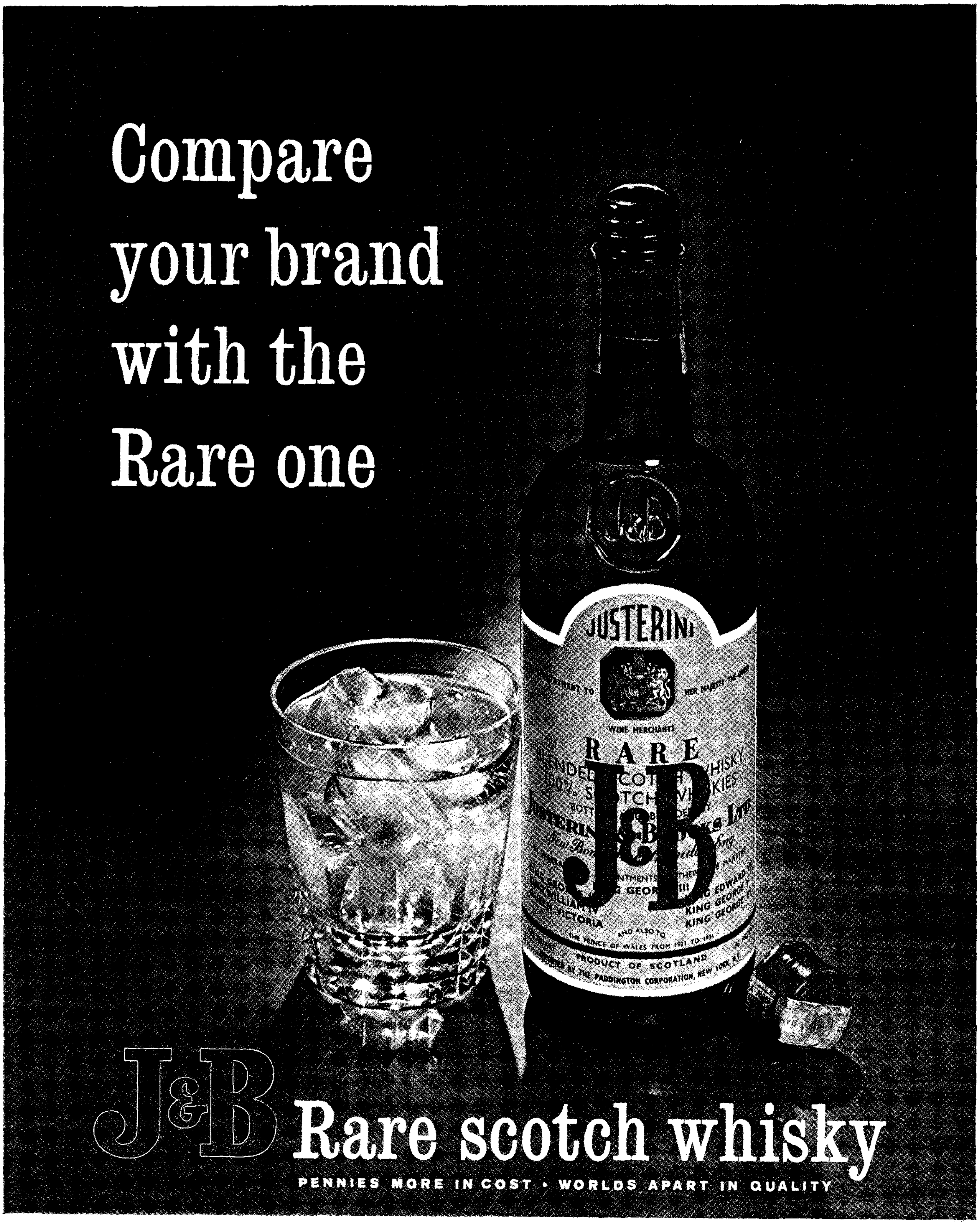
Ballet Binge

BEFORE a dressed-up audience that included the Vice-President and the Mayor, the American Ballet Theatre opened a four-week engagement at the New York State Theatre on Tuesday evening of last week. This twenty-seven-year-old organization may now be said to be in its second generation (generations in ballet dancing are short), and it was a pleasure to observe that though some old places were filled with new dancers, the general quality of its productions has been maintained. I missed some of those great stars who have ornamented other seasons, among them Igor Youskevich, Alicia Alonso, and Erik Bruhn, and their replacements were not quite of comparable stature. Still, the American Ballet Theatre is a fine troupe, with a broad repertoire and an extraordinarily versatile group of dancers, and it was good to have it back. The first number on opening night, as any astrologer might have predicted, was "Swan Lake," Act II, with Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez in the principal roles, and a new set by Oliver Smith. This time the swan—the mechanical one that appears in the beginning—did not seem, as it usually does hereabouts, to be something reeled in behind a fence, but, on the contrary, swam majestically down the middle of the lake. On the other hand, things were not quite as smooth as they doubtless will be after a few more performances. The choreography, by David Blair, after that of Lev Ivanov, had a few unfamiliar episodes, and at times the corps de ballet seemed a little uneasy in them. There were some miscalculations in lighting. The figure of the villain, Von Rothbart, was scarcely discernible, and might have been mistaken for one of the vines or trees that surrounded him at the back of the stage. Miss Serrano and Mr. Fernandez danced their roles agreeably but not in a manner to compete with the greatest Odettes and Siegfrieds we have seen.



The second number on the program was Jerome Robbins' "Les Noces," done, of course, to the Stravinsky score. This ballet did not impress me as much as it did most people on the occasion of its unveiling, last year, and now I know why. "Les Noces" has had a number of productions in this city—the first of them in 1929, at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the auspices of the League of Composers, with choreography by Elizaveta Anderson-Ivantzova, and with Valentina Kashouba and George Volodin in the roles of the Bride and Groom, and Leopold Stokowski conducting. It was revived by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in 1936, in the same auditorium, with choreography by Nijinska. In both these productions, the orchestra of pianos and percussion instruments, as well as the chorus, was in the orchestra pit, where it belongs, and the stage was left free for dancing and illusion. In Mr. Robbins' version, the orchestra is between the dancers and the backdrop, and thus you have the foreground occupied by lusty turn-of-the-century Russian peasants; the middle background by a battery of sleek modern grand pianos, and a conductor and various percussionists in white tie and tails; and the background itself by a group of religious icons. To my mind this arrangement is a bit arty, and, worse, it destroys much of the work's theatrical effectiveness. It is for this reason that I compared it last time around, perhaps with a touch of asperity, to a football game; I could see the bleachers on the opposite side. However, I am obviously in a minority. The audience the other night applauded "Les Noces" with enormous enthusiasm, and even *I* have to admit that the dancing was spirited and that the score is rhythmically stimulating, though I thought that the conductor, Kenneth Schermerhorn, might have made it more so. The first night closed with Harald Lander's "Études," that not too serious gradus ad Parnassum of the backstage ballet world. I have no criticism whatever to make of "Études." It was delightful; it was brilliantly danced by Toni Lander, Scott Douglas, and Bruce Marks, as well as most of the rest of the troupe, and it left me with that old pleasant feeling that I could jump across the Lincoln Center Plaza in one bound with the greatest of ease.

Thursday night's program opened with Balanchine's "Theme and Variations," an elegant piece of choreography danced elegantly by Miss Serrano, Mr. Fernandez, and many others. But it was the second number, a revival of Antony Tudor's "Pillar of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There is a very special quality about J&B Rare that sets it apart...a flavour so subtly different and delightful that words simply cannot describe it. So try J&B Rare and compare it. Prediction: you will make a most rewarding discovery. J&B is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great.

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New Beauty Drink—Moisturizer And Tonic!

(Your thirsty skin loves to sip it before breakfast)

Alexana is so much *more* than a moisturizer—it's a newly formulated toning lubricant, too. (You can actually see the 16 precious ingredients blend into a beauty treatment with a shake, shake of the bottle). Alexana gently lubricates, smoothes, helps to firm and tone your skin, unlike ordinary moisturizers. Colorless, greaseless...Alexana gives you delicious day-long protection under make-up. Tomorrow, don't just moisturize your skin—Alexana it. $4.50 and up.

Alexandra de Markoff

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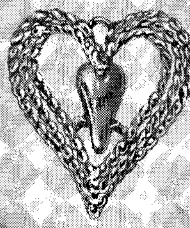
HIT FOR THAT
CERTAIN DAY
IN FEBRUARY



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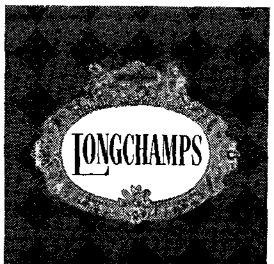

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Fire," that stole the show this time. Again I marvelled at the subtlety of the world that Mr. Tudor—without question the most original of British choreographers—has created. It is a special world of anguish, nostalgia, and tenderness, lying between dream and reality. Stories are told in it, but it never departs from the proper realm of the ballet. In this performance, Sallie Wilson, an admirable dancer, as I know from earlier encounters, appeared for the first time as the inhibited, confused, and finally triumphant heroine. The role has been so indelibly identified with Nora Kaye that Miss Wilson had a difficult task before her. It was not to be expected that she would wring all the tragedy from the part that her predecessor did, especially in a first appearance, and with an audience inevitably looking for comparisons. She did quite well, however. She is capable of assuming a curious, slightly awkward, touching stage appearance that ideally fits her for the role, and she is well on the way to creating her own personal characterization. As the two men in her life—the careless libertine and the fatherly lover—Bruce Marks and Tom Adair were excellent, and Ellen Everett danced the part of the Youngest Sister beautifully. "Pillar of Fire," with its lovely Schoenberg score, is one of the great ballets of our era. It was a privilege to see it again, and it was heartening to note that it had not died with the recent retirement of the unforgettable Miss Kaye. It was followed by "Fancy Free," the Jerome Robbins-Leonard Bernstein-Oliver Smith ballet about the three sailors on shore leave. The sailors were Eliot Feld, Edward Verso, and William Glassman. In our fast-moving world, it is true that "Fancy Free" is beginning to look a trifle like a period piece, but it made an exuberant ending to a memorable evening.

On Friday night, I returned briefly to the New York State Theatre and saw the first act of the American Ballet Theatre's production of "La Sylphide," a work I had seen *only* in the Royal Danish Ballet version. Toni Lander was not quite the ethereal figure, in the title role, that the Danes' Margrethe Schanne was a couple of months ago, but she is a fine dancer all the same, and pretty enough to be believable as the mischievous Scottish sprite. The hero was Royes Fernandez. Gurn, the neighboring farmer, was danced by Basil Thompson; Effie, the hero's fiancée, was danced by Cynthia Gregory; and the First Variation was done, well enough, by Ted Kivitt. The score was different, the Løvenskjold origi-

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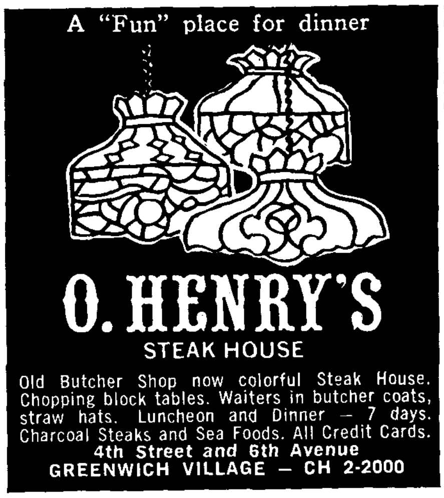
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nal having been considerably reorchestrated and added to by Edgar Cosma. This, I suppose, made it rather less authentic for the ears of purists, but to me it sounded quite acceptable, and it received a far better performance under the baton of Walter Hagen than the original did under its Danish maestro.

LATER that Friday evening, I was at Carnegie Hall listening to the recital of the Italian pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, and owing to some trouble Mr. Michelangeli had because of the last-minute replacement of his piano, I arrived in time for nearly all of it. The works I heard were Beethoven's Sonata No. 32, Opus 111; both of Debussy's "Images" suites; and the Chopin Berceuse, Opus 57, and Scherzo No. 2 in B-Flat Minor, Opus 31. These works offered ample opportunity to judge Mr. Michelangeli's playing in a variety of styles, and I must say that my impressions remained about what they were a couple of weeks ago when he played with the Philharmonic. Mr. Michelangeli is a musician of great authority and he has a prodigious technique. He is also a very dramatic performer—something of a spellbinder. In the area of coloring and shading of tone from forte to the lightest possible pianissimos, he is an artist of stature. His Chopin was beautiful. His Debussy was, however, not as interesting as I had expected it to be. In the Beethoven sonata, he did a good deal of pounding in the fortissimos, but he had a fine grasp of the architectural features of the work. Adding all these things together, I should say that he is a distinguished pianist, even a fascinating pianist, but not a great one.

ON Wednesday night, I dropped in at the City Center of Music and Drama to see and hear the Hungarian National Ballet. As I had expected, it turned out to be another of those folk-dancing troupes that the Iron Curtain countries have been sending us. Its costumes were full of color, its dances were interspersed with a great amount of Hungarian gypsy violin and zimbalon playing, and it was, on the whole, a pretty innocent affair. A few numbers stood out—a Hussar's Dance, a dance in which women balanced bottles of wine on their heads, and a Dance of the Shepherds, in which some remarkable, archaic-looking getups were worn by the men. The troupe is unpretentious, and what it does looks just about like what any odd group of peasants in some out-of-the-way Hungarian village might be doing on a Sunday afternoon.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

• •

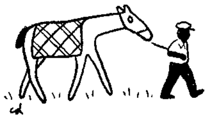
NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*Invocation by Father Elmo Romagosa, of St. John the Baptist Church, New Orleans, at a luncheon of the American Hotel and Motel Association, as reported in the Sheraton News*]

> Almighty and Everlasting God, Supreme Innkeeper of the Eternal Mansions, we invoke Thy blessing upon this assembly of the American Hotel and Motel Association.
>
> Teach us, O Divine Hotelman, never to be skippers in our duties to God and country. May we show the same zeal in protecting the sound principles upon which our nation is founded that others display in belittling or eliminating them.
>
> O Celestial Manager of the Everlasting Dwellings so inspire our greeters that they may follow the example of the Good Samaritan who found accommodations even for the unfortunate traveler who was waylaid by thieves. Moved by this same spirit, may our front desks ever conduct themselves with honor in welcoming all who with uprightness ask for shelter, that we may never duplicate the tragedy of Bethlehem's innkeeper whose "no vacancy" sign lost him the honor of being history's most renowned hotelman.
>
> We pray Thee, O Eternal Host, that in matters of spiritual strength, the house of our innermost conscience may always be running to capacity. May honesty be maitre d' of our conduct, and respect for our fellow men the housekeeper of our souls.
>
> For all these things, we pray, that when check out time comes, the bottom line will show the record of lives lived in accord with Thy law; that when the Heavenly Greeter meets us in death, he may welcome us at the Celestial Front Desk with these consoling words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

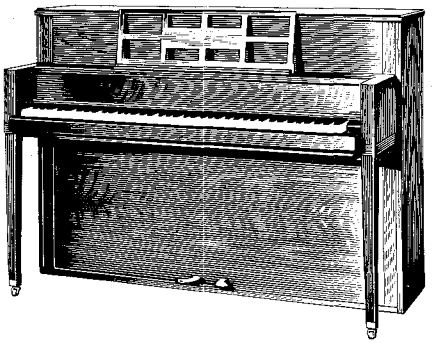
THE RACE TRACK

Here We Go Again



IF I may venture a prediction—my first in 1966—the doings of the three-year-olds should be especially interesting this season. For one thing, there are lots of them; a hundred and sixty-five—a new high—were assigned weights in the Experimental Free Handicap, and wiseacres say there are others, not on the list but under cover for one reason or another, who could do anything better than the highweights. Well, if there is a nonesuch in the collection, he can earn a million dollars in prize money by next November. I don't think there is. Still, it is going to be fun looking for one. Impressive, who won the Saratoga Special last summer and later on was pacemaker for Buckpasser, his distinguished stablemate, in the Hopeful and the Champagne Stakes, took his first step in the right direction when he led a baker's dozen three-year-olds home by nearly three lengths in the Hibiscus Stakes at Hialeah last Saturday. The race was run in a tropical downpour, but that didn't appear to bother any of the starters—least of all Impressive, who quickly disposed of Gary G., the early leader, and went on to win in hand. Needle Him and Gunflint came up in the last furlong to finish heads apart for the shorter ends of the purse. I have no idea why, but there was unusually heavy betting on a colt named Wyoming Wildcat. He had won only twice, and certainly hadn't worked brilliantly. Perhaps the crowd took a fancy to his name. At any rate, after showing a flash of early speed he faded, and finished thirteenth.

Darby Dan Farm's Graustark, the most highly touted three-year-old prospect in ever so long (on the strength of winning his three starts last summer he is rated only two pounds below Buckpasser, the top banana in the Experimental), ran to his advance notices earlier in the week. Giving weight to eight other runners his age, he won by five lengths, easing up, in 1:10⅗ for the six furlongs after stepping the first quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half in 0:45. Incidentally, although the management permitted only straight and place betting on the race, he ran up a minus pool of $1,499. How much it would have cost the management if there had been show betting is hard to say, but it would have been plenty. Graustark's



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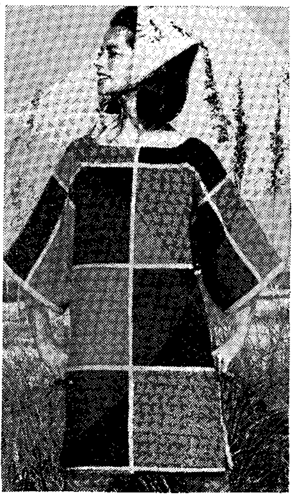

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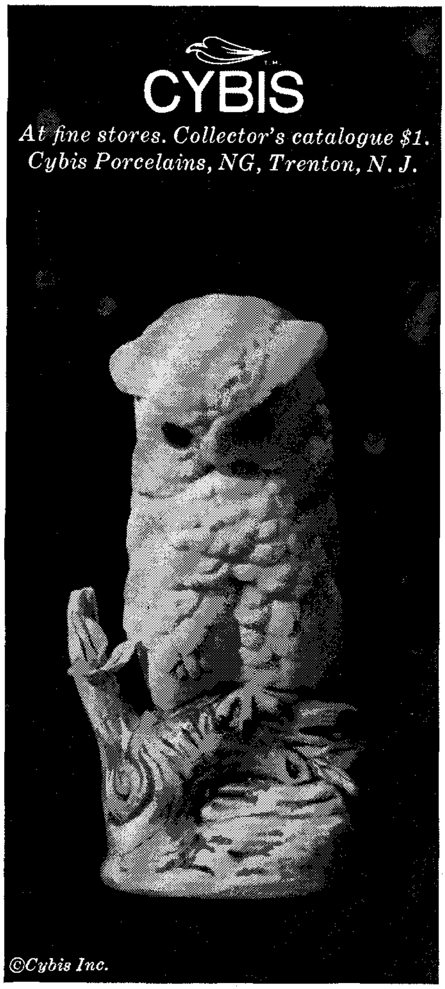

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next appearance, it was announced, will be in the Bahamas Stakes on February 2nd. Eddie Neloy, who trains Buckpasser, hasn't said when he will make his. Neloy is doing all right in his new job, with Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable; he won a division of the Royal Poinciana Handicap with Time Tested, the sprint star of the recent Tropical Park meeting, and scored again with Stupendous, a three-year-old, in a nice winding-up gallop last Saturday.

NEITHER Colonel Martingale nor I can remember when horses from the same stable won fifty-thousand-dollar races at tracks a couple of thousand miles apart on the same afternoon. Racers trained by Hirsch Jacobs brought it off several weeks ago; Turn to Reason, running in the name and colors of Jacobs' daughter Patrice, won the Tropical Park Handicap in Florida, and Isle of Greece, running in the name and colors of Jacobs' wife, won the San Fernando Stakes in California. Jacobs also set some sort of record earlier in the Santa Anita meeting when he sent out Treachery, Straight Deal, Petticoat, Adorable, and Admiring in the Los Flores Handicap—and not one of the five was in the money. If this sort of thing continues, confirmed show players are going to be walking round in circles talking to themselves. The race was won by Poona Queen, who came back last Saturday and beat a better field in the Santa Maria Handicap. Both times she was 14–1 in the betting.

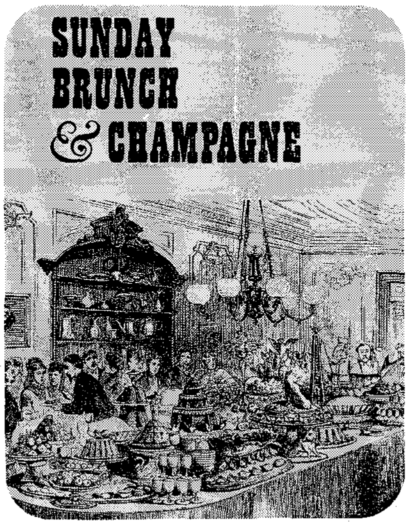
BOWIE, which opened several weeks ago and has been booming along with attendance and mutuel handle above the average, is facing a serious situation. Three cases of swamp fever, a highly infectious anemia, incurable and invariably fatal, were reported there last weekend, and one barn, containing forty-eight horses, was quarantined. How this will affect the meeting, and the meeting at Pimlico, which opens in a fortnight, it is too early to say. For the record, the first stakes race of the Maryland season—the Southern Maryland Handicap—was won by Steve Leo, Jr., last Saturday. The riders of Amastar, who finished second, and Wide to Right, who was third, lodged claims of foul, but both claims were disallowed.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Stone has taken a mere soupcan from "Dream Girl" and whipped up a story.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

An *empty* soupcan?



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Town Hall, Ontario Style

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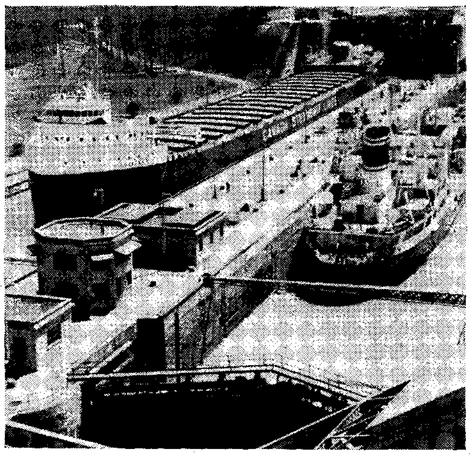
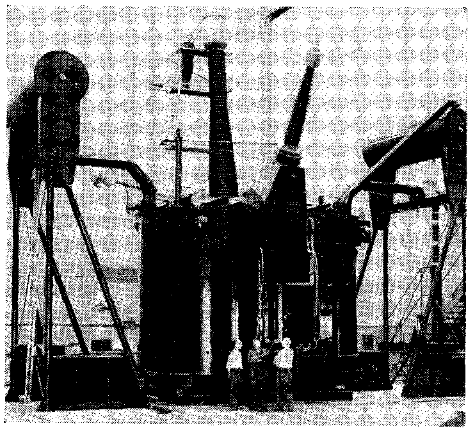
If you cherish the thought that Ontario, Canada, is a tableau of snow-covered cabins, perish the thought. True, we have our wooden homes much the same as Boston has—or Beswick, California. We *also* have buildings like Toronto's City Hall, shown on the left-hand page. But, if you think *that's* impressive, allow us to list a few more items which reflect Ontario's progress. By the end of 1965, spending on construction in Metropolitan Toronto alone will soar to 1.75 billion dollars—a higher construction volume than any other city in North America. We have more than 13,000 manufacturing concerns making everything from jelly beans to computers. For those who consider us The Far North, we hasten to point out that Point Pelee, Ontario, is farther south than Boston is—or Beswick, California. A few of the other reasons why Ontario can be regarded as a province of opportunity are pictured below.



The Welland Canal overcomes a difference of 327 feet between the levels of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. During the 1964 shipping season, the monthly cargo tonnage averaged more than 6 million tons—20 thousand tons a month more than traversed the Panama Canal in the same period.



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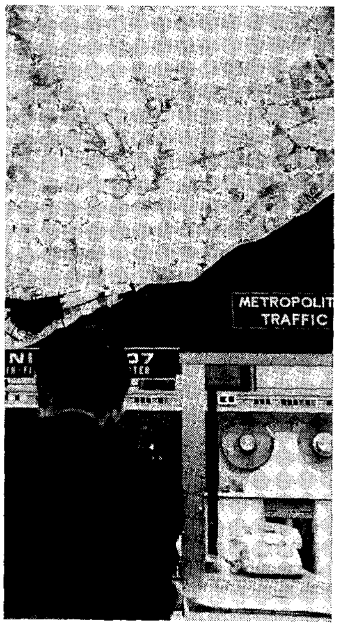

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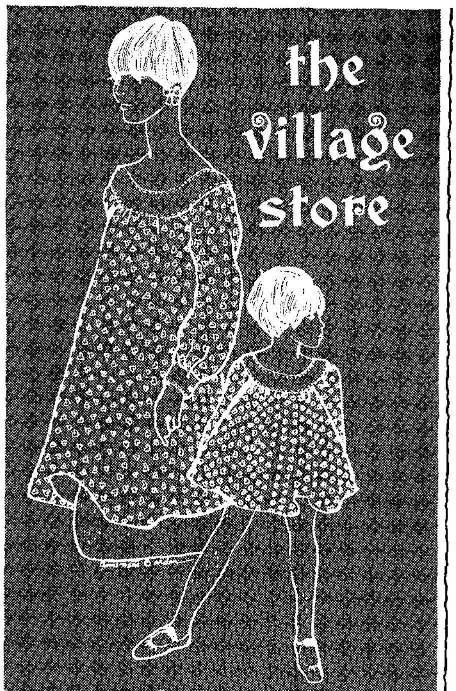

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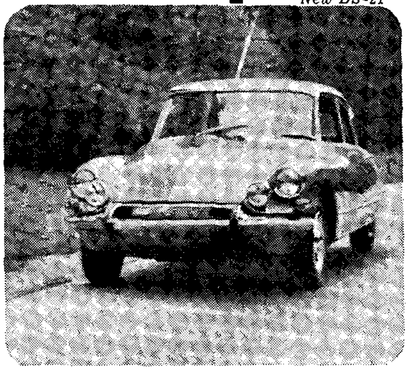
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THE ART GALLERIES

Two Sculptors: Manzù and Robus

THE focus is on sculpture at the moment, and there is considerable variety in the showings. Two of them, moreover, are by men who unquestionably rank high among the modern masters in the field. These are the Italian Giacomo Manzù, at the Rosenberg, and the American Hugo Robus, at the Forum, and at first and even at second glance it would seem that two more different artists, both in style and in approach, could scarcely be imagined. Yet there are resemblances. Both men are relentless in their pursuit of simplification, arrived at by the honing down of nonsignificant detail in the general design. Both concern themselves almost exclusively with that ancient preoccupation of the sculptor, the human figure. (In the case of Robus, all verbs should be construed in the past tense, for he died, aged seventy-eight, two years ago.) In that great cleavage in sculpture—between carvers and modellers—both men are on the side of the modellers, a fact that, although the two men work in metal, may account for the fluency of their figures. Both, incidentally, had been painters—which may have something to do with their occasional "literary" choices of subject.

The differences, though, outweigh the similarities. If Robus's simplifications lead to sprightliness, the quick summing up, Manzù's tend toward a more melancholy mood, of the unadornedly elegiac, and this mood emerges the more forcefully because his present exhibition—his first in this country in an unconscionably long time—is formed principally around the series of bas-reliefs he did for one of the portals of the Basilica of St. Peter's, in Rome. These were the outcome of a competition begun back in 1947. It was in two parts—the first section open to anyone who wanted to participate; the second (after a weeding out) confined to a dozen finalists, Manzù among them, from which he emerged the victor. This triumph must have seemed enormously flattering to the artist. But it must surely have had its disturbing side, too, with such awesome figures as Bramante, Raphael, and Michelangelo watching over him as he worked, and it was not till sixteen years later that the doors were completed and cast. They were installed in June of 1964, and from what one sees of them in the exhibition—these constituting a group consisting of the original studies for all the reliefs, in bronze, including two large and eight smaller panels, plus eight lesser emblematic and other symbols, which decorate the assemblage, in addition to a big photomontage, one-third scale in size, of the doors—it is clear that a better choice for the undertaking could hardly have been conceived of. For Manzù, so long concerned with religious motifs (see his series of "Cardinals," standing or seated and all almost conical in their stiff robes and tall hieratical hats; there are four in the present collection), is almost perfectly equipped to approach so august an undertaking with precisely the right mixture of dedication, familiarity, and clarity of vision. His work, though modern in manner, has about it some of the blandness and elegance of the High Renaissance, and the nearest parallel I can think of is the group of figurines that adorn the base of the façade of Orvieto Cathedral—fourteenth-century but as full of stylizations as a set of Giacomettis.

I shan't try to describe this undertaking in detail; it is too large and too complex an affair for that. The pictorial purpose seems to hinge not on the Nativity or the life of Christ but on His death (without the Resurrection), and this gives a sombre mood to the composition. Death dominates not only the smaller panels—in which one sees the deaths of Abel (at the hands of Cain), of Stephen (stoned), and of Joseph portrayed, among more abstract expressions of the same theme—but also the large panels, which are concerned with the death of Christ on the Cross and the death of Mary, who is being wafted, insubstantial as a crumple of cloth, toward the skies. But the funerary atmosphere is developed with grace and dignity, and the whole composition is a distinguished production.

The doors are only a part of the showing, which is a fairly large one, with eighty-two items on view, of which some thirty are paintings and drawings, for Manzù still turns his hand to such work occasionally. His touch here, though, is not so sure as it is in his chosen field, where one finds some truly charming pieces, from a slim "Dancer," dated 1954, to a group of six, all titled "Model Undressing"—a recent preoccupation of Manzù's—and all ingratiating, done just last year.

AS I hinted earlier, Robus's instinct for simplification led him in a more antic direction, toward a Bruegelesque mood instead of the Renaissance one, and he followed it with almost pagan open-mindedness throughout his long career. (One of his very best figures, of a slender young nude girl, "Paeon," was completed just a short time before his death, in January of 1964.) His humor had touches of Dada in it. I came in contact with his work around 1930, when, at a group show, I saw—and fell in love with—a sculpture of his that later acquired a certain deserved fame, of a female nude with a removable head, which she could then be made to carry slung from one hand, like the Queen (Anne Boleyn, wasn't it?) who walked the Tower in the Cockney ballad.

But his appearances were glancing after that—a piece here or there in a group show, rarely in a full one-man exhibition—and his reputation languished. Only now, faced with the current showing, which is in effect a small memorial, can one realize how broad in scope, how varied in atmosphere, how deep in evocativeness he could be. Though the prankishness of his humor may also have hurt his reputation (I am told it was ten years before any collector plucked up the courage to buy the headless queen, which shows that it doesn't pay for an artist to be very funny), he never abandoned it, and it is amazing to observe how deftly he could use it to sharpen a point he was making. In the current collection, there is a figure, "Vanity," of a girl—a kind of Narcissa, one might say—admiring her reflection in an imaginary pool. It seemed reasonable to Robus that she should have a removable face, and he has placed one on the ground before her. He has masked the operation by further providing her with a pendent mop of hair. He was master of other moods, too, and he was tireless in his efforts to refine his techniques. (His surfaces, particularly in his compositions in brass, are as polished and sinuous as any Brancusi.) He had a remarkable gift for compactness, and the show contains a number of excellent examples in this genre, notably "Maternal," which con-

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sists of a pair of hugging arms around the head of a baby with a mother's head above it, and the equally boiled-down-to-essentials "Quiet Form." Elsewhere, his mood can vary from the lyrical (see "Dawn") to the tender ("One to the Other," a study, beautifully articulated, of a mother hovering over her child) to the sombre, moving group of three worn, seated women, called "Passing Years."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

WINTERSONG

Just the rasp of the nuthatch now
in the cold of the mornings. (Re-
member the pair of them
courting last April, and how
each zeroed-in each with its nee-
dle bill? Such reciprocal em-

phasis—we had to laugh at it—
could have shaken a theatre!) Well,
the finches and robins are gone;
the nuthatches, separate,
do business-as-usual:
irascible, upside down.

And I'm back down to win-
ter's old rounds with sledge and axe,
lugging from chore to chore
this loneliness I had been—
like the note of the nuthatch—
less conscious of before.

The cry is harsh. But I'm
not sorry to find undone
the babel of tunes we'd hear
day and night in the summertime—
and, of our guests, which one
really belonged here.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

•

"To the fairest" it said on the golden apple which Eris, goddess of discord, presented at the wedding party of Peleus and Thetis, and Greek mythology recounts how Paris got himself and a lot of others into plenty of trouble by making the award. So pity the poor economic planner who faces an even more difficult task, that of splitting the apple equitably between growth, cost and price stability, and full employment, economic deities of our days who are hardly less jealous or more compatible than Hera, Athena and Aphrodite. These difficulties are compounded because our modern idols, and with them their devotees, resent any qualification of omnipotence. Still, to be benign rather than demonic they must be known and worshipped by their proper names: "sustainable growth," "relative cost and price stability," and "reasonably full employment."—*Bulletin from Foster & Marshall, investment bankers.*

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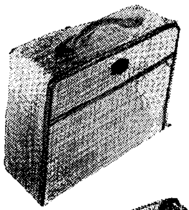

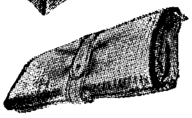

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BOOKS

How Pleasant It Is to Have Money, Heigh-Ho!

“In the World” (Viking), George P. Elliott’s bulky novel of academic life in California, is one of those scathing attacks on the shallowness and mediocrity of the modern rationalist spirit that make one realize how much there is to be said for it. The banner of something far richer and finer is carried through the book by one Alfred Royce, a teacher of law at Berkeley, who is torn for what seems like a very long time indeed between a virtuous devotion to the abstract philosophy of his subject and the temptations of the world in the shape of a place on the federal bench. His decision is reached, at last, while he is conducting a seminar. This is a ghastly affair that would do much to explain what the student riots at Berkeley were about if Professor Royce’s procedures could be taken as typical of the teaching techniques in use at that institution; at any rate, what his pupils get is yards of banal waffle about his personal problem. The judge, Royce tells his carefully selected students, is responsible to society, but the teacher to truth, and from this he ascends to his awe-inspiring climax:

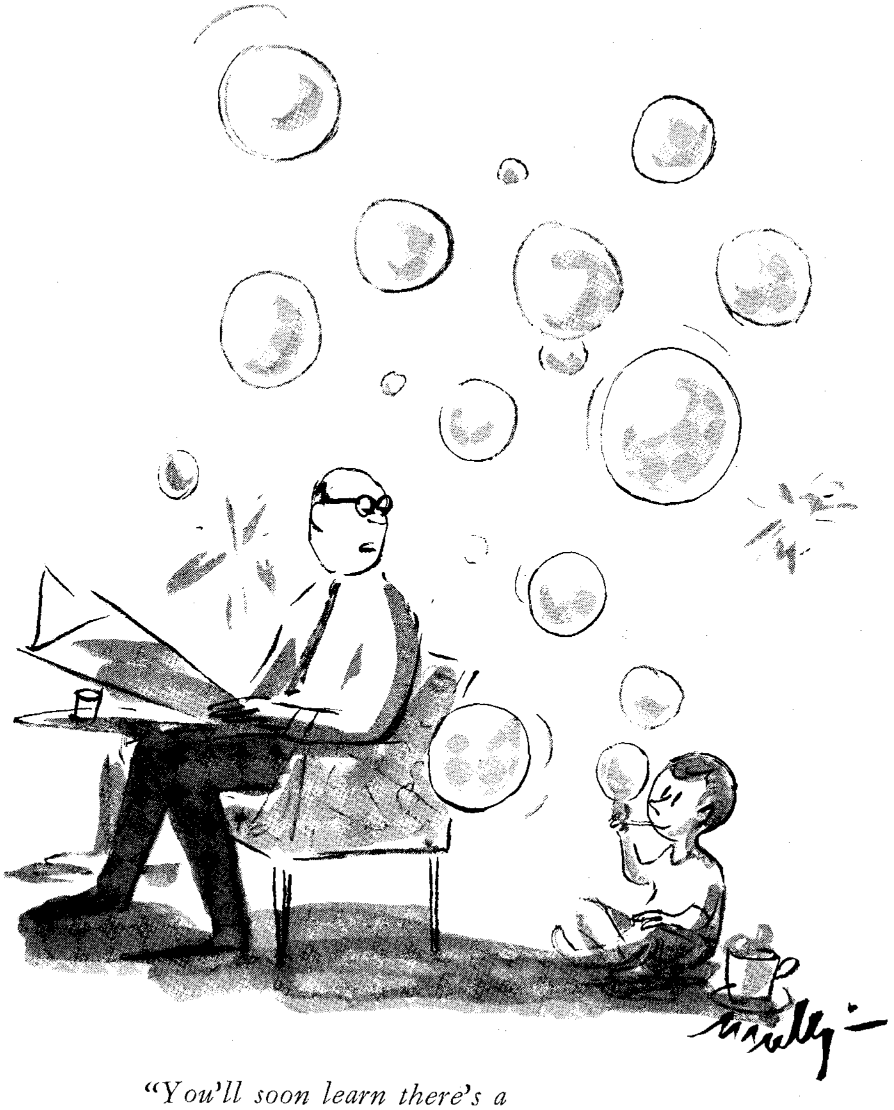
> “Socrates said the teacher must not be paid for his teaching. Why? Because a man is primarily the agent of whoever pays him—in my case, the State of California—and the teacher ought to be the agent of the truth only. As Jesus put it, you cannot serve both God and Mammon. Maybe they were right. They frequently were about such matters—those two teachers.”

The road to this dazzling insight is a dusty one, beginning with a small-minded row between the Professor and his wife about some furniture she has inherited from her mother. She says there’s room for it in their house, at least for as long as it takes her to make up her mind what to keep and what to let go, and he says there isn’t. At the end of their first wrangle over this minimally interesting matter, he thinks he should have slapped her, and at the end of a second exchange, on the whose-house-is-it-anyway-you-may-have-made-the-down-payment-but-I-pay-the-mortgage level, he actually does so. The sequel—separation, adultery, remorse, and reconciliation—is as predictable as it is tedious. What is worse, the Professor’s glacierlike progress toward enlightenment is made in the company of a jostling mob of self-explainers who are incessantly lecturing each other and themselves. A graduate student wakens his girl with the superbly unlikely sentences “Robin bird, I’ve been mulling over what you said, about my sincerity. There may be a sense in which you are on the right track.” The girl thereupon opens her eyes, draws a breath, and launches into a twenty-five-line speech beginning, “When I was in the eighth grade I learned something I never forgot. I had Mr. Carillo for civics, and I’ll never forget what he said one day.”

The stream of gray, monotonous unfelt words is even more dispiriting when Mr. Elliott is addressing the reader in his own person; there are a great many such sentences as these in the book:

> A striking man showed up, Leon Kalish, whom they had heard Alfred mention as his star student....
>
> She looked him over as severely as he had done her....
>
> But now, quickened to her, he felt again the homely dearness....
>
> In their room they made love slowly and well....

From the jacket of “In the World,” one learns that the possessor of this all-thumbs style teaches English at Syracuse University, and that he has done so in the past at Berkeley, Cornell, Barnard, and the University of Iowa. One also learns, on the authority of R. V. Cassill, that Mr. Elliott is one of the very best writers now working in America. His strength, apparently, is his moral seriousness, and this novel is said to be “a precise and responsible accounting of those moral fractions which compose the duty and despair



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of the reflective man of action." Some readers may experience a sharp sense of having been defrauded, however, when they reach the last page but two of Mr. Elliott's book and discover the sort of accounting that his brand of moral seriousness involves. On that page Professor Royce discloses the means by which he is to scrub himself clean of the worst of the crass world's defilements. "I *detest* thinking about money," he says, "and this is the only way I know of to free my mind of money thoughts." The saintly and liberating gesture he proposes to his wife is to "sell what property we aren't going to use, consolidate it, invest it safely," by putting it "into banks and blue-chip stocks where we won't have to think about it," and then "make a budget, and live within our means." The entire rigmarole can thus be seen to turn on the earthshaking question of whether an academic fat cat will take milk or cream.

"THE whole panorama of Richard Kurt's life will be regarded as one of the most important works of our time," wrote Edith Sitwell in 1930 to the late Stephen Hudson of his enormously long novel "A True Story," which has now been published here in its entirety by Dutton. Elsewhere in her letter to the author, she called his work "a beautiful, tender, yet unflinching story of a man's inner life," and added, "It moves me very deeply, and I do not think I could have borne it if it were not for those last pages about Myrtle." There are five hundred and seventy-five pages to be read before Miss Myrtle Vendramin arrives to fulfill her analgesic role, and some will feel that she is not up to it. When she appears, Richard Kurt is, as he puts it, down and out and past help. This is because life in his villa beside Lake Como has become intolerable to him. Curiously, it was bearable as long as he was playing the role of *mari complaisant* to his American wife, Elinor, but things changed instantly when the lovely Virginia Peraldi, a muscular young oarswoman who is always making him think of boys, succeeded in tricking him into spending a night in a hotel with her. Intimacy occurred. After a refreshing sleep, he woke, to find that she had checked out of the hotel after taking a few elementary precautions to cover her tracks, and he was seized by

> . . . a deadly feeling of disgust, of repugnance, of loathing. It overwhelmed him, like a moral nausea as irresistible as seasickness. He shaved and dressed

Elizabeth Jane
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himself feverishly, then hastily threw his things into his valise.

A single thought was in his mind, a thought that shaped itself into a resolve increasing in strength with every minute that passed. He would never go back to the lake. Never again should that girl get hold of him, never. He would endure anything now rather than go on in the same way. His manhood demanded this of him, the call was urgent. He had given her every chance; she had preferred this brazen deceit, this pretence of innocence. After such a night as that, could he meet her again as though nothing had happened? Could he start afresh, seeing her daily with that cursed lie in their hearts, that bond of mutual degradation? Could he act a part, day after day, and be enthralled again, dominated by a desire that throttled, by a mere physical impulse that had not even a name? Could they go on befouling truth and masquerading as playfellows; getting up and going to bed with falsehood; eating it, drinking it, wallowing in it!

No; any life would be better than this hideous sham.

Myrtle Vendramin is another kettle of fish, a singer, and an awfully good one, but not one of your bohemian types. She travels with her father and mother. They are socially top-drawer, and Mrs. Vendramin can prove it. "We met your parents at Mr. Anderson's, Lord Burcott he is now," she tells Richard. They have raised Myrtle, as the wicked Peraldis did not raise their bad little girl, to respect certain standards:

"May I see you often? May I be your friend?" I take her hand in both of mine. I do not try to control myself, to hide my longings for her.

She gently but firmly withdraws her hand, but reassuringly presses mine as she does so.

"I cannot see you so long as you go on living with your wife."

"Do you mean that I can't even be your friend, can't even come and talk to you?"

"I do."

I hear sounds beyond the door.

"May I see you once more?"

"As a free man, yes. Not otherwise."

This revelation of the fineness in Myrtle's soul naturally hooks Richard and nerves him to divorce his American wife. Rapture is his reward.

In addition to the penetrations of masculine inner life that Edith Sitwell found so impressive, the book offers insights of another kind, which have appealed to Walter Allen; he is quoted on the dust jacket as believing that the description of the events leading up to poor, soft Richard's entanglement with the hard and calculating woman who becomes his first wife constitutes "an astonishingly detailed picture of life in all its violence, corruption and vulgarity in an American city during the

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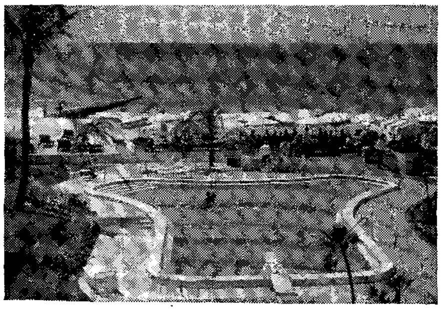

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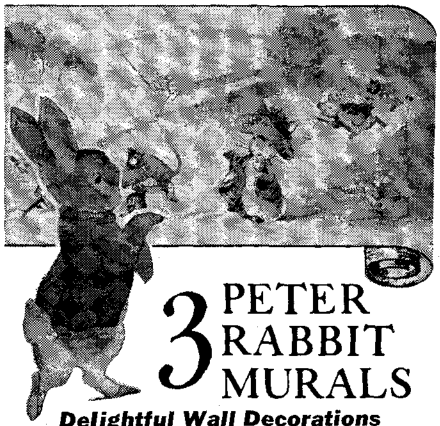

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gilded age, written from the point of view of someone coming into it from European civilisation." Some of the details are indeed astonishing. A typical passage from the section of the book to which Mr. Allen is referring deals with the excitements of railroading and with the simplehearted goodness of the as yet uncorrupted darkies of those faraway times:

> Hundreds of men, white and black, were plying pick-axes and shovels as though for their lives.
>
> "Dey'se makin' a road for dem right up to de top an' a footway down to de track. De passengers dey only hab to walk up dat footway an' get inter de waggons. I'll say, Massr Richard, dat's de mos' tremenjus smart piece ob work and organisation ebber done. An' Massr Teo he'll go back home berry proud an' happy. An' in less dan twenty-four hours dey'll run de troo service just de same as befo'."
>
> The old darkie's eyes were blazing with pride and joy.

A few lines later on, Richard's Uncle Theo, the president of the line, appears on the scene, and this ebullient child of nature's cup overflows:

> "Massr Teo, Massr Teo, I'se de happiest ole nigger in de world."
>
> He seized Uncle Theo's hands and wrung them, seized Mr. Galt's and wrung his. The three of us were swept into close emotional fellowship by the blissfully disinterested enthusiasm of "de happiest ole nigger in de world."

"A True Story" would not be worth a second thought, even for laughs, were it not that Stephen Hudson was the pen name of a certain Sydney Schiff, a man who was wealthy enough to be able to impose himself upon his contemporaries as a person of taste and discernment, and to win the confidence of Proust. After undermining Proust's confidence in Scott-Moncrieff as a translator, Schiff managed to secure the job for himself when Scott-Moncrieff died. All those who have to read the last volume of "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu" in English must receive it, therefore, after its language has been filtered through the dazzlingly commonplace and insensitive mind that produced "A True Story." —ANTHONY WEST

•

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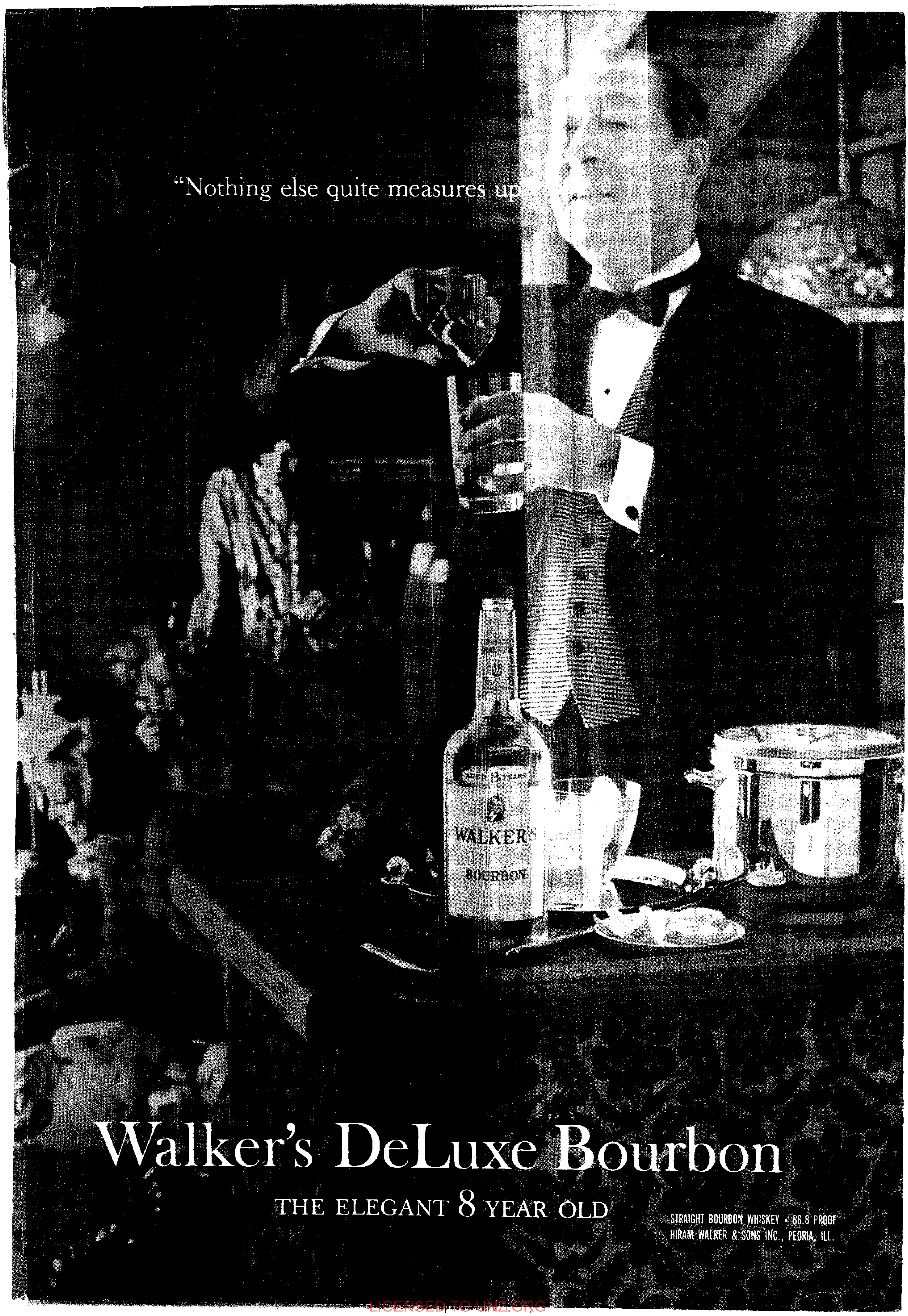
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